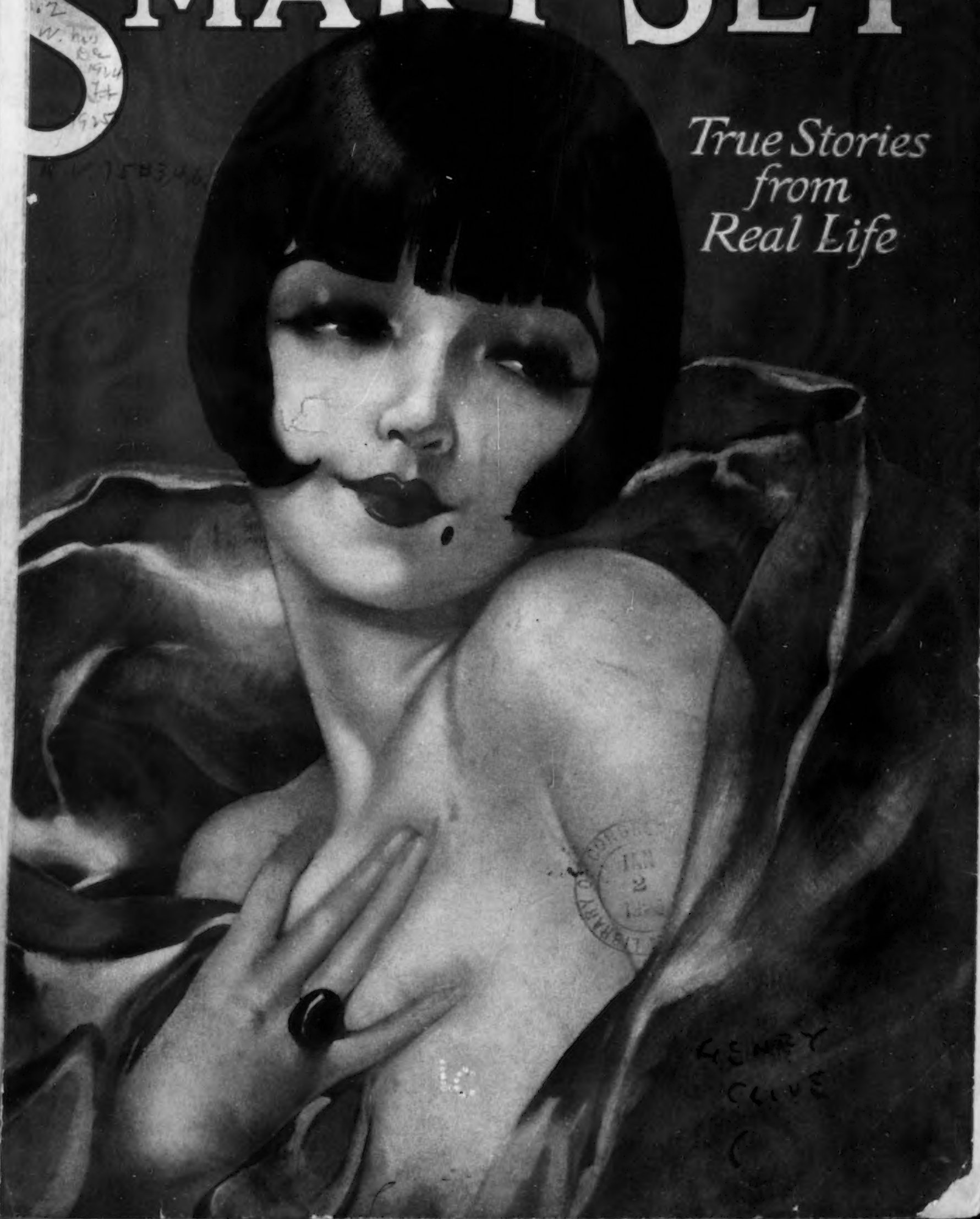


October - 25 Cents

SMART SET

*True Stories
from
Real Life*



Most Humiliating

DON'T SAY---



*vaud'-a-vil	say	*vōd'-vill
ā'-dult	say	adult'
*scenar'-ē-ō	say	*sha-nā'rē-ō
gen'-u-ine	say	*jen'-u-in
ad'-dress	say	ad-dress'
dēaf	say	*def
*ap-pen-da-sēē-tis	say	*ap-pen-di-sī-tis

*NOTE—In Webster's New Modern Dictionary, the correct pronunciation is indicated in the simplest way—by phonetic respelling of words as shown above.

Don't expose yourself

to criticism and ridicule by mispronouncing common-place everyday words. Every time you mispronounce a word or violate the ordinary principles of good usage, you are written down by your fellowmen as "crude," "uneducated" or "ignorant." You are often barred from good society and from success in your business, and you wonder why. You cannot open your mouth without betraying your knowledge of your mother tongue and everybody "sizes you up" by the accuracy of your diction and the extent of your vocabulary. You cannot write a letter, ask for a job, sell yourself or anything else, without clearly indicating how well you know the English language.

Would you say----

Co-operate together; Free gratis; Seldom ever; Away up high; Lay down; Going anywhere's; Do it over again.

Why is it---

- that one letter secures for the writer a good position, while others are thrown into the wastebasket?
- that some people are popular in society and have hosts of friends, while others make no social progress whatever?
- that one speaker causes his audience to cheer with wild enthusiasm and approval, while another speaker leaves them cold and unresponsive?

The answer is simple

It is because some people are particularly careful in the selection of the words they use; generally these people have cultivated a vocabulary enabling them to pick and choose words which fully and exactly describe the meaning they wish to convey.

TODAY--your chance begins

It is not too late. Make up for lost opportunities. The man who can't express his thoughts can't convey his ideas. You must keep pace with the language to keep up with the world. Education is always progressive. Our language today is not confined to activities of one or two score years ago. The recent World War, scientific discoveries, the introduction of radio, investigations in arts and science, and modern industrial activities, have all been instrumental in the cumulation of the Standard English Language, until it has reached the present peak of over 450,000 words.

SEND NO MONEY

USE THIS COUPON

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Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Kindly send me by Parcel Post, **C. O. D.** an INDEXED Copy of your Webster's New Modern Dictionary, Radio Edition, to the address below. I will accept this dictionary when it arrives, and agree to pay the Postman who delivers it the advertised price printed below, plus postage and C. O. D. charge.

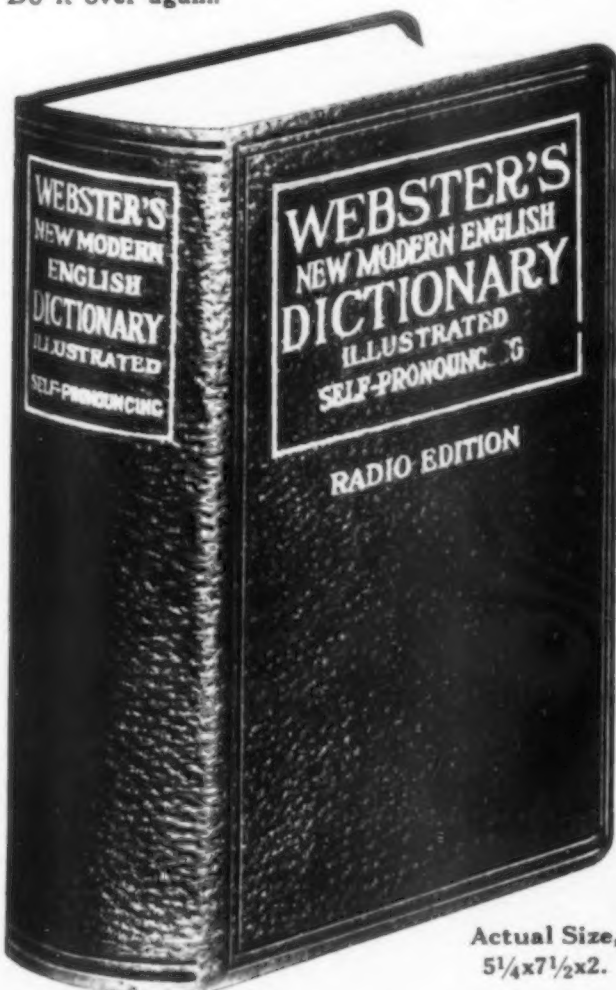
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4654
6350



The duty of one woman to another ... is to tell her

100

REFRESHING is the wholesome frankness among refined women of today on subjects of personal daintiness and hygiene. Not so long ago there were comparatively few who even discussed these vital questions, all-important as they are in their direct bearing upon womanly health and happiness.

Secrecy and ignorance do untold harm

But wrong advice is often worse than no advice at all. That is why it is the duty of the well-informed woman to guide those of her circle who are less fortunate. It is an absolute fact that thousands of women today are running untold risks just because there is no one to give them proper information concerning feminine hygiene.



The newer knowledge of germ-life

For years woman's only resource has been the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics, because during these years there was nothing to take their place. Compounds containing phenol, cresol and bichloride of mercury are powerful germicides, but they are destructive also of human tissue. Even when greatly diluted—and they must be diluted in order to use them at all for this purpose—even then they leave the delicate membranes hardened and scarred, as physicians and nurses will testify.

But the newer knowledge of bacteriology and antiseptics has led to the discovery of another kind of germicide. It is called

Zonite, and it combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body and *fifty times* as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. Zonite is harmless to human membranes and tissues, but fatal to germ-life.

Pass this booklet along to others

Zonite is absolutely safe in the hands of anyone, even a child. There is no longer any excuse for poisonous antiseptics in the medicine chest. Authorities are strong in condemning the use of caustic, burning compounds in contact with delicate organs of the body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been warmly welcomed by the women of refined and enlightened families. For it has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of personal hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet about feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. Every woman should be familiar with the information it contains, which is exact and authentic. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want to pass it on to others who need it. Don't keep this important message to yourself. Share it with others. Use the coupon below. Ask for several booklets if you want them. Mailed in tasteful "social correspondence" envelope.



No excuse for poisons, says Science

The following statement on the subject is made by the head of a New York laboratory with an international reputation.

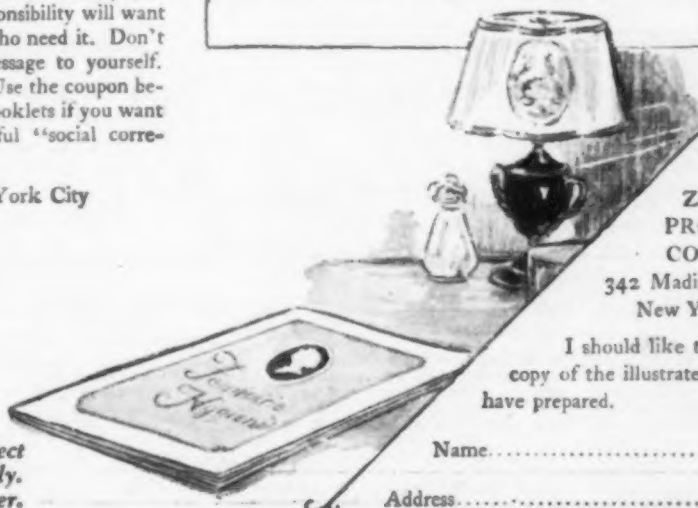
"Bichloride of mercury and cresol compounds, when used in sufficient strength to possess any value as germicides, are exceedingly destructive to tissue. Bichloride burns the mucous membrane, and if used repeatedly will deaden and toughen the tissues with which it comes in contact. There is always the danger of mercurial poisoning through its use. Most phenol and cresol compounds are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning and irritation of these poisons. In spite of this they are corrosive and caustic in their action and the soap ingredients wash away necessary gland secretions. Their continued use frequently results in an area of scar-tissue and dullness and hardening of the membrane."

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO., 342 Madison Ave., New York City
In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Zonite

At your Druggist
50c and \$1.00

This little book handles the avoided subject of health-control delicately and yet frankly. It makes the task of "telling" so much easier.



S -1
Women's
Division

ZONITE
PRODUCTS
COMPANY
342 Madison Avenue
New York City

I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared.

Name.....

Address.....

VOL. 75
NO. 2

SMART SET

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Cover Portrait by Henry Clive

In the
NOVEMBER
SMART SET

*Can you imagine any-
thing more fascinating
than a caravan moving
slowly up a winding
mountain trail in India
with a little white boy—
an American orphaned
by the plague—alone on
one of the elephants?*

*Years later he came
to America!*

*Don't miss this strange
story of real life in the
November SMART SET.
There are other stories
just as interesting.*

Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation, at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
GEORGE d'UTASST, President; M. W. INSLEY, Treasurer.

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all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal, please give us four week's notice. When changing an address, give the old
address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter, March 27, 1900, at the Post Office,
New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.



I Tell You

This Free Book Will Show You The Way to Amazing Salary Increases



I only ask that you risk two cents on the strength of my word that the contents of this amazing book will show you the way to a prosperity that you never dreamed possible, in a fascinating field that you never thought of entering. This book is now free. Read my offer.

By J. E. GREENSLADE

READ!

\$12,000 a Year!

A. H. Ward, Chicago, held a small pay job. Now he averages \$12,000 a year as a salesman.

\$100 a Month to \$100 a Week in Only 3 Months

H. D. Miller, another Chicago boy, was making \$100 a month as stenographer in July, 1922. In September, 3 months later, he was making \$100 a week as a salesman.

\$150 to \$500 a Month

W. P. Clenny, of Kansas City, Mo., stepped from a \$150 a month clerkship into a selling job at \$500 a month. He is making \$850 a month now.

\$6,500 a Year

M. V. Stephens, of Albany, Ky., was making \$25 a week. He took up this training and now makes five times that much.

Small Pay to Big Earnings

J. H. Cash, of Atlanta, Ga., exchanged his \$75 a month job for one which pays him \$500 a month.

Now Sales Manager at \$10,000 a Year

O. H. Malfroot, of Boston, Mass., stepped into a \$10,000 position as a SALES MANAGER—so thorough is this training. All these successes are due to this easy, fascinating and rapid way to master certain invincible secrets of selling.

EMPLOYERS

are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. We can put you in touch with just the men you need. No charge for this service to you or our members. Employers are also cordially invited to request details about the N. S. T. A. Group Plan of Instruction for entire sales forces. Synopsis and charts sent without obligation.

First let me ask you two questions. One: Do you consider you are as intelligent as the average mail-clerk, farm-hand, office clerk, mechanic, or book-keeper?

Second: If you suddenly found yourself with all the money you needed to spend, wearing the best clothes, living in a fine neighborhood, driving a good car and belonging to the best clubs—but having to make good in a job that paid \$10,000 a year, would it scare you? There are men to whom \$10,000 a year is so much that the idea of earning it themselves never occurs to them. They will always be in routine jobs at low pay. Their dreams will never come true. But yours will if you will absorb what I am going to tell you.

Now, in one quick step you can enter the field where opportunities in your favor are ten to one—the Selling field. You know that Salesmen top the list of money-makers—that the salesman is his own boss—that his work is fascinating, interesting, and highly profitable! But the thing you doubt is your own ability. All right, but you can become a first-class, money-making salesman in an amazingly easy way.

Proof that Salesmen Are Made—Not "Born"

The story of six men who once thought salesmen were "born," who did not believe they were "cut out for selling," is on this page.

Thousands of men, like these six men who formerly thought salesmen were "born," are now enjoying magnificent earnings in the selling field. They were bookkeepers, mechanics, farmers, clerks—even doctors, lawyers and ministers—but in a few months after writing to the National Salesmen's Training Association they were out in the field selling—and making more money than they had ever hoped to make.

Sounds remarkable, doesn't it? Yet there is nothing remarkable about it. Salesman-

ship is governed by rules and laws. There is a certain way of saying and doing things, a certain way of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, a certain way to overcome objections, batter down prejudice, and overcome competition.

Just as you learned the alphabet, so you can learn Salesmanship. And through the NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training—you gain actual experience while studying.

Years of Selling Experience in a Few Weeks

The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service will enable you to quickly step into the ranks of successful salesmen—will give you a big advantage over those who lack this training. It will enable you to jump from small pay to a real man's income.

Remarkable Book, "Modern Salesmanship" Sent Free

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship."

It will show you how you can easily become a Master Salesman—a big money-maker—how the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training will give you years of selling experience in a few weeks; how our FREE Employment Service will help select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of former routine workers who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the coupon today. It may be the turning point in your life.



**National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 26-R, 53 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.**

**National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 26-R, 53 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.**

I simply want to see the facts. Send me free your book, "Modern Salesmanship," and Proof that I can become a Master Salesman.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Age.....Occupation.....

We're HERE

In Which We Describe

LIFE is a strange mixture of love, and war, and chocolate drops and kings. Activity is unceasing. Love, hate, toil, rest, triumph, defeat, jealousy, rage, murder—all are about us. The very passing of time brings change and decay to everything in the universe. As we sleep the chemical qualities of the air are at work changing the very timbers of the houses in which we live; millions of tiny insects are eating away the strength of man's creations—working to bring the world back to its original state. Rust is corroding the ironwork of our great buildings and our bridges.

The fires of life are continuous—and the new SMART SET aims to catch the spirit of life and give it to you to enjoy in all its mysterious charm. We are going to recall to mind that the cables of Brooklyn Bridge, the wonder of an age, are slowly slipping and that even now it has been necessary to bar motor traffic from its span. What romance is hidden in the thought that only horse-drawn vehicles traverse its roadway!

It is hard to realize all that goes on about us. When the sun sets on the Pacific Coast the after-theater crowds are dining in New York. Chinamen are toiling at mid-day. Serbians are watching the sunrise. London is asleep.

In the mountain fastnesses of Alaska a prospector is frying bacon over a lonely fire. A tiny boat is being buffeted by the storm on the high seas. A new star is being studied from the observatories of a dozen universities.

And we are going to bring this intimate view of life to you. You cannot be everywhere, but SMART SET can, and wherever a vital story of life is enacted we will catch it and bring it home for you to read.

Life, love, adventure, tragedy, success—we will seek them all. We will search everywhere until we have found what we need to make our magazine interesting.

Sometimes we will find conditions of life which need our help, yours, and mine. When we do we shall tell you of those conditions and ask you to help us right the wrong. In this we shall be missionaries and crusaders.

We're here to fight.

Always, whatever we do, we will strive toward one ideal—to make SMART SET an influence for good. We want our magazine to leave the world just a little better every

to FIGHT

the Spirit of a New Idea

month. We want it to leave happiness in the homes of the readers, and we want it to reach out to those less fortunate than we and make them happy.

We believe in the American people. We believe in Main Street. We believe in the farmer, the laborer, and the mechanic. To SMART SET we comprise one people, indivisible, with our eyes set on a goal.

We live energetic lives, individual lives. We have a sense of humor, all of us. And we want you, as individuals, to catch the spirit of SMART SET'S new policy and help us make it the best magazine in America. Together we can do it.

Let's work together as partners and make our magazine a link between neighbors. Let's not limit our neighbors to the folks who live closeby. Through the pages of a real home magazine we can be the neighbors of all the adventurers in the world. We want your suggestions and your criticisms; but most of all we want your interest.

We are trying to get closer to the heart of America than any magazine has ever been. We are going to be personal in our relationships. Our readers are going to guide our policies. We are going to find the best stories fate can contrive—and fate has woven many a strange tale.

There is tremendous power in this idea of seeking out strange truths, because we are bound to find the sordid as well as the beautiful. But we are not afraid. We will go into the dark places of the earth, in search of truth and make hill villages and valley towns alike give up their treasured tales of life, real, vital, throbbing with emotion. We shall make their stories live again for your enlightenment and diversion.

Wherever we find a condition which needs our help, we'll fight it out with your assistance.

And every story will be real in its vivid portrayal of life. Every description will be accurate. That is the living spirit of our idea. All the romance of the ages is ours if we are willing to be satisfied with realism; and we believe that the truth is far more fascinating than any fiction of the imagination could be. Together we may visit the land of the midnight sun; and tread the alleys of New York with the vision of O. Henry. Life, strange, alluring, holding us entranced even while we hate its revelations, drawing us on and on fascinated by its wonders—is a miracle, and SMART SET is going to bring the miracle to you.



Here is Quick Riddance to Gray Hair

This Clean, Colorless Liquid Has Restored Youthful Looks to Thousands

Reports from all parts of the country give the most convincing evidence that gray hair has been conquered.

Letter after letter tells of the amazing results brought by the clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak. Women who gazed into their mirrors and saw the tell-tale streaks of gray showing in their hair, and men who had found what a handicap gray hair often is in business, have had a great worry taken off their minds. Kolor-Bak has lifted years from their appearance. Many of them have seen this amazing change come in a week.

If everybody who is turning gray would do as these thousands of people have done—simply use this remarkable liquid—we would see very few gray heads anywhere.

A True Substitute for the Natural Pigmentation

Scientists tell us that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment, and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

But no matter what the cause of the grayness, it is amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used. It is a proved substitute for the natural pigmentation.

It doesn't make any difference what the former color was—brown, black, red, blond—this one clean, colorless liquid will restore it. No need whatever for a special

formula for each shade of hair. Several people whose hair was originally of different colors could use the same bottle of Kolor-Bak and each would see the color return exactly as it was in the past.

You not only see the former color return, but you find also that the hair has not a "died look," nor does it appear streaked or faded. It takes on new "life" and lustre.

Proved by Thousands

Kolor-Bak has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for every color and shade of hair.

From everywhere come words like these:

"Hair was streaked with white. Now an ice-cream brown and dandruff all gone."

"It restored the natural color to my hair."

"My hair is now nearly black. It began to return to its original color in a few days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now same as in youth."

"My hair, which was all gray, is now a nice brown again."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"Kolor-Bak restored the color of my hair. It has also removed the dandruff from my little girl's head."

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared."

"Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original color. I look ten years younger. Now wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak!"

(A typical letter)

For Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original color to the hair and give it the beauty it had in youth—it banishes dandruff, and keeps the pores of the scalp from becoming clogged with scurf and scale. It stops falling of the hair and promotes a strong, healthy growth.

It also brings comfort, not only by giving cleanliness, but by stopping itching of the scalp.

Ask Your Dealer for Kolor-Bak

All dealers sell Kolor-Bak with money-back guarantee. Make a test of it now. No need to furnish a sample of your hair, as the one clean, colorless solution is for all hair regardless of former color.

Free Book

For further information and for Free Book on Care of the Hair, send your name and address to Hygienic Laboratories, 204 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Illinois.

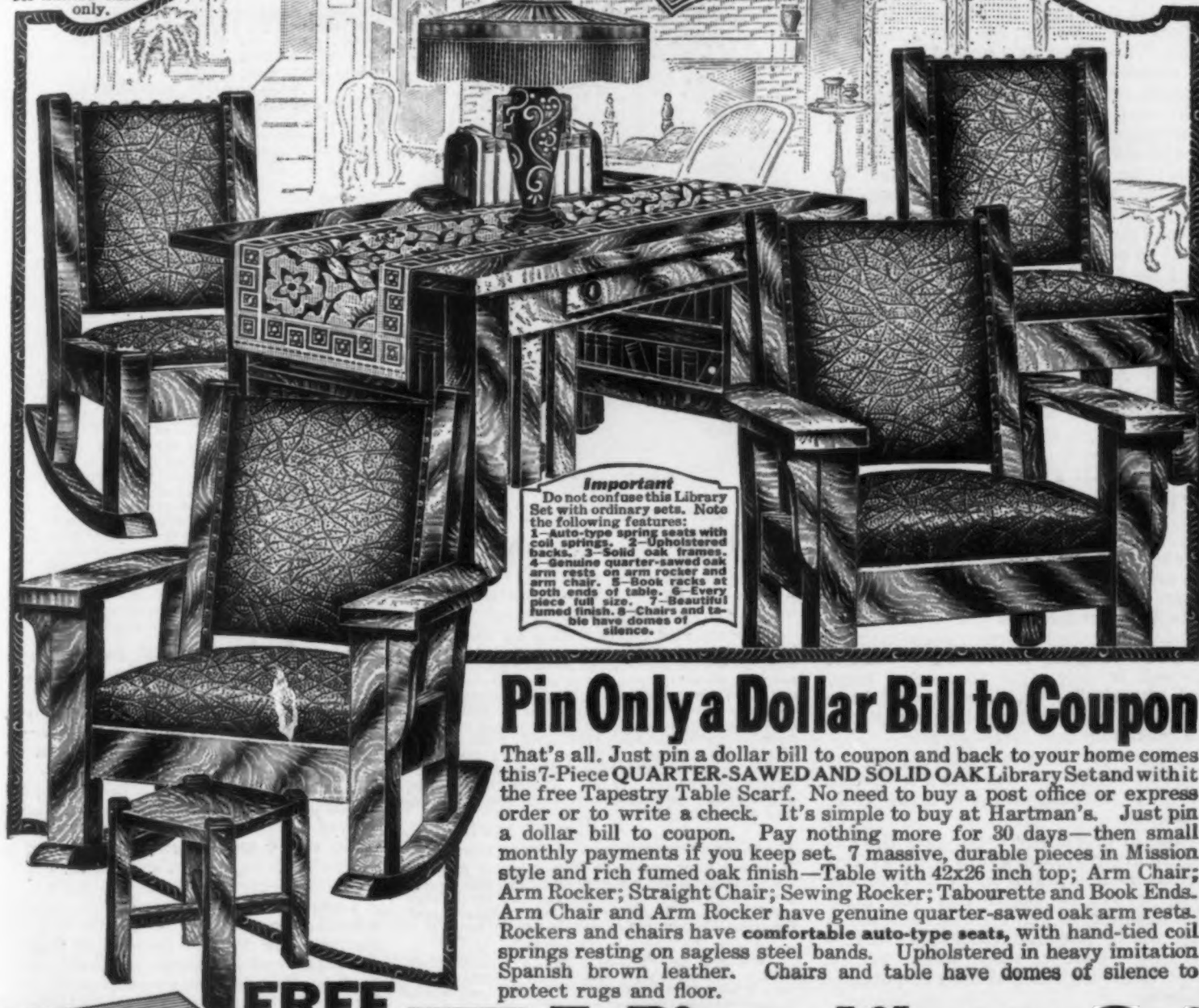
Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

Kolor-Bak is Sold at Dealers Everywhere with Money-Back Guarantee

FREE Tapestry Table Scarf

This beautiful, richly colored, large size 60x14 inch Tapestry Table Scarf comes to you absolutely FREE with Library Set. It is prettily finished with fancy mercerized cotton edge all around. Accept this handsome Scarf as a gift from Hartman with the Library Set. Pay nothing for it at any time. Send today. Offer is good for limited time only.



Important
Do not confuse this Library Set with ordinary sets. Note the following features:
1—Auto-type spring seats with coil springs. 2—Upholstered backs. 3—Solid oak frames. 4—Genuine quarter-sawed oak arm rests on arm rocker and arm chair. 5—Book racks at both ends of table. 6—Every piece full size. 7—Beautiful fumed finish. 8—Chairs and table have domes of silence.

Pin Only a Dollar Bill to Coupon

That's all. Just pin a dollar bill to coupon and back to your home comes this 7-Piece QUARTER-SAWED AND SOLID OAK Library Set and with it the free Tapestry Table Scarf. No need to buy a post office or express order or to write a check. It's simple to buy at Hartman's. Just pin a dollar bill to coupon. Pay nothing more for 30 days—then small monthly payments if you keep set. 7 massive, durable pieces in Mission style and rich fumed oak finish—Table with 42x26 inch top; Arm Chair; Arm Rocker; Straight Chair; Sewing Rocker; Tabourette and Book Ends. Arm Chair and Arm Rocker have genuine quarter-sawed oak arm rests. Rockers and chairs have comfortable auto-type seats, with hand-tied coil springs resting on sagless steel bands. Upholstered in heavy imitation Spanish brown leather. Chairs and table have domes of silence to protect rugs and floor.

FREE Bargain Catalog

Most complete book of its kind ever issued. Over 300 pages (of which 68 pages are actual colors) of the world's greatest bargains in Furniture, rugs, carpets, draperies, aluminumware, sewing machines, silverware, watches, etc. 30 days' free trial. Easy monthly terms on everything you buy. Opening an account with us is like opening a charge account at your local store, but you have nearly a year to pay at Hartman's. Ask for Catalog No. E 6780

FREE GIFTS

Book also explains about Hartman's wonderful gift plan which brings you, absolutely Free with purchases, many splendid articles, such as glassware, dishes, silverware, toilet sets, jewelry, table linens, etc.—valuable things for which you would pay high prices at stores.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

Order No. 110FFMA19. 7-Piece Library Set. Our Bargain Price \$49.95. \$1.00 with Order. \$4.50 monthly. Table Scarf is FREE.

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 6780 CHICAGO
Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

7-Piece Library Set

Quarter-Sawed and Solid Oak—Fumed Finish

See this splendid set, the table decorated with the rich Scarf, in your own home before you decide whether to buy or not. Just mail the coupon with a \$1 bill, and we will ship all on 30 days' Free Trial.

If not satisfied for any reason whatever, send everything back and we will refund your \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways. Otherwise pay balance due on Library Set only—a little every month. Take nearly a year to pay. Tapestry Scarf costs you nothing. It is FREE. Don't miss this amazing bargain.

Just Pin a Dollar Bill to Coupon—Mail Today!

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 6780 Chicago, Illinois

I enclose \$1. Send the

7-Piece Library Set No. 110FFMA19, Price \$49.95, as described, and with it the Tapestry Table Scarf, absolutely FREE. I am to pay nothing further for the goods on arrival—only the freight charges. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If satisfied, I will send you \$4.50 monthly until full price of Library Set, \$49.95, is paid. Will pay nothing at any time for the Table Scarf. Title remains with you until paid in full. If not satisfied after 30 days' free trial, I will ship all the goods back and you will return my \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

Name _____

R. F. D., Box No., _____
or Street and No. _____

Town _____ State _____

What's Back of the Man Who Wins?



Did you ever observe what an easy time the man at the top seems to have—compared with the chap underneath?

—Makes more money, too—ever so much more money—yet he practically comes and goes when he pleases, turns all the hard work over to his assistants, and, in fact, “lives just like a lord, while we poor slaves—look at us!”

Sounds familiar, doesn't it—that plaint of the man in the routine job, whose utmost vision is bounded by “fifty a week” and who has deceived himself into thinking that the only way he can ever beat the game is to “work up a pull with the boss”—

Such a man forgets that the one best pull—and the only pull that is worth a continental—is ability to deliver.

And he fails to realize, too, that ability to handle important matters—decide perplexing problems—dictate far-reaching policies—comes only with a sound and thoro understanding of BUSINESS PRINCIPLES AND METHODS—an understanding which invariably must be based upon EXPERIENCE.

There are many ways to GAIN experience—but the shortest and surest route is thru SPECIALIZED TRAINING.

The Confidence That Comes With Knowledge

Because LaSalle Extension University has been privileged to be of aid to thousands of men whose progress had been checked by the fact that they did not KNOW what to do in the more important positions they aspired to—and KNEW that they did not know—it is only right that other men, faced with similar problems, should have an opportunity to find out how these men have overcome that fatal obstacle.

We have therefore assembled from the thousands of letters in our files a composite message to the man who doubts his power for success.

While in practically every case the LaSalle-trained man who writes of his experience has made a gratifying gain in earning power, it will be noted that the thing which has brought him greatest satisfaction is his newly acquired CONFIDENCE—sure stepping-stone, when based on true ability, to the highest and most responsible positions.

The first letter is from a man who had “studied forty-two years” and had finally become a chief chemist, making \$4,000 a

year. When he came to LaSalle he called himself a “business failure.” Less than a year later he wrote as follows (the italics in this and subsequent quotations are ours):

“Take away all I have learned for close to 42 years, but leave me my five months’ study, and I should not be a loser by any means. Before, I was merely a good chemist, but now I am a man, and am standing squarely on my feet. Accountancy is only a first step, but it is a splendid foundation. It should be supplemented with your course in Business Management. I have taken only three lessons of this last course, but it has opened my eyes. Now I am after a \$12,000 a year job. It is immaterial whether I get it or not. The point is that in my inner self I am convinced that I am worth it, and that I can deliver the goods.”

R. H. BOTS, New Jersey.

The following quotations tell their own story:

“It took your course of instruction to give me the courage and self-confidence to tackle the greater task and to enable me to make my dreams come true.” (The writer, Mr. Orahood, increased his salary 191 per cent in less than three years.)

C. A. ORAHOOD, Ohio.

“Nineteen months ago I was a stenographer with a stenographer's salary and a vague idea that I wanted to know more about my work. Today—thanks to your course in Modern Business Correspondence—I have a department of my own in which I handle the work I used to take in dictation, with a 75 per cent increase in salary. The whole field of business has been opened to

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“Since taking up your training in Law, my salary has increased 123 per cent. The gain came, but it hasn't ended, for where I previously had to side-step to let a man step ahead of me into a better position, I am now stepping ahead of the other man.”

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“My course has benefited me many thousand-fold, for it has not only doubled my salary but has given me the confidence and technical knowledge necessary to assume direction in the banking world.”

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“I have increased my earnings more than three hundred per cent. Strange as it may appear, however, the financial benefits have not made much impression on me. The fascination of the work—the solving of intricate problems—the feeling of dominion, the knowledge that every problem can be solved if we diligently apply ourselves, is worth much more than the financial increase.”

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C. RUTHERFORD, Ontario, Canada.

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SMART SET

OCTOBER
1924

True Stories from Real Life

It Depends on the People Living There

By EDGAR GUEST

America's Best Loved Poet

A HOUSE is nothing in itself—
A red-bricked hearth and a pantry shelf.
A dining room and a room to sleep.
A floor for a woman's hands to sweep:
But whether or not the place is fair
Depends on the people dwelling there.

A house isn't finished, but just begun
When the builders leave and their work is done.
But brick and mortar and wood it stands:
Awaiting the touch of a woman's hands
And the sound of a footfall on the stair
And the prattle of children to make it fair.

A house needs laughter and mirth and song
And the gifts of time as it speeds along.
And a welcome warm to its kindly friends
When the day is done and the night descends.
With something richer that's born of these—
The joy and grief of its memories.

With never a face at its window pane
A cheerless place must a house remain.
For neither builder nor architect,
In the walls and roofs which their hands erect,
Can leave one memory sacred there
Like the sound of a footfall on the stair.

Dr. Frank Crane

THE young woman of today is about the same as the young woman of yesterday was and as the young woman of tomorrow will be.

Her clothes may be different, her manners may be different and she may wear her hair

differently, but, under the skin, she will remain the same sort of woman as the Victorian or the Elizabethan.

In spite of her complexity, and the many baffling and surprising elements that she presents, she is a woman still and there are certain fundamental things to which she must conform.

It will always be her chief aim to marry a man and to bear children. It will always be the exceptional woman who does not want to do either of these. The normal woman, no matter what her appearance and actions, will never be happy until she has a husband and children.

She will always be the inspiration of man. Without her he will never do his best work and his life will be incomplete.

"He is the half part of a blessed man
Left to be finished by such as she."

SHE will always be that which is worth fighting for, worth achieving for, worth loving and worth dying for. She will always remain the ultimate prize of men.

By the same token she will always be the chief temptation for men. For a temptation is never anything but a reversed privilege. The same power over man which makes her able to lift him up to the highest ideals will enable her, if those powers are perverted, to lead him to the lowest depths.

These things are founded upon the instincts. They are eternal with the race. They were present in the days of Noah, and in ancient Rome, and they are present today and will be tomorrow. She will always return to these fundamental instincts.

If she seems to be lost to them now it is because she is now in a condition of transition. She is confronted by new opportunities, new privileges and new occasions that are present with the new era, but these things are upon the surface and do not affect her fundamental condition.

Woman is coming out of a condition of slavery into freedom, from obedience into liberty, from subserviency to men to equality with men, and it is naturally to be expected that these new found privileges will go to her head a little, but she will settle down and remain man's chief temptation and his chief inspiration as long as time shall last.



From the painting
by André Castaigne.

In Defense of the Flapper

With her new head-dress and her new clothing she is no less lovable and no less beautiful than before. When she shall change her style again she will be as beautiful as ever.

SPEAKING of clothes, the flapper of today is dressed much more sensibly than her ancestors of yesterday. She has much less clothes on, wears them with greater freedom. She abuses her body less by her garments than ever before. Probably she is dressed today more reasonably than she was ever dressed.

Woman will cease to be a tyrant when she is less tyrannized. Her new freedom, which places her as the equal of man will lessen the instinct to revolt against slavery and give to her more and more freedom.

Every generation has been afraid that its young people were going to the devil. But they have never gone. They have grown up to be conservatives in their time.

This revolt of youth means the progress of the world. It means the new generation seeking the satisfactions of its own ideals in its own way.

Without this constant insurgency of youth there would be no constant advancement. If it were entirely obedient to the law of its elders the world would remain ever the same. It would not get on.

However much, therefore, the younger generation seems to be departing from its fundamental instincts it will return to them.

THERE is such a thing as young people having their fling, sowing their wild oats. To deny this is to deny youth. Every generation, as it grows old, must sing the sentiment of W. S. Gilbert:

"O, I was like that when a lad,
Shocking young scamp of a rover,
I was such a terrible cad,
But that sort of thing is all over."

The sentiment that attaches women to men is, in some curious way, like the sentiment that attaches men to God and to Conscience. That places her as the vice-gerent of God upon earth, as the prime minister of Conscience. We may rest assured that, in spite of all her aberrations, she will remain true to her calling, and whatever may be the case with young people, the mothers of the race will hold it steady, will continue to be man's spiritual trustee.



Buying Beauty

I WAS only seventeen when my husband of a month, for whom I had run away from my Southern home, deserted me. Burdened by the discovery—a secret terror—that I faced motherhood alone, friendless and almost penniless in New York. I had not held my first job as a model in a wholesale women's clothing house three weeks before the grim choice of two courses was first put to me—an alternative that is today and every day put before hundreds and hundreds of innocent young girls. Pretty and inexperienced, "green" from the country—like and no different from thousands who yearly come to the city with but one thing to sell, their beauty—I faced the problem that sooner or later, and continuously, confronts every girl who seeks to earn her living as model in many of the wholesale cloak and suit houses. I learned that work as a model is not only to parade the green show strip exhibiting cloaks, gowns and lingerie to prospective buyers, demonstrating the styles and quality of the various lines with graceful gestures; I found that in a vast section of the business the models' expected duties do not end in the show room at five o'clock.

AMONG the new arrivals in the show room was a Western buyer who represented a chain of nearly a score of stores. To secure his account against the competition of other houses meant a profit of thousands of dollars to my firm. A fat, bald-headed little man, perspiry and greasy, he took advantage of the examination of the garments to feel my arms and paw all over me.

"Grandpa over there likes you," whispered the boss, with a significant grin. "Now, he ain't ever dealt with our house and if you 'make' him and help get his trade I'll see you're taken care of. He wants you to go out to dinner with him tonight. See?"

Three years ago, desperate as was my plight, depressed and wearied by terrifying weeks during which I tramped the streets looking



at \$22 a Week

Smart Set is Here to Expose Social Evils. Here is one—Told in a Girl's Startling Story, Every Word True.

People don't seem to think of the human heart that beats under the gorgeous gowns, the tons of glittering merchandise, we exhibit before buyers.

for a job. I was yet able to make my choice. But I was younger then and stronger. Since then, shifting from house to house, discharged at one place, obliged to resign at another, always the smiling manikin exhibiting everything from lingerie to wedding gowns, bathing suits to fur cloaks, there has been the same disheartening repetition, if not today then tomorrow, if not this week then the next. I wonder in how many other trades, if any, girls are compelled to earn their bread under the same conditions or forced to make the same choice? Today obliged to support my child, and with increasing future responsibilities upon me as a mother, I wonder if I shall have the courage, the strength to continue the fight and make the same old round, always leaving one job to find another. What for me must be the end? What for the others?

AND my story as a cloak model is only, after all, that of innumerable girls. In my moving about I've met so many of them, and heard their tales of woe and been the confidante of their heartaches! Oh, I know the popular idea of the beautiful cloak model. "Beautiful, but dumb" is the common expression. We're all "dumb-bells" and "dumb Doras." People see our photographs in the illustrated sections of the Sunday newspapers—and in fashion sheets—dressed in evening gowns, sport clothes, simple frocks for Misses. But do they know us as we are—what makes up our life? People don't seem to think of the human heart that beats under the gorgeous gowns, the tons of glittering merchandise, we exhibit before buyers. Buyers—hard boiled, hard-to-please, old, young, fat men, thin men, ba'd-headed men, blasé men, single and married men, the majority as keenly on the lookout for a girl companion *for the evening* while in New York as the selection of an attractive line of goods—probably don't know of the hurt and insult often concealed under our professional stereotyped smiles.

Often a dozen girls in the long-paneled, mirrored room with the little buyers' booths on one side. Going into the stock room to change coats or dresses, coming out again. Walking gracefully up and down the green strip of carpet, posing, turning around showing the lining. Forever smiling. A dozen pretty girls show off marketable styles to prospective customers; a dozen girls of marketable beauty, probable companions for out-of-town buyers for the evening—their figures often more than gowns sized up by men's cold, appraising eyes. "Do you like that gown you're wearing?—want it as a present?" "Say, young lady, you sure look swell in that coat; it's just made to

fit you—what about going out to dinner?" Or—"Want to land the boss a good order?—well, just be nice to me." . . . In the cheaper houses where I have worked the proprietors don't seem to care what men do or say to the girls. On the pretense of examining the material they constantly pet you and pinch you. In some places buyers have even followed me and other girls into the dressing rooms where we change our clothes. What if we wear only underwear!—dare we offend a possible customer by such a rebuff as his liberties call for? Dare we even complain to the boss? A buyer makes a "wise crack"—we can only smile. If he insults us by some crude proposal, we must feign dumbness. If he becomes too insistent in his "examination" of materials, the quality of lingerie, for instance, we may be able to ease gracefully out of his reach at the first opportunity. But show him that he is distasteful to us or that we resent his advances—never!

OUR work as models is not only to show off the manufacturer's products to advantage but to make "friends and win trade for the firm. It is true that in some of the higher class houses, where there is always a waiting list of hundreds of applicants, the girls are forbidden to go out with buyers. In cheaper places, however, it is expected if not forced upon the girls. Where the proprietors for purposes of policy will not themselves arrange a date between a buyer and a model whom he has "lamped"—for fear of some compromise—he will give the buyer the girl's telephone number. To refuse a telephone invitation for dinner with a potential purchaser of several thousand dollars' worth of goods is practically to disobey the boss. What!—let a new customer go? Lose a big account to a rival manufacturer? Make an enemy or lose money for the firm? What if he is an old man, or a fat man, or a married man? Business is business. On the one hand, if a model makes a "friend," keeps an account and secures big orders for her employers she'll hold her job, get an increase in salary—instead of twenty-two dollars earn twenty-five dollars, thirty dollars or more a week—receive gifts of clothing and sometimes a commission. If she refuses—

And how many refuse? Most girls—as I have—

make a fight. Like me, most models come to New York from country towns. A great many come with ambitions for a stage career. When they don't get anything in the over crowded agents' and producers' offices they go where youth and beauty are in demand and cheaply bought—for exhibition purposes—in the suit and cloak establishments. While the conditions I know do not exist in the retail stores catering to a high class of customers nor the better wholesale establishments, in the middle-grade lines which form the bigger part of the business, hundreds of young girls are today almost forced to play up to the buyers.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD tells **SMART SET** that in selecting Follies' girls, "Ten thousand come under my personal observation in one year. Out of this number about one hundred are selected."

One girl in a hundred! And only a small proportion of the girls answering the call of Broadway are privileged to enter the lists for the "Follies."

What becomes of the other girls who cannot sell their talent and must depend on beauty of face and form for existence?

When they read the want ad pages of a New York Sunday paper they may learn a hundred openings for "tall, slender, attractive models, size 16." They will not learn what they are to receive in the way of salary, or just what is expected of them by their employers until face to face with the monarch of the garment market-place—the **BUYER**.

And there are over three thousand garment houses in New York City with many a show-room of the sort described by this girl who lived and learned.

WHAT I tell, I know from my experience and that of countless others. What can be done? Can anything at all be done? With beauty as their chief marketable asset, where else could the hundreds of girls now employed as models find employment? Many, as I have said, are unsuccessful aspirants for the stage. Engagements posing for artists are limited and only occasional. Work as "extras" in pictures is hard to get, and that field overcrowded. As I have found there isn't such a surfeit on the market in any commodity as feminine beauty. At most houses where I have worked there has been a waiting list of good looking girls seeking jobs. That's why the bosses don't hesitate to give you your time if you're not willing to play the game as they want it played.

RECENTLY I applied for posing at a famous photographer's who illustrates magazines, and he told me his list of girls numbered five hundred. Under such conditions, where countless girls

must choose between holding their jobs or tramping the streets, between making good money with gifts and commissions on the side or taking one precarious job after another, what chance for the girl? Do you know what it is to trudge the streets with your shoes worn through, without money to buy something to eat? Do you know what it means to sacrifice a comfortable apartment, good food, and evenings at the theatre for a musty, dirty hall room, an empty stomach at lunch time, and a lack of carfare home? Or to be a mother, with the responsibility of a growing child upon you and to know because you won't go to dinner with some man you'll have to look for a new job tomorrow? And maybe not get

"Well, if you're too good to go out with one of our new customers, you better get another place."



a job. Do you wonder if we sometimes ask if it is all worth while?

I OFTEN ask why those great people rich and wise people, who undertake to uplift and reform other things in life, like politics and the social evil, don't concern themselves about girls like me. Can't the places where we models work be investigated? And can't some pressure be brought to bear upon the employers who try to make money selling clothes—to be worn by the decent women of the country, by innocent children, by sweet and pure girls—through the enforced exploiting and shame of the girls who must "please" the retail buyers of the clothes? Maybe they will take an interest in the hundreds of others like me. If so I'll be glad to have written this, for it isn't a happy story, and I can't see a happy ending—ever, ever—for me.

About the only thing nature gifted me with—and I've come to ask if it isn't often more of a curse for a girl than a gift—was prettiness. I think that's what brought the ill will of my step-mother upon me. My mother, who died when I was thirteen, was a small, frail woman, always sickly, enduring the brow-beatings of my father, who at times drank a great deal, with a

People see our photographs in the illustrated sections of the Sunday newspapers and in fashion magazines in evening gowns, sport clothes, simple frocks for Misses, but do they know us as we are—what makes up our life?



religious endurance. From her, judging by a treasured old faded cabinet photograph, I inherited what beauty people tell me I have, my big brown eyes, soft brown hair. From her I inherited whatever there is good, and better than beauty—the desire to be good, to be clean and live right. In dying, “Be a good girl,” were her last words. And to the promise made to her then—so far—I have not broken faith. My step-mother, who took the upper hand over me and two younger brothers from the very beginning, was a coarse-voiced,

rough-mannered woman. My father married her, I think, to take care of the house and children, do his cooking and mending, and look after the ill-cared-for little farm. We lived near Pensacola, Florida. While my father loafed or drank my step-mother worked in the fields; she was, as they say, strong as a horse, and of work never tired. Her temper was terrible. She was forever at my heels, driving me, nagging me, and had no peace if I wasn't busy. “You lazy, loafing, good-for-nothing”—I can hear her yet, as she discovered me reading a paperback novel—“Wastin' your time reading trash. Now you get a move on—”

I DEVoured novels—cheap and trashy, I suppose. As a school-girl I dreamed of someday dancing behind the footlights, and getting fame and fortune and a rich husband—my fairy prince. My fairy prince! I'll admit I liked to hear that I was pretty—what girl doesn't?—and my step-mother was forever railing about my doll-baby face, and being made for no good, and having high-faluting ideas above my station. When I met my fairy prince and he told me I had beautiful eyes, and lips like a rosebud, and that girls famous in the movies couldn't hold a candle to me, are you surprised that I “fell.” I was utterly miserable at home, ragged and scolded by a tyrant woman who derided my very looks, who hated my hands because they were small and soft and put me at the wash-tub scrubbing, who put my feet in heavy, ill-fitting boots and dragged me into the stable and field. To a girl whose home life was altogether drab my lover brought beauty, romance. Dick had been an aviator overseas during the war, and was working near Pensacola as pilot for an air-craft concern. Maybe something of his profession—often with thrilling heart I watched the skies where he dipped and soared—clothed him in a sort of glamour. We met in the evenings near the aviation field, and took long walks under the palmettos in the moonlight. As I remember now there was something of a dare-devil in [Turn to page 105]

*What Happens
When East
Meets West*



Quong Kee's White Wife

THE biggest chapter in my life began as a lark—like so many things that end tragically. When Quong Kee asked me to go and dance with him, I thought it funny. The idea of a Chinaman dancing! Not that Quong Kee himself was funny to me, far from it. Nor in a way was he all Chinese, for in his dapper, well-cut American clothes he was almost like one of my own people, and I liked him. I did not admit it even to myself before that night, but I more than liked Quong Kee. Still I couldn't see him as a dancing partner, nor any other sort of partner either.

Another thing, I did not want to be seen out with him at any of the big dancing places, though I wouldn't have hurt his feelings by telling him so. He, himself, saved me from that embarrassment by telling me of a dancing club where mostly his own people—Chinese—went.

THAT made it a sort of adventure, something different, and there is nothing appeals so much to a woman as something out of the ordinary. That was the reason I liked Quong Kee. He was different from

the men I knew, in spite of his American clothes, his American manners and his precise, careful English. There was something of suave politeness to him, a courtliness that was part of his oriental heritage; a charm of the mysterious East that our men do not possess. So I said I'd go, and he got a taxi. The place was far over on the East Side, and I was almost sorry and a bit afraid when we crossed Fifth Avenue.

The East Side had always been something sinister to me. I think Quong Kee realized this, for he was more than usually polite, aloof and detached. It put me at my ease before we stopped at the curb on Third Avenue and he dismissed the taxi and led the way upstairs.

I didn't like the stairs; they were steep and narrow, but well lighted. And the sound of the orchestra—a very small, but very loud orchestra—was reassuring, though the heavy door, with its funny wicket that slid back for a face to peer out at us, gave me a little thrill. It was oriental and mysterious, like stories I had read.

But the room wasn't that way at all. It was low-ceilinged and dim with smoke—cigarette smoke, not incense—and I was a little disappointed. It was not Eastern at all, only East Side. The one difference was that all the men were Orientals. I couldn't help being sorry they weren't in Chinese costume. It would have been like a masquerade then.

I remember when I first met Quong Kee. I had gone into a restaurant on Sixth Avenue for chop suey. He didn't look like the proprietor of the place, but he told me he was and sat down at my table. I was a little afraid of him at first, and I think he saw that. Another thing, I had heard a lot of tales about Chinese restaurants and how women shouldn't go into them alone; but I was always a bit adventurous, though cautious. Being a bachelor girl and self-supporting, I was rather proud of my independence and my ability to handle any situation. I think my manner showed this to Quong Kee as he sat down.

"You know, I like to get acquainted with my patrons," he said. "It makes us both feel more at home and it's good business. I'm a business man," he continued. "My father was a merchant in San Francisco, but before he retired and went back to Canton he sent me on here to Columbia. I'm a 'native son,' you see, and an American. I was overseas," and I liked the proud way he said this. "You're not a New Yorker, are you?" he asked.

I told him I was not, and named the little freshwater college I graduated from before I came on here.

"Well, well," he said smiling, "we're both graduates. That ought to make us friends."

IN A way, it did. It made him more American to me. When I began to like him a bit more I wanted him to be an American, even though he was attractive to me as a foreigner—something strange, just like their funny pungent smells, and their color sense, and their mysticism. Though I didn't realize it then, there lay the danger; the mysticism that the Orientals were surrounded with.

Well, after that I used to drop into Quong Kee's restaurant quite a bit. I liked chop suey and thought that it was a Chinese dish. He laughed and explained to me that it wasn't, but was just an oriental compromise with the occidental palate. It was just like he was, I afterwards decided; a compromise. Like I was to be later.

Right from the first I saw that he was attracted to me. But he was so polite about it, so orientally careful, that I didn't mind. I think I was just a little bit proud. I know that my blond hair and my blue eyes were

things that drew him, just as they would any brunette. After a little that's just what I got to thinking of him as—a brunette. For he really didn't seem so very foreign after I'd talked to him awhile.

Yet underneath he was Chinese even from the first, now that I look back on it. But it was interesting to have him tell me what jade really was and why it was prized. When he gave me a lavalier and I found out how really valuable it was, I wanted to give it back. He was very Chinese then, for my refusal of it touched the Oriental in him.

"You must never insult my people by not accepting a gift when it is offered," he told me. "We only give when we desire and can afford it, and if it is not accepted that makes the giver lose face with himself."

He explained what "face" meant to him, which was the first time I ever heard pride called that. It interested me, like the tales of the Dragon he used to tell me after we got better acquainted; and how ceremonial tea was, and a lot of other interesting things. That's what he always was to me, interesting and different. And not so foreign either, especially after that dance.

There was a chap in the office, one of the salesmen, and he and I used to go out quite a bit together. He was a nice boy and I liked him. I was even a little bit sentimental over him and let him kiss me once or twice.

But after that dance with Quong Kee, I couldn't let Joe—his name was Joe Wells—touch me again. I didn't realize it for awhile, but I knew then I didn't like him—not that way—and he seemed to sense it.

He called at the boarding house one night. As we had the parlor all to ourselves, he had tried to get affectionate.

"Listen, Marie," he said finally, "I'm not just trying to be fresh. I'm really in love with you. I'm serious. Here are the two of us alone in the world. Why can't we get married after the first of the year? I've got a raise coming then and you could quit."

I don't believe it was the consciousness of Quong Kee that made me refuse him. But something I couldn't quite understand. So I told Joe I couldn't, that I didn't think of him that way. It made it rather unpleasant in the office, for I could see that it hit him rather hard, though he was awfully nice about it.

QUONG KEE saw that there was something on my mind and asked me about it. Of course I didn't tell him what it was, but he more than suspected. But he was an Oriental. He bided his time. He was nice to me, nicer than he had ever been, but he did not press his advantage, though he must have known he had one.

I didn't know that I was in love with him. I wonder even now if I ever was. But there was something I didn't understand—an attraction, a magnet that drew me to the unknown.

When he really started making love to me—he did it cautiously. He didn't make love like any other man I'd known. He made love with his eyes, with soft words that I didn't quite understand. I didn't know then that all Chinese are poets, more or less.

"Why does my white lily fade?" he asked me. "There is the sun of kindness to warm you, and the dew of one's presence to help you. Why do you not open your heart to the sun and the dew, and your bloom will come back, more fresh and fragrant."

Now a white man would never have said that. It seemed very beautiful to me, for I did not know then how flowery the Chinese were in their speech. I did not know that it was part of their culture, their ceremony.

Well, I let him make love to me that way. I let him hold my hand. He never went any further. I

think he knew that it would have shocked me, just as Joe did after I didn't care any more for his kisses. I was shy enough then, because I didn't know. I realize that it was because of this shyness that he asked me to marry him. He couldn't have gotten me any other way. If he had tried, even the dreams wouldn't have held me. But marriage seemed so safe, so sincere, so secure. When a man asks a woman to marry him it means everything to him and to her.

I didn't consent right away. My named linked to his had a funny sound when I thought of it. I realized



There was a chap in the office . . . I was even a bit sentimental over him. But after I met Quong Kee, I couldn't let Joe touch me again.

vaguely that we weren't the same in race, and he began to see what I was thinking.

"Why, my plum flower," he told me, "all things are coming closer with people. We all realize this since the war. We'll have a nice apartment uptown somewhere. I've got a good business here, and I'm making money on the side importing. You're wasting yourself in business. It is not a woman's place to work. Her place is the home and that's what I want to give you, a home."

THIS sounded practical. I realized that I did not want to work. I was a bit old-fashioned in spite of my modern training. And he did look so American when he said all this that I forgot for the time that he wasn't. So I said yes, and was glad to. For Joe had

made me realize that other men had not really asked me to marry them and that's what a real woman wants always, marriage. I was tired of adventure, and I knew it was a bit dangerous.

I didn't say anything to anyone at the office about it. I just quit one day when Joe was out of town, and slipped off. The girl I brought for a witness was only an acquaintance; in fact, most of my women associates were only acquaintances. And Quong Kee brought an American friend whom I had never seen before, and never did again.

I remembered that it gave me a little shock when the judge who performed the ceremony said:

"Marie Warren, white; Quong Kee, Oriental."

But somehow Oriental had a poetic sound even when linked to white. And I forgot the shock with the rest

of the ceremony, for a girl is always excited when she makes the marriage promises.

AT FIRST it was wonderful. Quong Kee was more of a lover than a husband, and I had never had a lover. I did not realize then that that was really what I had desired. I wouldn't have admitted it even if I had, for there was always a streak of the Puritan in me.



"In China," my husband said, "if a wife is untrue to her husband, we have our own way of taking care of it . . . The Chinese do not believe in divorce."

I was married. I was married to my lover, and did not realize how much a marriage license carried with it. It was all beautiful and new and glamorous. I hadn't time to think of anything else or do anything else but be loved.

And so it was until the honeymoon waned.

Of course my house interested me. Fitting it up, making it a real nest of my own—and Quong Kee was very generous, for he was very proud of me. He liked

American food, but I wasn't a very good cook, and I had a lot of fun learning.

"I think I'll have to come down to the restaurant and learn to make chop suey," I laughed one night, after a particularly sorry failure.

"No," he said quietly, but forcefully, "you keep away from the restaurant *now*. That was all right once, but not for my wife. Your place is in my home."

It wasn't much, but it was [Turn to page 107]

Sub Debs of Broadway



NOEL FRANCIS came from far-off Texas to make her début in this season's Ziegfeld Follies. Golden curls the length of Miss Francis' are even more rare than Texas girls on Broadway.

Photo White Studio



JEAN WATSON, once a Philadelphian, made her first bow to New York in Earl Carroll's Vanities. Talk as they will about the Vanities' radio-broadcasting method of recruiting pretty girls, it seems to pay, doesn't it?

Photo G. Mollard Kessler



FLOSSIE TANNEY makes her first appearance on Broadway in this year's Passing Show. Miss Tanney's birth-certificate was made out right on Manhattan Island, though native daughters are scarce as native sons on the Great White Way.

Photo By Marjorie Studio



MARY CONWAY'S fate decreed that she should cross water before opportunity knocked at her door and called her to George White's Scandals. Not so much water, for she's from Long Island just across the Sound.

Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston



*"Down the road he'll
lead you.*

There is no returning.

Mary, pity women!

*But you're late in learn-
ing."*—Kipling.

Road of No Returning

IT WAS in the late afternoon that they brought my father home. Two men from the lumber camp, twenty miles up in the woods, brought him down the river.

I can still see Mother standing in the doorway of the cabin Father had built long years before, shading her eyes with her hand and looking out anxiously, as the men carried the limp form up the trail on a stretcher.

He was deathly white and he said not a word. Only his eyes, big and haggard, glanced up at my mother the

way a hurt animal looks. His hip had been broken by a falling tree, and he was in agony.

I WAS seventeen, and strong and lithe as a boy. I could run, swim in the icy river, and make my way through the woods like an Indian. I was as simple and unsophisticated as a young savage. My limited knowledge of the world had been gleaned from my mother's few books. With it all I was intensely shy.

As the weeks went by and my father grew no better, I was brought face to face with tragedy for the first time. I had no brothers or sisters, for the three children that Mother had had before I was born were all dead. I was my mother's only support in those gloomy days.

When Father had been well, there had always been enough to eat in our house, enough rough clothing, and enough wood to burn. There was no one to chop the wood now, no one to bring down a deer with the old repeating-rifle that hung over the hearth.

We kept a single cow which we could kill for beef as the winter came on, though this would be a grave loss not easily replaced in that desolate country. From the patch of clearing behind the cabin, there were a few, a very few potatoes to be dug, but it was clear that our resources were dwindling every day.

And still my father grew no better.

IT MIGHT have been nearly six weeks later when I went out one day towards twilight to drive our cow home.

She wandered out of her pasture through a broken-down fence which I hadn't the strength to repair, though I tried.

I followed the broken underbrush that marked her trail, and came out presently upon an abandoned sugar-bush my father had built. The cow was grazing there, close to the hillside, and I could hear the mountain river roaring down below where the current ran swiftly. But I stopped and stared. A small tent had been pitched upon rising ground, and a man was sitting in front of it on a log, smoking a pipe.

He was unlike any man I'd ever seen. He was dressed in brown clothes like a sportsman, and I knew vaguely that they were expensive. He had a grizzled, friendly face, with keen-looking eyes and a short moustache. I judged he was about forty.

"Hello, little girl!" he said with a smile. "Do you live around here?"

I liked his voice. It seemed confident and powerful and easy.

"I've come to find our cow," I answered.

The man's eyes twinkled.

"If you've got a cow, maybe you'd care to sell me some milk," he said.

He went on to explain that a guide had brought him to Black Forks from North Valley, and that he was looking forward to a couple of weeks of quiet and hunting. He didn't know there were any settlers near, he said.

I stood there listening to his fluent voice, but not looking at him. The thought of making a little extra money filled my imagination. Perhaps this way I could do something for my mother. I promised to come back later in the evening with a pail of fresh milk.

I WAS young enough to dream of the joy of surprising people, and though I was bursting with my news I said nothing to my mother when I came in. After I'd milked the cow, I saved out a small pailful and carried it up to the sugar-bush. This time the

hunter asked me several questions about myself.

He told me things also about why he was there and who he was. His name was Norris, and he was an army officer on leave for a while. He was very gentle and kind and I couldn't help liking him. But I was in awe of him. The way he had of saying little things; his manner of drawing a cigarette from the thin gold case; his air of authority, all tended to increase my respect for him.

I went down to the cabin clutching tightly the coins he'd given me. I hid them away in my own room, planning, when I had saved a really fine sum, to astonish my mother with it, imagining her surprise when I should present it to her as a wonderful gift.

It was for this reason I did not mention my meetings with Major Norris. And as my mother never went far

from the cabin she did not guess there was a stranger living so near us. In a few days my first shyness wore off. I saw that Major Norris was interested in me. He asked me so many questions about what I meant to do, and shook his head so thoughtfully so often when I answered vaguely, that I knew he must be thinking about me.

One evening when I had brought him his milk, he had just returned from a long day's hunting.

"Sit down, Joyce, and talk for a while," he said. "Try that log over there. I've been thinking about you, Joyce. How would you like to go away and receive advantages?"

"I don't know," I said, opening my eyes widely.

He gazed at me for a long time. Then he laughed suddenly. He put his hand out and touched my arm, closing his fingers around it.

"You poor little pretty thing!" he said in a queer, husky voice.

He saw that I was embarrassed. Instantly he removed his hand. And with a few brief words dismissed me.

AFTER that I would often find his eyes resting upon me with a strange, searching light. I felt afraid and yet was fascinated. By this time he'd heard all about our troubles, my father's illness, my mother's desperate struggle. He was sympathetic and drew me on to tell him everything.

Then one night, when I was up there, he took me by the hand and drew me to him.

"Joyce," he said in a strange, unsteady way, "do you know what's happened? I've fallen in love with you, old as I am! I've been thinking about you all the time lately, believing that I wanted to do things for you just for your sake. Now I know it's because I love you! I want you to marry me, Joyce."

I didn't love him. I didn't know what love was then. But I did respect and like him, and I knew he was good and generous. His words filled me with a kind of happiness.

"I'll take care of your people—I'll see that your father becomes well and strong again," he said.

I believed he could do anything he wished, and I saw now that if he really loved me like this, I could relieve my mother of want and help my father back to health.

The Dream House on the Desert

CAN you imagine anything more fascinating than a house in the heart of the desert? Could there be such a house without a story?

We are going to publish a story entitled "The Dream House on the Desert" in the November SMART SET. It is strangely romantic in its appeal, and it is true. Every detail is exact.

You will like it better than anything you have read in a long time. Don't miss it.

I felt his strong arms around my shoulders, and his lips pressed against mine. In a strange, dreamy way I felt a sense of joy.

IT WAS late when I reached home. My mother's face showed a mixture of anxiety and annoyance at the sight of me. She had plainly been worried by my absence. But when she asked me where I'd been, I wanted to tell her—but no, it would not be long! Looking at her worn and tired face, my heart was uplifted at the thought of all that I would be able to do for her soon.



I turned to Stephen. His eyes, unhappy and fearful, wore an expression I can never forget.

When I went up to the sugar-bush the next evening, I went hesitantly. But Major Norris convinced me of the foolishness of my diffidence—reassured me of his love—promised that we should soon be married. Then came a night when I found him walking restlessly up and down in front of his encampment. The tent was gone and most of his things were pushed into a big pack-basket.

He took me into his arms and kissed me.

MY LITTLE Joyce," he said gently, "I've had bad news today. All day I've been wanting to see you, and now just an hour ago the guide came over to Black Forks with my mail. I am ordered to report to the War Department at once. I've just sent the guide on back a little way with most of my duffle. I'll have to start at once. I've been waiting only to see you."

"You're going?" I faltered. "You're going away?"

"Not for long," he said. "I'll be back soon."

He pulled a card out of his pocket and scrawled a few lines on it.

"Here's an address that will always reach me—it's my sister's. I'll be back in a few weeks and then we'll

be married. Meanwhile I want you to have this, so you can take care of your father and buy yourself some things in North Valley."

HE DREW out a billfold and extracted from it half a dozen bills. They were twenties—more money than I had ever seen before. I held the money as if in a spell. Then he kissed me again, and told me that he loved me and would take care of me. He looked sorrowful and even a little stern, and I felt more than ever the force of his honesty and sincerity. It seemed to me that in the last two weeks I'd grown infinitely older and wiser.

I stood waiting while he lifted the pack-basket on his shoulders, struck down the trail, and turned for a last look at me. I waved to him, and then he was gone.

I walked slowly down to the cabin with the money in my hand. I wondered how I could tell my mother about this fortune. Somehow I was afraid to tell her. But when I went in softly, I saw her in the front room, and her face was buried against her arm, and I knew she was unhappy.

I followed my first impulse. Sitting down beside

her, I blurted out the whole story. She looked at me with a white and startled face.

"I'm afraid," she said: "Joyce, my dear—"

She paused, and in my confusion I merely shook my head, unable to meet her eyes. I could not tell her the whole truth.

My mother looked at the money in her hands. "I am so desperate that I am glad we have this," she said. "But I wish—I wish you had never met this man!"

"He's going to marry me, Mother," I protested. "See, here's his address. He'll be back in a few weeks. Oh, I know he will!"

THE next day my mother hitched up our horse and drove down to North Valley and came back with some supplies.

But the weeks went by, and though the time came for Major Norris to return there was no sign of him. I invented a thousand explanations to account for his delay. At times I'd slip out of the cabin secretly and go up to the sugar-bush, my heart beating fast as I neared it. But the woods were silent and there was no sign of anything except the squirrels that scampered into the underbrush at my approach.

I saw my mother's eyes resting on me now and then with a queer look in them, and I grew impatient and fearfully restless. I did not love Major Norris, but I wanted him to come back. I felt that now I must marry him no matter what happened, and because, too, I wanted to take care of my mother and my father. But a strange, deep pride kept me from writing to him—then. He had not once written to me!

Then the weeks went on, and all at once a new and terrible discovery came to me. For a moment I could not think for very dread. Then I hastily took council with myself. I felt that I could not tell my mother; she would believe that Major Norris had merely betrayed me. I could only wait and hope. Surely he would return soon or later! I thought over everything he had said, and I could not in my heart think that he had deliberately lied to me.

FOUR despairing months went slowly by. Then one night I broke down and confessed the truth to my mother. Her anger and distress were terrible. She sat twisting her fingers together and staring hard at the wall. I knew that she was not angry at me, but only at him.

"Why haven't you written to him?" she said at last. "You must make him pay for this! Unless that is even a false address he gave you!"

I didn't tell her that I had tried a few months before to write to him, and had torn up my miserable little letters when I had finished them. Now with her help I set to work again. I carried the letter two miles away to our nearest neighbor for mailing, and returned home thinking. Surely, everything would be all right! Something had happened which I'd understand as soon as I heard.

And I was right—though hardly in the way I thought. Two weeks later a curt note came from Major Norris' sister. It was written almost hysterically. And in it was the news that Major Norris had fallen ill just when he had gone back to the city, and had never recovered from the operation which had been performed.

He was dead! My mother's grief was overwhelming.

"How can I tell your father?" she said over and over. "How can I tell your father?"

I knew how my father would take the news. He might do anything in his rage and fury.

At last, one morning when the air was mild with a promise of spring, my mother sat down at my father's bedside and told him the story.

I stood outside the door listening. I heard my father's voice, lifted in a kind of wild cry. He moved futilely in the bedclothes and groaned.

"She's got to go!" he said. "Do you hear me, Esther? Are you fool enough to make excuses for her?"



She goes out of this house. She goes—do you hear?"

I pressed my hands against my ears and ran. It was hours later that my mother came to me. Her face was swollen from weeping, and I read her message at once.

She put her arms around me.

"You'll have to leave, my poor little Joyce," she said in a shaking voice. "Your father wouldn't listen to me. But I'll make it come right somehow. There's enough money left for you to stay the rest of the time in North Valley. There'll be someone who'll take you in and there are doctors there. And you'll write me every week, won't you? And then later, when your father is better, I hope—"

She choked up. She could say nothing more.

MY MOTHER drove me into North Valley the next morning.

I don't like to think of those final weeks of waiting in North Valley. I never knew people could be so cruel. Somehow everyone seemed to know I had no husband, and I had to hear sneers and laughs if I went out even for a moment. I kept to my room



"Stephen, don't look at me, like that!" I cried

while the long hours dragged by. I was like one dead.

Then I began to think of my baby. I felt that I would love him and that his coming would compensate for all my suffering and humiliation.

It's hard to write it even now—hard to say simply that my baby didn't live. I felt a sort of hideous emptiness and despair. I had no one to turn to, no one. I had no husband to comfort me, and I was estranged from my own home. In my bitter loneliness I wrote to my mother to tell her of the news.

IN A FEW days the answer came back. My mother told me that her heart grieved for me, but that my father would never forgive me or take me back. She didn't know what to tell me to do, but I was to remember that she was thinking of me always, hoping for me, and loving me.

I stared blankly at the letter. I was coming out of my weakness into strength again. I realized that I was scarcely eighteen; yet all my life before me seemed hopeless and broken. I'd lost my baby and my home. No one knew me, and no one except my mother cared for me. I was utterly alone.

I think it was out of the feeling of the injustice of life that my bitterness sprang. I no longer cared what happened to me, or what I did. I'd grown up dreaming secretly of love, believing that somewhere in the world there would be love for me. Now I did not hope any more.

For a week I remained in North Valley, living on the last few dollars of my money. Then I made up my mind. I promised myself that I would win all the world had to offer—regardless of the means.

I looked at myself in the mirror of that dingy little room. I was older than my eighteen years. But my youth was not lost completely, and I believed that I was pretty. That was all that mattered. In my reckless philosophy and my despair at the fate that had robbed me of everything, I chose my course. With the remainder of my money I bought a ticket to New York

I'm not going to go into detail about the happenings of the next three years. It seems incredible that the little mountain girl, who lived in almost complete isolation and ignorance, should have become so quickly an artificial and sophisticated woman of the world. Yet such was the case. At the end of three years I was living amidst every luxury the city had to offer.

HOW I met Bradley Putnam is unimportant. For a month I had played in a Broadway revue, and I had the good fortune to attract his eye. He was a wealthy, middle-aged man, whose position and income in New York were assured. I knew that I was in luck, and that I would not have to worry about ways and means for a long time to come.

It was strange, those few crowded years of life that I knew. Men came and went. Bradley brought many of his friends to see me. Sometimes we had dinner served in the costly home—if such I may call it—he provided for me, and sometimes we would drive down to Long Island upon some gay party with several others.

Regularly each month I sent my mother money, saying that I was working in New York. Somehow I felt she did not believe me, but the little pretense made it easier. I was glad to be able to help her this way. Now and then I had letters from her. Finally there came a letter that told me my father was dead. My mother decided to stay on in the lonely house, though I wrote and begged her to come to New York where I

could see that things were more comfortable for her. Yet I, who had been cheated of love, still dreamed of it. Bradley's association and mine was, after all, utterly cold and soulless. I wondered what my life would have been like if long ago Major Norris had not set up his lonely camp near my father's cabin.

Often Bradley had told me that he would not brook any flirtation with another man on my part. At any such indication, he said he would close down the apartment without a moment's delay. I had no desire to flirt, but I knew he meant what he said. I lived up scrupulously to my share of the compact, though some of his friends did not hesitate to try to win me behind his back. One of these was a man named Langley, a retired broker.

"See here, little girl," he said once in his heavy voice, "Brad Putnam isn't treating you right." The sight of his red face, with the folds of fat over his collar, almost sickened me.

"I don't understand," I said icily.

"Now then, don't get sore! Why not be sensible? I'm going to talk straight to you. I'd be willing to treat you a darn sight nicer than Putnam. You could have a charge account in every big store in town, and—"

"No use in your saying that," I answered. "I'm not interested," and turned away.

So this was all the love I could expect—this cold exchange of my youth for the money of middle-aged and self-indulgent men. There was no romance or poetry in the world—for me.

THAT same evening Bradley Putnam came. I saw at once that he was uneasy about something.

"Joyce," he said abruptly, "I'm going to be fair with you, and I hope you'll take this in the right way."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled.

He made a sudden gesture. "The fact is I'm going to be married," he announced, watching me closely.

For a long time I was silent.

Then I said, "I see."

A look of relief passed across his face; he seemed immensely grateful somehow.

"You were always a good sort, Joyce," he said. "Never cut up rough, or got hysterics—like—like others. I'm going to say good-by. You might as well stay in this apartment until the lease runs out; there's another month or two. And I'm leaving you a little check."

"That's all right," I said. "It's good-by then."

He moved over to me. "Kiss me once more, Joyce."

"What's the use?" I asked. "There's no need of that, is there?"

He grinned, and then he thrust out his hand.

"Well, shake, anyway, and good luck!"

THE door closed behind him, and I knew I would not see Bradley Putnam again.

Langley called me soon after that and my voice was a little more friendly than it had been. His grew excited as he went on talking.

"Do you really mean it?" he asked. "You really want to talk this over with me? Listen! My wife's going abroad this Saturday. Run down to Atlantic City and I'll join you there the next day. Tell me where I'll meet you. You can give Putnam the slip, can't you?"

"Oh yes," I said wearily. "We don't need to think of him now. I'll go to Atlantic City and listen to what you have to say."

"You don't sound very keen about it."

I pretended to laugh. "You don't know me," I said provocatively.

It's strange the way things happen in life. For it was

at a hotel in Atlantic City that I first saw Stephen.

I wish I could put down that moment just as it was—the big hotel orchestra playing softly, the air sweeping in from the sea. And Stephen with his nice eyes and nice shyness. I saw him looking at me two tables away. I saw him look, and I wished that life had thrown me among men like him—men who weren't old and cynical and disillusioned.

Afterwards I strolled outside, and sat down on the columned veranda. Then I heard a man's voice, low in pitch and apologetic. It was the young man I had seen at the table across from mine.

"I don't do this kind of thing," he was saying, "only I saw you there, and you were alone, and I—I wanted to meet you. I didn't know any other way."

I smiled and told him I was glad he had spoken, because I was lonely and tired of my own company.

HE SAT down and began to talk, diffidently at first, but with more ease as the minutes went on. I learned that his name was Stephen Ames, and that he was a landscape-gardener. He asked me things about myself and I told him—lies.

Then we walked under the star-thick night. Stephen Ames took my arm in the crowd, and I felt a little pang of sorrow because I had not known for so long the strange, delightful quality of a man's respect.

Suddenly he was saying: "You know, I want to see you again. You'll let me come to see you in New York, won't you? I've never met a girl like you before. I—I want to know you better."

A kind of vision came over me then—a sense that, after all my squandered days, I could still win the most precious thing in life. In that instant I made up my mind impulsively.

"I'm going back tomorrow, early in the morning," I answered. "I hope you *will* come to see me in New York."

And when Langley should arrive the next day, he would find me gone!

IT WAS madness. In the end Stephen must find out. I couldn't keep the secret from him—for in some dim way I did not wish to hide anything from him. But for a few weeks of pretense I might be happy.

In the morning I went back to New York—alone.

I had been cheated out of so much, but it almost seemed that those next two weeks made up for everything. Stephen and I went on simple little excursions that kept me happy every moment of the time. At last I had fallen in love—even though love had come too late!

The night came when he kissed me for the first time, and I tried to tell him how I loved him. In the back of my head were the thoughts of all those other kisses—kisses that profaned the love I'd found at last.

THEN at his stumbling declaration of marriage, my heart was torn between heavenly joy and torment. I couldn't give him up. Oh, why did I have to go on lying to this man who was the one man on earth I wanted to tell all the truth? I loved him so. I didn't care whether he was poor or rich, or what he had done or would do: I wanted him for my own.

It's pretty hard to keep from being found out in this world, I guess. Somehow people hear the truth always. And I knew that my secret was a secret no longer when Stephen brought his brother, Arthur Ames, up to my apartment one afternoon.

As soon as I saw Arthur Ames, with his cool, wise-looking eyes, a little shock of memory passed over me. Faintly I remembered that I had [Turn to page 96]

"You're nice. You ain't conceited and fresh like the rest . . . You don't look like a musician, either."

*The Life Story
of a Man
Torn Between
Love and
His Art.*



Heart Broken MELODY

IN BOYHOOD, my fondness for going to church delighted my mother. She little knew that I went not for the sermon or the prayers, but to hear the music. Most of all I loved to hear Miss Penny play her violin. And I was to learn, just as I did that the call to become a musician was irresistible within me, that the "old maid," whom so few of her Connecticut townfolk understood, was a great violinist indeed.

But little did I know of all this the Sunday morning I tore free from my mother's hand and ran down the street after the slender figure of the little music teacher.

"Miss Penny," I panted, "could I learn to play the violin?"

I can still remember the light in her pale blue eyes as she gazed at me in eager surprise.

"You want to play the violin, Matthew?"

Then she saw my mother and father coming toward

us. She knew they would hardly approve of my studying music. I was the last boy left, and, of course, must stay on the farm.

"Why, Matt, whatever made you run after Miss Penny. And on a Sunday, too!" My mother reproached me in her sweet, thin voice.

"Matthew has just told me, Mrs. Grail, that he wants to take violin lessons," said Miss Penny then.

"**W**HAT nonsense is this!" My father's overhanging brows met in a frown. "Fiddling! What use can that be to a farmer? The boy's daft."

"Maybe it's not much use," I answered him as stoutly as I could, "but it makes me feel happy inside."

Miss Penny's thin face flushed. She looked at me as if my love of music bound me to her rather than to my parents. My mother saw and resented the look.

"We've no money to throw away on such lessons," said Father.

"I would be glad to give Matthew lessons for nothing," said Miss Penny.

I could scarcely believe what I heard and stood there trembling with excited hope, while my mother struggled between jealousy and the pride she felt at the music teacher's interest in me. My father's shrewd Yankee sense, meanwhile, was doubtless balancing the refusal of something for nothing against what he deemed profitless waste of time.

IN THE end it was agreed that I was to take violin lessons from Miss Penny.

And so I became the symbol of my old teacher's own hopes of accomplishment. It was to be I, instead of she, who was to do the great things which she had only dreamed. My powerful fingers and groping soul were now her means of artistic expression. Kreitzler, Kubelik, Mischa Elman to me became gods. I was held spellbound as Miss Penny told me of those magic hours, when she had gone to New York as a girl and from the topmost gallery of Carnegie Hall listened enthralled to the music of the masters.

"Matthew," she would say, "I had a future before me. My year of study in New York told me that. Hermann Schubert was my teacher, and he urged me to stay—but I had to come back to Boleton. My mother was old and ill. She needed me. When she died and I was alone, it was then too late to go back."

There was no bitterness in her heart. Only grim resignation.

"When your time comes to go, you must cut free, Matthew. You must be ruthless. Art is a harsh taskmistress. She brooks no rivalry."

I listened to all this deeply impressed. Even if Miss Penny's own life had been unfruitful she had at least kindled in another soul the pure white flame of devotion to music.

AT NINE TEEN I had learned all Miss Penny could teach me. I was tall, broad, and had my fair share of good looks. I was wild with longing to go to New York to continue my studies.

And yet—I was my people's one and only hope. My two older brothers had refused to stay on the farm. Sam was a doctor in Syracuse; Eddie a lawyer in Portland. Even my sister Effie had left home and lived in a distant city with her minister husband. My father wanted to hand on his farm—the farm which he loved with his whole heart. Without me, he couldn't run it, for he was getting old. If I went to New York, he would have to give it up—sell it.

For two years I struggled to reach a decision. And then, at twenty-four, unable any longer to endure my life of futile compromise, I decided definitely to go.

The hardest part came in telling my mother and father. I can see them yet, as they stood hand in hand, looking at me with that proud, pitiful dependence of old age.

"One of them new radios wouldn't do as well, Matt?" my mother said. "Old Ike Wellman, over at Flower Brush, has one. He hears concerts and operas all the way from New York. We could get one. They're not so expensive."

I looked away. I knew that for years dread of my departure had obsessed my poor mother. She was a timid, gentle little woman, rather in awe of the success of her other children. I was the youngest, and her idol.

My heart ached, but for the sake of my music I felt I had to go. They did not reproach me—it might have been easier if they had.

And I knew when I left that the farm would have to go.

ALL the years my father had struggled, the trees he'd chopped down, the stumps he'd blasted out, rose up to smite me. All that work—those years to go for nothing. It seemed hard, cruel, yet that was life. The young tramping on, leaving the old behind.

Yet forces in the depths of my being seemed to bind me to the soil. I almost hated to go. The autumn skies had never been so blue or far-flung, the crisp maples so splashed with color. The cows with their warm, moist breath, old Nellie, the mare—all seemed to have an unrecognized grip on me. An instinct urged me—not to go. And for hours I would lie in the stubble of the wheat field, trying in vain to reason out which it was best to be: a good son or a great musician.

Came the time when my mother had mended all my socks, put my winter clothes in order. Then she waited for the dread hour. It about broke my heart to watch her.

Then one noon my father told me he had sold the farm, and taken the Gorley cottage in Boleton. I felt the tears sting my cheeks. There was nothing to keep me, no further need now for me to stay.

When I went to Miss Penny to bid her good-by, her face grew grave. It was almost as if she were frightened at what she had influenced me to do.

"I will give you a letter to my old master, Matthew. I want you to know that I am here always to help you in any way I can. You would not hesitate to call on me?"

"I owe you everything already," I told her. "You opened for me the doors to all that's beautiful and worth while in life. When I'm famous I won't forget those who befriended me in obscurity."

It was the egotism of youth. But to both my old teacher and myself it was the prophetic voice of genius.

THE great Hermann Schubert was a massive man. There was a weariness and sadness in his deeply lined, leonine face. He greeted me with the absent-minded courtesy of the really great.

Miss Penny's letter roused him to a degree of interest. "A splendid soul!" he murmured. "A real artist. I remember her well, though it's now fifteen or twenty years ago."

His slightly foreign accent gave his speech a dramatic flavor.

"You will play for me. I have a little time to listen."

I took out my violin with trembling hands. Never before had I felt a fear so indefinable. I tried to collect myself, but my fingers were unsteady. Never had I played more wretchedly, I thought. As the last notes of "Souvenir" died away, I stood before the great teacher shamefaced and depressed, like a prisoner waiting for the judge to pronounce sentence.

"You have feeling—soul," the master said after a pause. "But that's not sufficient. Unfortunately there are too many who mistake a deep love of art for genius. You will need years of study."

He shrugged his shoulders with a weary impatience, a gesture of pity rather than unkindness.

I felt my heart sink. I could not speak.

"Too many young people pour into New York inflated by false ideas of their own ability. We all have dreams, but life forces us to recognize our limitations."

"Then you do not think there's much hope for me?" I choked.

"I would not discourage you, now that you are here, and have made sacrifices to come."

He glanced at the letter still in his hand.

"You can make a living with your violin. You can work and study. Study!" He seemed anxious to be gone. "I will help you all I can."

I felt myself flush with gratitude.

"Leave your name and address with my secretary. She will communicate with you."

"I am not located yet." I had come directly to his house from the station.

"Ask Miss Paul, the young lady in the next room, to give you Fritz Bonner's address. He is a piano tuner. It is a good place for you to be if he has a room."

He folded Miss Penny's letter and put it in the pocket of his black velvet jacket.

"So many stay on, but she was one of the few who should not have gone back," he said thoughtfully. "You will hear from me," he ended, and left the room.

THE secretary treated me with condescension. She was an efficient young woman, grown hard by the endless stream of applicants for her employer's patronage. When she looked up at me, I saw the expression change in her disagreeable greenish eyes. Her manner suddenly modulated; her cool tones mellowed.

"Mr. Schubert told me to ask you for the address of a piano tuner called Bonner," I offered.

She pursed her lips.

"I suppose about your getting a room there. I have a room in the flat below. It was too noisy at the Bonners' for me. There are so many children. I'm sure you wouldn't like it there."

"I don't mind children," I said. As a matter of fact I was rather crazy about kids.

"Anyway, I don't think they have any spare room, but you can try." Some idea seemed to annoy her.



"You're so pretty!
Remember, Minna,
you're my girl—from
now on."

I could not ignore the look of eager interest in the young woman's face—it somehow filled me with a sense of distrust. I had old-fashioned ideas about women. Because of my love for my mother, I suppose, I rather idealized them all. But I disliked these competent business women. Deep in my heart I had always cherished a dream of the perfect girl who would someday come. The golden girl, for whom I waited—little and clinging and soft, dressed in filmy white; not stiff-necked and dictatorial like these office sirens, with their paper cuffs and tailored suits. This Miss Paul seemed to me a particularly objectionable type.

"Everything in New York," she said, handing me an address on a card, "is having a pull. Not *what* you know, but *who* you know. If you're in with Hermann Schubert you are made." She tapped her breast and looked knowing, as if to say that being in with the great violinist and possessing her good will were one and the same.

I WAS glad to get away from her and out again into the clear October sunshine. As I walked along, I had the farmer's feeling of being restricted, shut in, crushed down by the high buildings on every side.

I reached the address on the card after much inquiry, found the name Bonner, pressed the button and began to climb the stairs.

At the top of the last flight, a small bobbed head poked out of an open doorway and a petulant young girl scolded sharply.

"Willy, I told you kids not to ring that bell again."

As she saw me, the girl gave a cry of astonishment.

"Oh, beg pardon! I thought it was my brother."

"Mr. Hermann Schubert sent me here."

"Come in, won't you. I'll tell Ma you're here. It's for a room?"

She opened the door into a front parlor. With a little air of pride, she switched on a red shaded lamp, and left me with the pleased consciousness of a startlingly pretty face crowned by a blur of soft pale gold.

In a moment, she returned. She seemed annoyed.

"Ma says we've no room. We're going to the suburbs in the spring. I'm sorry. Ma's gone downstairs to see if they can take you in there. Won't you sit down?"

I did so gladly. The girl perched herself near me on the end of the sofa, swinging a pair of pretty legs encased in light woolen stockings.

"I suppose if you go downstairs you'll get stuck on Vera Paul. She's looking for a husband. Been working twelve years and can afford one now."

I laughed.

"I'd much rather stay up here." I looked around the cozy room. My country eyes caught sight on the window-sill of the delicate leaves of a sweet potato vine growing in a bottle.

"My name's Minna Bonner. What's yours?"

"It's too late for that now, Matt . . . I want to be a movie star. I've grown used to a lot of money."



"Matthew Grail."

"Gee, I bet you're some dancer, Matt."

"I'm afraid not. I'm from the country."

She leaned eagerly toward me.

"That's it! I knew there was something different about you. You look lots healthier than the bunch of cake-eaters down here. You don't look like a musician, either. You might be a baseball player or a prize fighter. Gee, I sure would like to blow into Jazzland hanging on your arm!"

I laughed heartily.

Suddenly she gripped my hand.

"Say, would you go? I got another date, but I'd rather go with you. Will you?" I had a bewildering glimpse of an enchanting profile and a tumbled bobbed head. "I suppose you think me a fresh Jane; but Mr. Schubert sending you—"

"I'm flattered that you ask me," I said, and I meant it. A girl like her could have the pick of New York. I took her hand, and held it in mine for a moment. It made me feel happy. I liked this little kid, liked her tremendously.

Suddenly she drew her hand away. I felt her tremble. She looked up at me with a wistful, troubled expression in her big blue eyes, and without warning gave a little sob.

"You're nice — nice. You ain't conceited and fresh like the rest." Before I could realize it she threw her arm impulsively about my neck, kissed me and fled from the room.

A glow of happiness filled me. The kiss of this pretty little girl enchanted me. It was real. She had meant it.

As I went downstairs to the flat below where they had a room for me, I heard her whisper over the banister in the hall:

"I'll meet you in front of the drug store on the corner at eight tonight."

I WAITED for her on the corner for fifteen minutes, and was just about to give her up when she appeared. The poignancy of my delight surprised me. Why should I be so glad she had come? Was it because she was so distractingly pretty, or something deeper?

She tucked her little hand under my arm and we hurried to the dance hall.

I was not a hick. I'd been in New York before, often to Syracuse to visit Sam. But just the same I guess I wasn't used to city ways.

Jazzland gave me a jolt. As I watched the dancing I felt that it was no place for a little kid like Minna to be.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Seventeen. But I'm leaving school end of this term. I'm going to try to get in the movies."

Her youth, I thought as I looked down at her, was her strongest weapon, her most powerful defense. I fought against a mad desire to kiss her. In her flimsy white dress she was so exquisite, and so like my dream — my very dream itself! Her short fair hair was like mist woven in the sunshine; her blue eyes like skies in June. I could see that she had powdered her little

nose, touched up her cheeks and eyes; but to me, a country boy, this veneer of artificiality increased her charms. I did not like women to be too sensible.

WE DANCED and danced. Never had I in my life danced as I danced that night, cheek to cheek, arms entwined.

I saw a man kiss a girl and heard her cry of delight.

My head was dizzy with the rhythm of the music, and Minna's breath was on my face. As the dance ended, in a burst of emotion, I caught Minna up from the floor and kissed her full on the lips.

I felt the feeble movement of protest, and at that a wave of remorse swept over me. She was only a kid. What was the matter with me? I felt contempt for my weakness, a loathing at my own lack of control. What would she think of me — this little girl who had instinctively trusted to my honor?

"I—I beg pardon," I faltered.

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry? For what? The kiss." She pressed my arm. "Oh, that's all right. Maybe you shouldn't have, but I don't mind, seeing it's you."

I was numb, bewildered. It was decent of her not to be offended; but she was such a kid she didn't realize. I made up my mind it must not happen again. I must take better care of her.

"My, but you must be strong!" she exclaimed. "You had me right off the floor with one arm."

For a moment an unworthy doubt crossed my mind. Was her coquetry, her daring appeal, as ingenuous as I wanted to believe it? I looked hard at her.

"Why do you look at me like that?" She flushed with confusion.

"I am trying to make you out," I said.

"It—it's only in fun." She

avoided my eyes in a hurt way.

Suddenly the air of the overcrowded room choked me.

"Let's get out of this place," I said.

She seemed disappointed, but she stood up.

"I'll go get my coat, if you want to go."

OUT on the street she seemed to have regained her gayety.

"All the girls saw you. They were green with envy and sore because I wouldn't pass you around. It's too early to go home yet. Where do we go from here, Matt?"

"Wherever you like."

"I know a chop suey place where we can dance."

Tucked away in the alcove of a Chinese restaurant, Minna sat on my knee and stroked my cheek.

"I'm simply crazy about you, Matt. You're so big you could break me in two if you wanted, and I like that."

"Do you act like this with the other fellows who take you out?" I was suddenly jealous.

"Say, what do you think I am, anyway?" She slid off my knee and regarded me sullenly. "I want to go home. I've never been so insulted."

"I did not mean to insult you, [Turn to page 102]

You and I

SMART SET is coming to you this month in a new form, representing a new idea. We are going to make it the greatest home magazine in the world—because you are going to guide its policies and tell us what you want published.

We want your approval. We want you to tell your friends about OUR magazine—yours and mine. And every month we want you to write us a letter telling us which stories you like best. Tell us just what you think of the magazine as a whole. Your criticism will help us to make it better.

We will give twenty-five dollars for the best letter about the October issue; ten dollars for the second best; and five dollars for the third best. All letters must be in this office by noon, October fifteenth. Prizes will be awarded November 1st. The Editors will be the judges.

The FIRST

*This is the story of a girl's
secret trip to the great city.*

I HAD been going with several boys and was feeling very sophisticated and grown up the year I was eighteen. Then Ted Morton began to rush me, and I realized that my other affairs had been very "young."

Ted Morton was a grown man, twenty-five years old. He had a poise and a seriousness the other boys didn't have. I was crazy about him. It flattered me awfully when he singled me out. First it was just that with me—flattered vanity; later it got to be something else.

I didn't realize how I had come to care till a certain night when Ted and I were at a party at Mabel Carson's. At eleven-thirty I decided to go home because Mother had cried when I got home so late the night before, and Father had looked glum.

Everybody else was just beginning to have a good time, and Ted was cross, but finally consented to take me home. I was miserable enough, but he made it worse by being awfully blue. He drove slowly, and for a long time didn't say a word. Then all at once he stopped the car in a street darkly overhung with trees, and said in his meanest voice:

"You're getting too slow for me, Lottie."

IT MADE me wild. At that time I'd rather have been called any kind of an insect than that one thing! The ambition of my life was to be ranked as one of the leaders of my set, and "fast." I didn't want to be really bad. I just wanted to skate on thin ice and make people hold their breath—not fall in.

I started to answer with cutting irony—then it came to me with actual physical pain what it would mean to me if Ted should drop me! My heart leaped curiously into my throat. A most awful panic came over me. I felt as if I would die if I lost Ted.

I raised my eyes to Ted's face—to see if he already hated me. And instantly he took me into his arms and kissed me as he had never kissed me before. I was breathless. I had never really known what happiness could be like.

WHEN Ted released me, he looked at me solemnly for a moment, then said:

"Must I take you home—still?"


I couldn't risk his anger again. I said: "No. I was only playing." Ted was enraptured.

"You're the cleverest little actress I ever saw," he said. "What a way to shake the party! Now we can have the rest of the evening all to ourselves."

He kissed me again, and my heart beat so that I thought the people in the house across the street must be able to hear it. Then he turned the car around, and



TRAIN Back



I staggered against the wall
— not because of the physical
hurt . . . but the awful
disappointment in the
father I had loved.

we were off into a wonderful night of black shadows and brilliant stretches of bright moonlight.

It was three o'clock when we got home. I will never forget that night.

All of life had changed for me. Through the vivid glory of my love for Ted flickered a little fear born of conventionality. But in my heart of hearts there was complete trust in Ted and a love that seemed to make the world a fairyland.

IT SEEMED to me that Ted was more sorry than I because of the danger, he said, of my hating him now. But I didn't. I loved him—my heart was already all his. And tomorrow, we told each other with hushed happiness in our eyes and voices, tomorrow we would be married. The look in Ted's eyes reassured me utterly. He was so earnest, so tender.

When the car slid to a stop before my house I thought for the first time, actively, of my mother and father. How could I have thought of them, with love bursting into life in my heart and sweeping all of my being along with it? I noticed as I got out that the lights were on all over the house—a rare thing for our family. And framed in one of the front windows I saw the gray face of my mother looking out strainedly into the dark, watching for me.

Ted kissed me again, and whispered:

'I love you, darling. And remember you're mine—and we'll be married tomorrow.'

Then I ran to the house.

I was scared of Dad. But I never dreamed that the thing that happened could happen. When I had my hand on the door Dad opened it from the inside, and as I stepped in—he struck me!

I staggered against the wall—not because of the physical hurt, but because of the awful hurt to my pride. The awful shock of the disappointment in my dad. In that one moment, the man who had been a king of men to me had toppled from his throne for me, forever.

I stared at him—blankly, bewildered—for a long moment. Then the wild spirit of me came to life again I turned swiftly and ran out of the house.

IRAN up the deserted street in the direction of Ted's home. It was the only thing I could think of to do. I would get Ted to lend me some money, and I would go to New York.

When I got there, Ted had already put up the car and had gone in. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't go home. The dark and the silence now pressed in on me and I was horribly frightened.

The garage door was locked, but one tiny window was open. I climbed up and let myself drop into the darkness inside. I skinned my leg terribly and sat on the ground biting my lips for some time. Then I slipped into the soft seat of the car and lay there shivering and crying until I fell asleep.

I did not awake until the next morning, when Ted came in to get the car. I sat up when I heard him, and I must have nearly shocked the life out of him.

"For God's sake!" was all he said. Then he closed the door and came to me.

"Lottie!" he asked in a tense whisper. "What on earth are you doing here? What—what has happened?"

I pulled his head down to mine and began to cry. But I knew that was silly, so straightened up and in a jumble of words told him everything.

I had thought, of course, that he would be immensely angry at my parents, terribly sorry for me, and that since we were going to be married anyway he would not let them have me back at all. He would keep me—now and for always. For that reason the expression of his face bewildered and frightened me.

Then his words came, cutting me to the quick:

"But, my dear little girl," he said, "this is impossible! You must go right back home. Don't you know this is the last place on earth you should come to? My God! what a scandal this will make!"

"OH!" I pulled myself out of his reach, as though he had suddenly turned to poison. So he had lied to me! He did not love me after all! And the love that had been beautiful to me was vulgar, horrible and cheap now. He was trying to slip out of his promises—trying to pretend that marriage had never been thought of between us. I felt dizzy, sick. When I could gather my senses my voice was cold with the suppressed terror and shock that was rocking the very foundations of my being.

"I am sorry," I said, "to have involved you. But you must realize that it's impossible for me to go home now. That would be the best possible way to start a scandal. I'm sorry to have to trouble you, but I'm afraid the only way to rid me of you is—if you'll lend me money enough to take me out of this town and to New York as quickly as possible."

I did not think beyond that. I only wanted to get away. I felt as if I were dangling over some infinite void. All the love and protection I thought I had a right to had slipped out from under me. The man I loved did not want me.

"I guess you're right," Ted said practically. "The only thing to do is to get you secretly out of town. You can put up at a hotel in New York and wire back to your mother that you're safely there. And then come back home in a day or two. Nobody will think it anything more than one of your usual escapades. My God—if you should go home from here in last night's party dress!"

He drew his hand over his forehead, and went on:

"I'll rustle up some street clothes for you, and tonight I'll get you off on a late train from the next town. Can't have anyone see you board a train from this station."

"All right," I said with an effort. I was determined not to let him see that I cared. But a touch of bitterness crept out.

"I hate to have to accept your assistance," I said. "But I don't see any other way to save your reputation."

"DON'T be silly, Lottie," he said impatiently. "You don't understand the seriousness of it. You see, I want to—I can't—" He broke off helplessly and came over to me and took my hands in a grasp that made me wince.

"Look here," he said, looking me straight in the eyes. And I thought, hoped still, that he was going to say, "I love you." But instead came, "Promise me you'll stay here all day and not let anyone see you."

I had to bite my lips before I could answer, coldly, "Don't worry."

"I'm going to lock the garage now," he said. "I'll tell Mother the car's out of order so she won't come in

here to get it. And tonight I'll pretend to fix it and then take you out."

He closed the door cautiously, went away, and in a little while came back with some bread and butter and fruit that he had slipped from the kitchen. Then he went to the door again and with a hasty, "I'll be back after dark," stepped out. I heard the door lock behind him.

WHEN I was sure he was gone, I threw myself into the seat of the car and cried so that I simply couldn't keep the sobs from making a noise in my throat. It wasn't, at this moment, the possible consequences of last night that frightened me so much—I had not gotten to that yet. I was devastated simply by my terrible sense of loss, my awful humiliation, my disappointment in the man that I had thought a god—and the knowledge that I must kill the love that still beat in me.

The day dragged by interminably. I couldn't eat the food Ted had brought.

The smell of gasoline and motor oil in the airless garage made me feel ill. My evening dress was limp and sticky. Toward noon it got unbearably hot. I crept out of the car and to the window for air. But I had a haunted feeling, and I dared not stick my head above the window-sill lest someone from the house see me.

AT LAST, at about six, Ted came. He brought me some street clothes he had somehow gotten for me—a simple blue serge suit and the things that go with it. I got into them as soon as he had tinkered with the car a little and had gone out. At nine he came back and we drove off, I ducking low in front of the seat until we were out of town.

He gave me a hundred dollars and made me promise to come back the next day, and to telegraph him when I got to New York—all of which I promised but did not intend to do. At Oakfield he put me on the train. I would not kiss him. He said:

"You aren't angry at me, darling?"

"No," I said lifelessly.

"Don't be angry," he pleaded. "You see—"

"No," I said. "I don't."

Just then the conductor's last call of "All aboard," and the jerking of the train, made it necessary for Ted to run for the door of the car.

"See you tomorrow," he cried as he hurried off the moving train.

"Never," I said bitterly to myself.

The last I saw of him he was standing on the platform looking very distressed. I had to bite my lips to keep from crying.

IT HAD always been my ambition to have a career of my own in New York. It seemed to me the gayest, the most interesting place in the world. But now that it lay before me, it held nothing but terror. I registered at a hotel on Forty-fifth Street near Broadway.

The next day, knowing that my hundred dollars wouldn't go very far if I didn't find work, I began to look for a job. I didn't find one as easily as I had thought I would. I soon moved into a cheap boarding-house, because the rapidity with which my money was disappearing was beginning to frighten me.

Then after another desperate job hunt, I finally landed one that paid fifteen dollars a week—simple typing. My board and room cost twelve. I had three dollars a week left with which to get some clothes that I needed most desperately.

Later I found another room, much like the first, only a little cheaper. For three weeks I worked from

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nine to five, and came home to a lonely room at night. The theatres, the shops were so far out of my reach they hardly existed for me. Fear and unhappiness were the only things that were real. And the days and nights were just one long string of unsuccessful efforts to struggle free of the oppression of poverty.

And the loneliness got so I felt I would scream at the thought of my room at night. There was one girl—Lorraine Fisher—at the office who was very friendly. I was a little uncomfortable with her at first because she was so much "wiser" than I—the typical New York girl, I felt. She was a rather large girl, with dark hair that showed the traces of too much permanent waving, and a complexion that was a little too strikingly artificial. Yet she was so whole-hearted and friendly, and often so witty, that I was drawn to her in spite of everything.

I envied her sureness, and that sense she gave one of her complete ability to look after herself in any situation. She thought me very attractive and always told me so. It flattered and pleased me that a girl as sophisticated as she should think me good-looking. She seemed to have a lot of money. One evening she gave me my first moment of release from the burdens of my existence and the sordidness of my surroundings by taking me to a musical comedy.

THEN one rainy day



"Look here," he cried, desperate alarm in his voice, "what are you doing here? Don't you know—?"

I was feeling particularly disconsolate. I had a hole in my shoe, too, which I would not be able to have mended till next salary day. At lunch time I waited till everybody was out of the room and then, surreptitiously, took the shoe off and put a piece of folded heavy paper in to keep the wet out. Just as I was in the midst of this, Loraine Fisher came in. I was awfully embarrassed. But she graciously pretended not to see.

That afternoon I somehow lost my courage. I couldn't stand it alone—all the awfulness of what I had to face. I wanted desperately to go home and my loneliness begun to haunt every waking moment. . . .

I went out to the dressing room and leaned my head against the window frame and just let go and cried. Whatever happened to me—I would take care of myself—and the suffering and disgrace would be mine to bear alone. I would never let Ted know.



"Lottie," he cried bitterly, "how could you go off like that without sending me the slightest word?"

Loraine, who had evidently been watching me, followed me out. There was no chance to pretend to her. So at her sympathetic insistence, I spilled my story of poverty and loneliness—all but one dread secret. It was a tremendous relief to talk that way to someone, even while I was ashamed of myself for doing it. Loraine was wonderfully understanding, and as usual could give useful advice.

SHE TOLD me she'd gone through the same struggle when she had first come to the city—the same fight with poverty and loneliness. But now she had solved her problem. She lived up in the seventies in a most charming place. A one room and kitchenette apartment. One saved such a lot by doing one's own cooking, she said, and there were such nice people in the apartment house. She had met the man she was going with now up there at a party. She asked me to come up for dinner with her that night, and said she'd see if she could get a room for me there.

I was awfully happy. I saw hope, at last, of bearable living conditions—and release, perhaps, from the bleak loneliness that almost drove me insane.

A week later I was established in my own small apartment, in the same building with Loraine. I didn't like the looks of the people in the house as much as I had expected to. There were some frousy looking women, overdressed and almost dissipated-looking. But when I said something about it to Loraine, she said:

"**O**H, honey, you can't always expect to like everybody in the world. But believe me, there're some awfully fine people here. They just don't look like the people you knew back home. That's all that's the matter. But you'll have to get used to them—these are out and out New York people. That's all."

I was sorry. I didn't mean to insult her friends, when she had been so nice to me. So I tried to show her I didn't mean it that way.

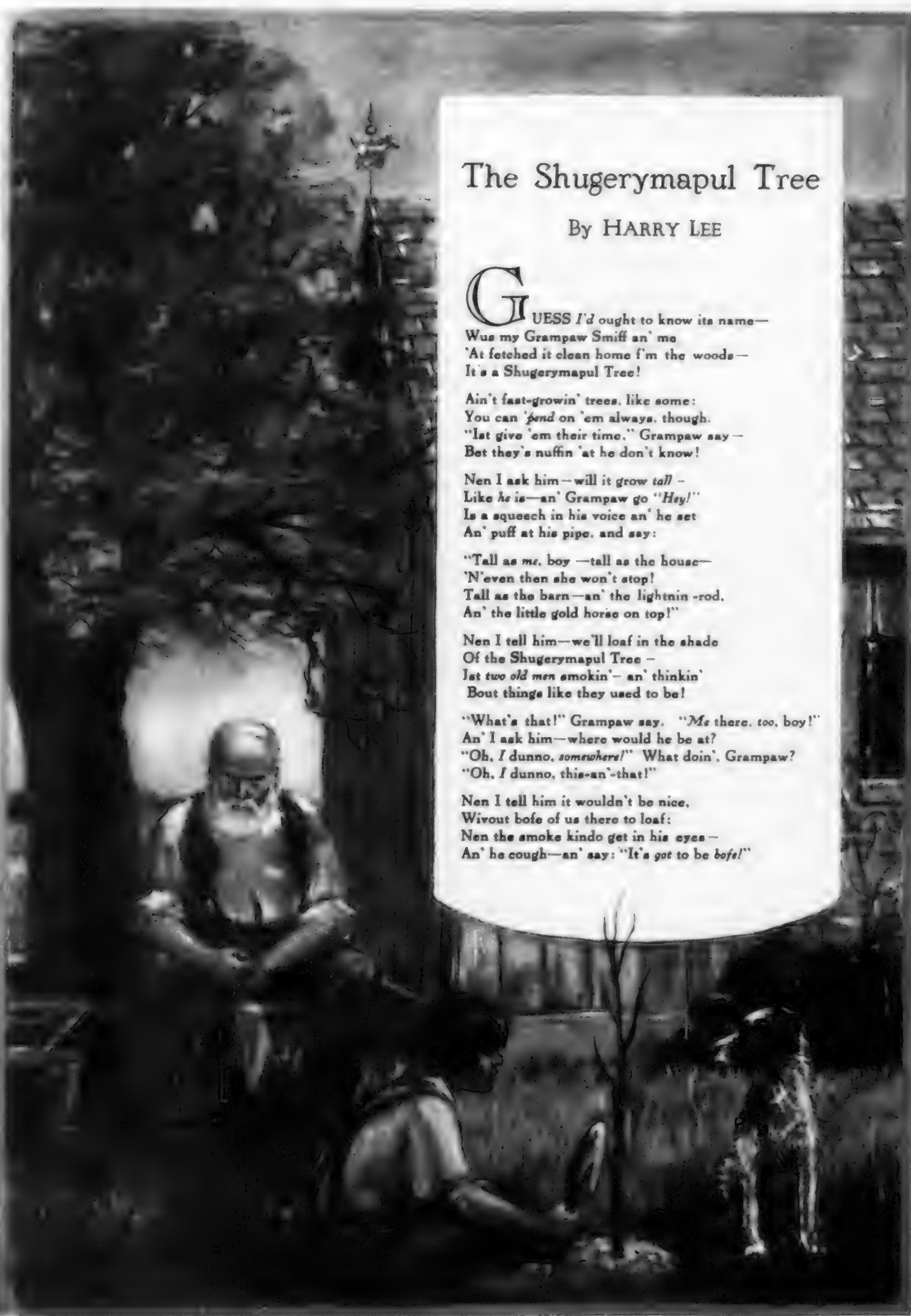
When she went out the next morning I was thrilled to overhear a young man in the hall say to Loraine, who was walking a little

behind me at the moment:

"Where'd you pick up that little beauty?"

It was the first bit of masculine flattery that had come my way since I had left home—I who had always been so spoiled in that respect. But I had sense enough not to turn my head.

[Turn to page 112]



The Shugerymapul Tree

By HARRY LEE

GUESS I'd ought to know its name—
Wus my Grampaw Smiff an' me
'At fetched it clean home f'm the woods—
It's a Shugerymapul Tree!

Ain't fast-growin' trees, like some:
You can 'pend on 'em always, though.
"Ist give 'em their time," Grampaw say—
Bet they's nuffin 'at he don't know!

Nen I ask him—will it grow tall—
Like *he is*—an' Grampaw go "Hey!"
Is a squeech in his voice an' he set
An' puff at his pipe, and say:

"Tall as *me*, boy—tall as the house—
'N'even then *she* won't stop!
Tall as the barn—an' the lightnin'-rod.
An' the little gold horse on top!"

Nen I tell him—we'll loaf in the shade
Of the Shugerymapul Tree—
Ist two old men smokin'—an' thinkin'
Bout things like they used to be!

"What's that!" Grampaw say. "*Me* there, too, boy!"
An' I ask him—where would he be at?
"Oh, I dunno, *somewhere*!" What doin', Grampaw?
"Oh, I dunno, this-an'-that!"

Nen I tell him it wouldn't be nice,
Wivout bofe of us there to loaf:
Nen the smoke kindo get in his eyes—
An' he cough—an' say: "It's got to be bofe!"

Fighting Billy Sunday:

This is the Champion
Fighting Preacher of America. He
Preaches here on Clean
Living. In His Written Word You
can Almost See Re-
vealed the Power in the Strong Face
and Clenched Fist.



"I Preach Clean Living"

READ the 24th verse of the 18th Psalm:

Therefore hath the Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

The "cleanness of his hands" means cleanness of his mind, of his heart, of his soul, of his intention toward other men, and above all THE CLEANNESSE OF HIS LIVING.

Hell is paved with good intentions. Beneath that paving, which is red hot with the hot such as this earth does not know, lie those that have broken the good intention, and at the same time broken the heart of some unhappy woman, or broken the spirit of some weak man.

We need to be reminded of clean living in this year 1924, with new diseases, new crimes, shameless open bootlegging, defiance of law, following upon the destructive great war.

Woe to the Sinners.

UP AND down the Holy Land, the poor victim of leprosy walked, calling out pitifully, "Unclean, unclean." The most miserable of lepers, the dread disease eating his flesh to the bone, was cleanliness itself compared with some that walk up and down the streets of great cities, or lounge in their disguised gin parlors, dressed and perfumed.

Outwardly they are clean and washed. Inwardly, they are sinks of iniquity; and HELL YAWNS FOR THEM AND WILL GET THEM.

Hell Old-Fashioned?

"YES, the idea of hell IS old-fashioned. But it is not as old-fashioned as sin. If any man asks me, 'Do you really believe in hell?' I say, 'I don't merely believe in it, I know that it is there.' The only question in my mind is how it can possibly hold all of those that will be standing in line when the time comes.

Read Leviticus, Chapter 13, forty-fifth verse, concerning the law made for the leper not responsible for his disease:

And the leper in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and the hair of his head shall go loose, and he shall cover his upper lip, and shall cry, "Unclean, unclean."

That harsh rule seems cruel, but it was necessary.

What shall we do with the moral leper of today, the man in whose eyes youth and purity are not sacred, who laughs at everything that is called good, from the Constitution of the United States which interferes with his drunkenness, to the penal laws that call his self-indulgence A FELONY.

The woman of the old Puritan days, not more to blame than the man, wore the brand of the scarlet letter. Some men today should be painted scarlet from head to foot, and be compelled to ring two bells, one in each hand as they walk, to warn and make known their real characters.

Spirits Unclean.

CHRIST'S holy teachings, on every page, impresses upon us the importance of cleanness. What were the spirits that entered into the swine? See Mark 5:13. They were UNCLEAN. And they chose the most appropriate possible abode, when they begged permission to enter the unclean beasts that carried them down to the sea.

Many a man wandering the city streets, or standing at the corner ogling, is so thoroughly unclean that to compare such a man to one of those swine, even with the unclean spirit inside of it, would be an insult to the four-legged animal.

Whatever was vile and hideous, holy writers called unclean. Hear St. John, in his REVELATIONS:

REVELATIONS XVI, 13

And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast and out of the mouth of the false prophet.

To the Smart Set.

I WRITE this brief sermon at the request of a friend for the new management of a magazine called "THE SMART SET." I want to tell the young people that the SMARTEST "SET" in all the world is the devil with the agents that work for him. You may be as smart as you please, in fashion, in dress, in knowledge of the world. But *the devil is smarter than you ever will be.*

Be clean within and without and no devil can hurt you.

Zola Was Wrong.

LET the young man tempted to go wrong remember that he is giving a feeble and a foolish imitation of the unclean spirits of old that entered the bodies of the swine.

Zola, the French writer, says: "Every man has within himself a hog asleep."

I say that every man has within himself naturally a spirit pure and clean. The hog is not in him, but created by him and by his associations if he chooses to permit it.

"Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness."

That is not in the Bible, but it is true. John Wesley said it. Cleanliness is next to Godliness because a man clean in body and mind, is fit to commune with God and call upon Him for help.

Would I have men lead dull lives, free from all pleasure? I would not, nor would any other sane preacher that knows what men are.

There are clean pleasures, plenty of them, and they are the only *real* pleasures. I would say with Philip Doddridge, who died more than 170 years ago:

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views, let both united be:
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

Anybody's

"I can't support a wife like you on nothing, you know."
... Yet here were all the evidences of wealth!



Written by a Girl Whom No Man Thinks of Marrying

I AM a college widow. If you live in a college town you know many of my kind. And if you are a college man you have taken girls just like me to dances and football games. You have sent me flowers and candy and perfume. You have held me in your arms, and told me pretty lies. And having graduated, you have gone your way and forgotten me as though we had never met.

Which is the way of the man with a college widow.

My name, let us say, is Violet—of course it really isn't. My father in his lifetime was a professor in the university near which we still live. My mother, left with an income barely sufficient for her needs and the slender, golden haired child I was then, eked out her pittance by doing odd mending for students.

My earliest memory of her is as a patient, drooping figure, perpetually at work on silk socks with gaping

holes in the heels; my earliest memory of home a shabby frame building on an elm-shaded street to which a succession of stalwart beings in sweaters and flapping galoshes came and left bundles, or came and took bundles away.

AND so we lived, and I grew apace, becoming graceful instead of lanky, and beautiful with the piquant alluring beauty that most appeals to the modern male. I was aware of this beauty; a girl remains not long in ignorance in a community chiefly peopled by the opposite sex. I cherished it, did everything in my power to enhance it, took care to call it subtly to the attention of the young men I passed on the streets or encountered in the hallway of my mother's house.

It was not long before they ceased to hurry away, pausing instead to talk awhile with me. The news that

Sweetheart

Is Nobody's Sweetheart

"Ma" Jamieson, as Mother was affectionately known, had a "snappy little daughter" was spread broadcast, and I became a distinct business asset. Almost daily there would be added to Mother's list new collegiate customers, who, having come to investigate, remained to admire, and went away to return again as soon as a worn sock or a buttonless overcoat gave them excuse.

It was about this time that one of the timid small investments which Mother occasionally made on the advice of an old family friend materialized surprisingly, with the result that we found ourselves possessed of what seemed to us enormous riches.

Our yearly income swelled perceptibly, and we were able to live more comfortably and luxuriously than we ever had before. This sudden lessening of the financial strain made no difference to Mother, who insisted upon keeping on with her mending "just for something to do." But it made a tremendous difference to me. It meant new clothes! Evening gowns, foamy with lace, glittering with beads. Feather fans of many colors; tiny rakish hats, and French shoes with preposterous heels, and furs, and silk where it didn't show! It meant all these and much more—for as soon as perfect grooming was added to enhance my natural good-looks, I began to be invited everywhere. Students who hitherto had only taken me to the movies, now paraded me proudly to dances at their fraternity houses. Other students, aloof before with that "she's-pretty-but-no-style" attitude so plainly readable and so disconcerting to the daughter of poverty, now sought me out with various attentions.

My day as a college widow had begun!

I MADE a profession of it. I devoted all my time and thought to the furtherance of its success. I learned to dance beautifully, to smoke delicately, to drink straight liquor without "making a face," to do with the minimum of sleep, to let nothing shock me—and to be nice to Freshmen because they would be Seniors, lords of the earth, in a little while. I learned the secret of unfailing gayety, no matter how late the hour nor how provoking the circumstance. I achieved a "line" that was clever and provocative. And I varied it to fit the particular person to whom it was delivered. I heard much and believed little, and promised much and gave little—and was immensely popular and very happy.

Of course, there were many people in the town who criticised me unmercifully. The term "college widow" is never exactly complimentary. It implies too much—more, often, than is actually the case. There was a certain smug group of professors' wives and daughters, and others connected with the university, to whom it seemed to mean only one thing—an immoral person, one to be passed by on the street with averted face.

I laughed at these slights when they came to be directed at me. Although I was the perfect playmate

for college men in whatever mischief their fertile minds might devise, in my heart was the consciousness of essential purity. I laughed at the narrow New England vision that saw only bad in a girl who keeps late hours and imbibes an occasional cocktail. I knew their suspicions were groundless. I had drawn my ultimate line and I stayed behind it. Beneath my surface flippancy I was as steady, as sure, and as virtuous as my severest censor.

THEN, when I was nineteen years old, I met Burke Anderson.

He entered the university as a member of the Senior class, coming direct from some obscure middle-Western college for the one purpose of playing football. He had starred in athletics in the previous years, and wished to try his prowess in some larger field where it might bring him national fame. He had not been on the campus two days before Slim Armitage—a boy who had been intermittently devoted to me throughout his college course—brought him around to call.

As I knew so well all types of young men, I could pigeonhole Burke Anderson at a glance. He attracted me immediately, with his big, perfectly-developed athlete's body, his black hair brushed straight back, his dark twinkling eyes, and his thin-lipped mouth that smiled with such a quizzical upward quirk at one corner. Here, plainly, was a man whom many women must adore. His appearance, his mannerisms, all pointed to that one conclusion. He was spoiled by their attentions; perhaps not so much spoiled, as bored. He was a conqueror who found the conquest invariably too easy. To appeal to him, a woman must be skillful enough to hide the fact that she was making any effort to appeal. Only indifference would interest him, I decided—piquing his vanity.

DURING all that first hour that he and Slim Armitage spent on my mother's tiny rose-covered porch, I hardly looked at him. Except for the barest civility due a guest from his hostess, I paid not the slightest attention to him. I devoted myself entirely to Slim. I was my most scintillating self—apparently for Slim's benefit.

When they took their departure I said to him casually:

"Drop in again—Mother and I like to have the students make themselves at home in our house. Get Slim to bring you sometime when he comes."

These tactics proved to have the desired effect. Burke Anderson appeared the next evening, not with Slim, but alone in a startling blue-and-nickel racing-car which he had brought on with him from home to use at college. I consented to take a little ride. But I insisted on being brought back in an hour, pleading a previous engagement. He came again the next evening, and the next, and the one after that.

Our acquaintance developed rapidly into the most ardent love affair of my eventful career—the most ardent, because it was the only one I had ever really taken seriously. The things he told me were the same that had been told me before hundreds of times—but I never laughed them off as I had always done before. Instead I drank them in; believed them wholly, for the simple reason that I yearned so achingly for them to be true. I told myself that Burke Anderson was my man; intended for me since the beginning of time. I worshiped him with my whole heart, dreamed of him at night, waited impatiently through the dragging day-time hours until he came.

He absorbed me utterly.

THE autumn was irksome because football kept him busy so much of the time. I was as patient as I could be. And at the games on Saturday afternoons I received my reward in the incomparable thrill of watching him perform amazing feats on the gridiron, of hearing thousands of throats shout his name. I was immensely proud. Nevertheless, it was a relief when the season ended and no further demands would be made upon his free hours. The months that followed, between Christmas and Easter, were a swift-moving dream of flawless happiness. And, then, came the spring.

"You know," remarked Burke one day, as we swooped down a sunlit highway in the blue-and-nickel car, "just six weeks from today is commencement."

"Oh, don't!" I protested, almost ill with the vision of loneliness his words brought up.

Burke shot me a sideways glance radiant with tenderness.

"Dear little Vi! Are you going to mind so much?"

"Terribly. I can't bear to think about it."

"I'll come back again soon," he promised, "and see you."

I felt a vague disappointment. Why hadn't he said—"and get you?" Marriage had not been mentioned between us ever, but I had always told myself comfortably that it didn't need to be mentioned. It was taken for granted.

"And see me?" I echoed. "Is that all?"

"What more?" asked Burke.

IT WAS my turn to look at him. He reclined, stretched out almost to the full length of his superb body behind the steering-wheel. His eyes were fixed on the road ahead, his mouth set in that grim line he would wear just before a football game.

"Well," I said in a low voice, "when you come to see me, aren't you going to take me back with you?"

"Oh, sometime I will," Burke said, but there was an evasive note in his voice that filled me with uneasiness.

"Why not right away?" I demanded shamelessly.

"Well, I've got to get a start in life first. I can't support a wife like you on nothing, you know."

I glanced down the long shining nozzle of the automobile. Then to the perfect clothes the automobile's owner wore, then to the expensive cigarette case, monogrammed B. A., Jr., which lay in my lap. Here, certainly, were all the evidences of wealth. "I can't support

a wife like you on nothing"—and yet the price of the car in which we were riding would support such a careful wife as I should be for many, many months!

But even as I opened my lips to voice something of this thought Burke stopped suddenly by the roadside. Seizing me in his arms, he kissed away all thoughts but those of his nearness and dearness, and the wild enchantment of our love.

And so the days flew by until only a week lay between us and the agony of separation. Then a portentous change took place in our relations.

ONE evening, when we had ridden far from the shadow of the university buildings into a leafy country lane, we paused awhile under a vagrant moon to admire the beauty of the night.

Hours later we drove home slowly, in silence, Burke



I devoted myself entirely to Slim . . . I knew that only indifference would interest Burke Anderson—piquing his vanity.

holding me close to his side in a comforting muscular arm. My mind was a chaos of emotions. Conflicting gladness and sadness, contentment and remorse. One thing only stood out clearly; Burke would marry me soon, now! There wouldn't be any question about it—now. This conviction sang in my consciousness, soothing to sleep my fears and apprehensions.

"We'll be married right after commencement, won't we?" I asked, not because I doubted it for a moment,



but because I wanted to hear him say it.

"We'll get married the very next time I see you," Burke murmured in response.

At the door of my house he kissed me tenderly for a long moment; and then, the next moment, was gone, roaring in his roadster down the dim deserted street.

I never saw him again.

I TRIED to see him, Heaven knows. I was heartsick the following days because he did not come. I telephoned his fraternity house, his eating club—all the places I could think of where he might be.

I was given various answers. He wasn't in just now. He had just this minute stepped out. He would be back in an hour. I called again and again, but he was never "back in an hour." I left my number for him to call, but he never called. I took to haunting the thoroughfares of our little city, thinking perhaps I might meet him. Several times I caught glimpses of an elusive streak of blue-and-nickel—always turning

some distant corner, always eluding my despairing gaze.

On commencement day, after the last festivities were over, Slim Armitage came to the house to bid me good-by. I was sitting, as I had sat all day, on the little porch that looked out on the elm-shaded street—watching endlessly with eyes that were weary of watching, and of weeping.

I greeted Slim with as much assumption of my old-time gayety as I could muster, and led him to sit beside me on a cushion littered couch-swing.

"Weren't you at the graduating exercises?" Slim demanded. "How come?"

"Oh, I had a headache," I said evasively.

"Too bad," said Slim. "First graduation you've ever missed, I'll bet, and of course it had to be mine. I wanted you to see me grab off my diploma. Having watched the great Armitage-versus-Faculty skirmish through all these years, it would have done your old heart good."

"Did—did everyone in the class get through all right?" I asked, making a supreme effort to be matter-of-fact about it. "Nobody flunked out at the last minute?"

"OH, ONE or two. Bill Broderick—he misses every year regularly, of course. And Sam Qualters, who tried to take his exam in Political Economy boiled as an owl. The rest of us crawled through somehow."

"And—Burke Anderson? Did he—crawl through all right?"

"Who, Burke? Sure. He's got brains, that guy. He was sure to pass."

"Slim," I said with sudden determination, "what's happened to Burke? Where has he been? I haven't seen him or heard from him for a week."

Slim neither showed nor expressed surprise, and I instantly concluded that he had known of this. That wasn't strange. The whole university had probably remarked it by this time, so conspicuously constant had been Burke's and my previous companionship. Anyway, Slim was Burke's bosom friend and confidant.

"Why," he said, a shade uneasily, I thought, "he's been busy, Burke has. I reckon he hasn't had time to come around—"

"Don't be ridiculous, Slim," I interrupted firmly. "You know how things were with us. No matter how busy Burke was, he would never have stayed away these last days—unless there was something else the matter."

"But he was awfully busy!" Slim protested. "Exams, and meetings, and then his father and mother came three days ago."

Oh, so his father and mother were here! And I, who had thought to be their future daughter, was not even to be permitted to see them!

I threw pride to the winds.

"Slim," I begged piteously, "don't fib to me. Tell me the truth. What's wrong with Burke? What have I done that makes him avoid me?"

SLIM gave me a long searching look, then shook his head.

"Please don't ask me, Vi. I don't like to tell you. You're a great little kid, and I'd hate to hurt your feelings."

"You must! You must tell me," I insisted.

"Well," he began slowly, picking his words with obvious care, "it's like this. Burke was pretty fond of you, of course. All of us are, as a matter of fact, but I guess he had it worse than the rest. He's told me, I'll bet twenty times in the last two months, how he hated the thought of commencement because it meant leaving you."

"But he didn't have to leave me! I wanted him to marry me, and take me with him!"

"I know you did," said Slim. "I'm coming to that. You see, Vi, you must understand that fellows don't take these things as seriously as girls do, sometimes. Burke—er—well, he never really had any intention of marrying you, honey. He's engaged to a girl at home. In fact, she's here in town now. She came on with his people for commencement. She—oh Lord, Vi, don't look like that!" he broke off, noting my stricken face.

"Go on," I ordered through stiff lips.



"You know they call you the college widow. That means any bird who comes here to college can make love to you."

BUT Slim plainly found it difficult to obey. He made several starts, and rose to pace up and down the little room.

Finally he said, not looking at me, "Vi, I'm going to be brutally frank, because I'm your friend and I think maybe it will help you in the future if I do. You know your position in this town. You know they call you 'the college widow.' That means that any bird who comes here to school can make love to you, and almost everybody does, at one time or another. You're a good sport and a wonderful little pal, and you help to pass the time for a lot of us. But, my dear, don't you see that that's all there is to it? Burke was the most distressed man in the world, one night about a week ago, when he came back from being with you and told me that you'd mentioned marriage to him, quite as though it were all decided.

"Oh, now, Vi, don't cry! Buck up! You mustn't take it so hard! He said to me, 'Why, gosh, Slim, she's sweet as they make 'em and all that, but even if I wasn't all tied up with this girl back home, I couldn't ever marry Violet. Why, she's always been anybody's girl!'"

"Oh!" I moaned, cut to the heart. "But that isn't true, Slim! You know it isn't true! I've always been anybody's playmate, but not—not—"

"I told him," Slim went on, "that I thought he was mistaken. I admitted that you had certainly had a bunch of love affairs, but I said I was pretty sure you'd—gone straight—through them all. And Burke just laughed, Vi."

FIVE graduating classes have come and gone since that day. Five thousand young men have worked and played their way through the university; and many of them have made me an integral part of their hectic scholastic careers. They have adored me, kissed me, proposed to me in the safe conviction that I would know they didn't really mean it—and then returned at last to that eternal Someone who waits at home.

I am a little faded now, a little weary of life as I find it—not quite so unfailingly gay as of yore. But because there is nothing else that I can do, I still keep on. I am still Violet, the college widow.

Violet, the girl of little loves, whom no man thinks of marrying.

The World's Adored



MARION DAVIES is the star in what is termed the greatest and most elaborate film ever produced—"Janice Meredith," from Paul Leicester Ford's famous novel of the American Revolution. At right, Miss Davies and Harrison Ford.



RAMON NAVARRO'S confidence that he would some day play Ben Hur led him to invest long ago in portraits in the costume of the role. Carmel Myers is another of the notable cast engaged in the massive spectacles we are to see in "Ben Hur."



RUDOLPH VALENTINO left Italy a gentleman of fortune. When his funds ran low, he took to dancing as a livelihood and danced his way from Broadway to Hollywood. Helen d'Algy, leading-lady in "The Sainted Devil," hails from sunny Spain.



COLLEEN MOORE was make-believe actress at eleven—her last appearance on the speaking-stage to date. Those who have adored Colleen as the "Perfect Flapper" may be surprised by her work opposite Conway Tearle in her new picture "Flirting with Love."

*Have You Been Tempted to
Break the Bonds that People
Call Convention?*



*"Better not take another.
Pris, it's awfully strong."*

The Freedom I Craved

MY NAME is Priscilla. That will explain a great deal of my home life and environment. "Why," I once demanded petulantly of my mother, "did you ever saddle me with such a name?" "Priscilla is a very beautiful name." Here my mother's eyes grew dreamy with a look I somehow

resented. I knew she was peering into a past—a period that did not include me.

"I called you that," she went on, "as a sort of symbol of what I wished you to become."

I laughed the gay, hard little laugh that I have been practising lately—the same trill that my friend

Carmen affects when she is with a lot of young folks. "Mother, how hopelessly old-fashioned you are," I cried. "Symbol—it's no wonder I'm not popular. If only I could have the freedom I crave!"

"Freedom is not necessarily a good thing, my dear," she said. "You have everything to make you happy, and if you aren't quite as popular as you might like, perhaps—" She paused, her kind eyes studying my discontented face. I felt she wanted to reprove me for my rebelliousness, yet hesitated because she could not bear to hurt me.

"I suppose Jane told you I threw my slipper at her this morning," I pouted. "Daddy would only laugh, but you—you always repress me."

And just as I expected, the scolding was averted, and we went on a most satisfactory shopping trip.

THAT was another of my grievances: charge-accounts. I could purchase anything I wished on Daddy's account, but all my purchases must be sent for Mother's approval first, and I never had more than five dollars in my purse at a time.

"Little girls do not need money," laughed my parents. "With your own car and charge-accounts you have nothing to buy."

Carmen agreed with me that such slavery belonged back in the middle ages. "Your people envy you your youth, and they are determined to keep you hedged in until you are too old to care about any of the real peppy things. Look at this darling little hip-flask I bought yesterday. Have a nip?"

We were up in my boudoir, a school-girlish place furnished in pink and silver. I had coaxed for black and orchid, with tiger-skin rugs on the black floor, but as usual I was refused.

JUST as Carmen spoke my maid, Jane, came in with an armful of fresh lingerie to deposit in a carved oak chest in one

corner of the room, but I knew she heard from the way her lips tightened. Now, I hated the taste of brandy, but Carmen always looked so sympathetic whenever I refused that I just had to accept.

"Don't mind if I do," I told her with pretended gaiety after Jane left.

I took as little as possible, but Carmen finished the flask without a cough.

"Why don't you just break loose, Pris, and show your folks? Fancy wearing white mull underthings without a single ribbon!"

I had hoped, vainly, that she wouldn't notice what Jane was carrying, but now she walked over and idly lifted the lid to my precious hope chest. Her high trill of sarcastic laughter brought the red into my cheeks. Secretly I agreed with Mother about lingerie. We had sewed and embroidered together summers for my hope chest and there wasn't a single garment there that wasn't a marvel of exquisite stitchery. Into those snowy, filmy trifles were woven priceless dreams and memories, and although in my newly-acquired bravado I professed to laugh at love and family-ties, the violet-scented box brought back happy hours.

"Carmen, put down those things; I have them folded just the way—"



"It's a shame, Pris. Now I—why, I have proposals right along. No one is afraid of facing a gallery of old Puritan ancestors on our walls!"

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He gave me one astonished glance,
then turned his back squarely—with
no recognition on his face.



Carmen dropped the frail nightie that had a flock of tiny white butterflies across the left shoulder.

"Gracious, don't bite my head off. I don't envy you that stuff. I tell you, Pris, you're too slow for this jazz age. What the men want is what you aren't. Get me? I bought a set of black georgette yesterday. Set me back seventy-five bucks, but—" and here her shrill laughter made me afraid Mother might hear—"I told my folks I thought them quieter than the pink satins I'd been wearing."

CARMEN had golden hair and the widest of baby-blue eyes. To see her sitting demurely with her



elders, slim
hands folded;
pink mouth
sweetly pouted,
one would have
thought her a model
for a blue-and-gold angel
leaning down from her
paradise.

Now with the door securely locked against another invasion of Jane, she patted her flask and did a dance that would have shocked the bald-headed row at a revue.


"Wake up, Pris. George likes a regular girl and he'll never marry a dead one. He's been stringing you along all winter and you're no nearer being Mrs. George Murray than I am. Maybe," an impish smile widened her mouth, "not as near."

A WAVE of furious anger crimsoned my face. I had thought my precious hope a secret, and Carmen spoke of it as casually as though it were a matter of common comment.

George Murray was an amazingly silent man. Young, fairly handsome and extremely well-off, he was my beau ideal. When I was at boarding-school I had cut out his pictures from the football reports, and would sit and stare at his face as I brushed out my red hair.

"George?" I murmured haughtily.

"Don't try the baby stare," Carmen kindly advised. "Your type is the vamp. With some good scarlet lipstick and long jade earrings you'd be perfect. I tell you, Pris, let's plan something devilish. Want to? Give good old Georgie [Turn to page 97]



*Read This;
Then Ask Yourself:
Am I Charitable?
Or Am I "Good?"*

It Happened *In A* Good Home

THE first time I ever saw Annie, I had run into the Sharpless's on my way to the school where I teach. Mrs. Sharpless was just then head of a drive we were making for the Ladies' Exchange here in Martinsville. I went there often those busy days and saw a good deal of her household.

The little dark haired waif, her eyes at once mute and eloquent, was painfully struggling to follow Mrs. Sharpless' direction for escalloping the potatoes for lunch.

"First you make the white sauce as I taught you the other day. You remember how, don't you?"

"I—I think I do," the girl faltered, her big brown eyes growing even vaguer than before.

"I declare, I don't see why they never taught you such a simple thing at the school."

Annie replied that they had been training her for a waitress.

"Waitress! Well, you certainly are much better off here in a good home, even eating right at the table like one of the family, than facing temptation in some public place as a waitress."

I KNEW Annie had not meant a waitress in a public place, but in some home where there were other servants, and I thought of her as I had seen her at supper two nights before. The none-too-plentiful food had been passed last to her, only what no one else wanted being left. She had jumped up every few seconds to attend to the wants of the others and then returned to eat her fare cold. If she attempted to eat fast Mrs. Sharpless' all-seeing eye fastened itself upon her. When she had lingered at the table after the rest were done, she had been told:

"Time to clear away now."

"Now these potatoes, with the apple-sauce, will do for the boys and you for lunch. I'll come home early from the all-day sew to see you get started on supper right. I'll be glad when you learn to do some of these things, Annie. It's a very great trial for me to take my valuable time from important matters to teach you every ordinary little thing. After you have done the lunch dishes, take that purple dress that was given me for you, get a safety-razor blade from the sewing-machine drawer, and start ripping it up for making over—You're not listening to me!" she interrupted herself sharply.

I could see the girl come back with a start.

"I—I—"

"I insist that you pay the strictest attention to me when I am talking. How many times have I told you that?"

ANNIE looked at her dully. I could see her puzzled mind trying to break through to comprehension. I knew that that week she had been up at five-thirty every morning—that on the weekly washday she had to rise at five. I knew from what Mother had seen and repeated to me, from what Mrs. Sharpless had let

fall, and from my own observations, that she had done most of the washing, all of the ironing, all the regular daily cleaning, all the dishwashing, and had been learning to cook. Her back must have ached frightfully; small wonder that she stared vacantly.

"Howard is staying home to look after you. See that you keep yourself well employed," said Mrs. Sharpless, and left the room.

Annie stood looking helplessly around the gloomy, dark-green walls of the kitchen.

She turned to me with an air of desperation, plainly forcing the words from her almost trembling lips.

"I can't—I can't remember how to make white sauce!"

LATE that same afternoon I ran into the Ladies' Exchange for a few moments to tell Mother that several of us were going to canoe up the river and cook our supper there, and that she should not expect me till late.

Just as I came in, Mrs. Sharpless laid down her sewing, untied her apron and brushed from her hard-looking, prominent bosom the few threads of lint she found there.

"I'll leave you to look up, Miss Bean, and see that everything's straight," she said to the vice-president. "You can bring the keys around to the house."

The other women looked up, startled at the idea of their ever-faithful, watchful president's early departure.

"It's that new girl. I have to get home to see that she doesn't make a failure of supper."

"Oh, yes, I'd heard you'd taken one from the Reform School," remarked Mrs. Glazer, as she critically tried the effect of blue rickrack braid against a gray percale bungalow apron she was making. "How do you like her?"

"Well, of course I haven't had time to train her for general housework yet. It's a great responsibility. Someone has to watch her all the time till I feel I can trust her alone. I had to have Howard excused from classes this afternoon to look after her. I dislike very much to have him miss anything, yet I felt that the Lord's work was even more important."

A murmur of approval ran round the circle, in which my voice was lacking.

SHE'S paroled to me till she's twenty-one. If she misbehaves at any time, I can return her. But it really is a great trial for all of us before I get her straightened out properly."

"I wonder you aren't afraid to have her there with your two boys," commented Mrs. Lafe Jones, whose two young sons are noted for their deviltry.

"Oh, I can trust my boys anywhere. They've had the right sort of raising. But this girl is not a hardened criminal according to the records of the school. In fact, she entered there with nothing against her. It was a case of an abandoned child and nowhere else to send her, through some technicality which barred her

from other institutions. Her mother had run away with another man and her father had neglected and abused her shockingly."

I was finding it hard to keep quiet any longer.

"The authorities are always doing that!" I burst out. "I read of some such case nearly every week. It's shameful!"

The minister's wife, pale, little, and showing plainly that she was again facing motherhood, spoke up rather timidly.

"You really are very brave, though, Mrs. Sharpless, to take her from a place where she has been thrown with abandoned girls and give her a good home and useful training."

I went on just as if I had not heard:

"That place figured this winter in the newspapers, if you remember. There was an investigation that proved that in methods of reform it was fifty years behind the times. Some of the investigators declared it was a disgrace to the state, but political influence hushed everything up. They used the paddle, ducked the girls' heads in water, and a dozen other fiendish things. Yet the same officers still have control there."

"SUCH things are always greatly exaggerated by the time they get into the newspapers," remarked Mrs. Sharpless calmly and coldly. "I met the superintendent and she impressed me as a very capable woman. Not weak or sentimental, you understand. For myself, I feel that many of these new-fangled ideas just encourage pampering of our criminals. With some types at the head, what would a reform school be but a boarding school for viciously inclined creatures, or for a girl with a bad mother such as Annie's? Only discipline of the strictest sort accomplishes anything with such creatures. Otherwise, why send them there at all?"

I was furious.

"I should scarcely call that *reform*," I replied hotly.

Mrs. Sharpless looked at me with an air of pity.

"Well, at any rate, I think it is just *wonderful*," insisted the minister's wife, "to take her into your good, Christian home and do for her."

"Oh, Mrs. Sharpless' good works are well-known," piped Miss Bean.

IT WAS several weeks later. Annie was washing dishes at the black iron sink, scrubbing at the heavy iron kettle, one of the kind you always have to remember not to put down into the water as the bottom is always sooty. I remember how as a child I always loathed to wash ours, and used to hide it away. It smelled strongly of pork and cabbage today. Clarence had been sitting by the kitchen range watching her. He did not know that I had come into the dining-room to get some records Mrs. Sharpless had forgotten to bring Mother.

He went over to the sink to get a drink.

"Your dishwater's greasy," he said.

"And there's pieces of bread and cabbage leaves in it. You better not let Ma catch you with it that way."

"She don't give me enough soap and hot water for so many dishes. I can't help it from bein' greasy."

"Ha! You're complainin' again. Guess I'll have to tell Ma. Now don't stand there starin' missy. Get busy."

Ma said I was to watch you till you was ready to go to your room. I don't want to sit in the kitchen all day. So hustle!"

"You ain't my boss!"

"I *am* your boss when Ma's gone. Ha! You're sixteen and I'm thirteen, and I'm *your* boss. Ha!"

He flipped the remaining water in the cup at her and resumed his place by the stove.

ANNIE wiped her face on her apron and washed listlessly on.

I came out into the room.

"Won't you take these records to Mother for me, Clarence? And I will watch Annie till your return."

I knew that he would be glad to go and perhaps I would have a half-hour with Annie to talk with her and encourage her a little.

She would tell me very little, but in the course of our conversation I gleaned much.

"Watchin' me, always watchin' me. The same as at the School. I want to be alone oncet. I want to be the real *me* alone, just oncet."

"Girls like you get sent away if they tell such things. Remember, I warned you."



"Mr. Sharpless. He—he comes too close. This mornin' when we were all in the dinin' room on our knees and She was prayin', he put his hand on my arm and *looked* at me."

She shuddered.

"Howard, he makes signs at me, then he laughs and sneers.

"Clarence, he tries to trip me. And then he looks so good. His mother thinks he can't do no wrong.

"Last night there was frosted cake. Left over from

the church doin's. We hadn't had cake since I been here. And when she went to the door, Clarence took my piece and scairt me not to tell."

Tears stood in the uncomprehending eyes. They splashed down as she said:

"It was *pink* frosting. And thick."

ANNIE, in the ugly purple dress and a stiff brown hat that I had remembered Mrs. Sharpless wearing for years, sat next to me in the little Sunday School class I taught.

Her big brown eyes were misty with happiness.

"Sunday School's jest the *loveliest* place!" she whispered.

"What's so lovely about it, Annie?" I asked, thinking mainly of the music that was being tin-panned out just then by an unspeakable three-piece orchestra, consisting of a piano, cornet and flute. Billy Sunday had taken our town by storm a few months before and his influence was still apparent.

"The songs and music," she whispered, in as near an approach to ecstasy I imagine she could ever attain.

"But, best of all, *you*, Miss Swain."

SHE squeezed my hand and her small, pale face quivered with rapture.

"You didn't ask me fer the Golden Text. You did that to be nice. You knew I couldn't say it. I studied it over and over last night and today it was all gone!"

Her eyes widened suddenly.

"The banner class!" she exclaimed. "And Clarence is carryin' the banner. *Ain't* it pretty, all red and gold!"

Clarence's face shone from soap and water. His hair was sleekly brushed.

Later Howard rose to read the secretary's report. He was the youngest secretary we had ever had.

"An' Mr. Sharpless passes the plate!" she said with awe. "They're awful high up in church, ain't they?"

WHAT I have written of Annie may seem disjointed and vague. Yet it was only from such incidents and what followed that I was able to piece together the sordid story of her life. In the months



she lived with the Sharplesses. I was in their house more than anyone else outside the family. Mother's division in the Ladies' Exchange drive was forging ahead of the others, and there was a great deal of running back and forth between our two houses. When vacation came I was kept very busy, as the drive was drawing to a close and Mother's time was so taken up with it that she needed all the help I could give her.

I came up on their back porch one morning, and just as I was about to enter the door I heard Annie cry out plaintively to someone:

"I didn't want you to come. I locked my door. I ast you to stay away. I begged you. But you scairt me into it—"

I stood rooted to the spot. If I were eavesdropping, I felt justified.

I heard the rumble of a man's voice and strained my ears to listen.

"Girls like you get sent away if they tell such things. Remember, I warned you."

I cleared my throat loudly and started up the steps, once more making as much noise as I could. When I entered the kitchen only Annie was to be seen, putting food away into the icebox.

THEN Mr. Sharpless came out from the dining-room on his way to work. He looked pale. He glanced at Annie sharply. Did I read warning in that look? Annie's hand shook as she lifted a milk bottle into the ice compartment.

I sent her to call Mrs. Sharpless, who, she informed me, was upstairs. In a few moments both came into the kitchen, and instantly the mistress' terrifying gray eye took in the room at a glance. Such an eye! Cold, expressionless, and yet utterly fear-inspiring to one of Annie's sort.

"This is the day to wash the icebox, Annie. Why put food away only to take it out right away again?"

She crossed to it, better to see the contents.

"Why, here's six eggs left and this is the day to order again. Who hasn't been eating theirs?"

"I—haven't," the girl faltered

"Why not?"

"I—I ain't wanted nothing for breakfast."

The girl looked vacantly up at her mistress, then sat down suddenly in a chair, her dizziness apparent.

"You don't want breakfast? Are you sick?"

She went swiftly toward Annie, her merciless glance enveloping the girl who shrank smaller and smaller in her chair, hopeless eyes raised in mute appeal.

"My God!" cried the woman before her. "You depraved creature!"

THAT week at the meeting of the Ladies' Exchange was to be determined the amount raised by the drive. And Mrs. Sharpless could not preside.

She ran in to give her reasons for defaulting.

"The first meeting I have ever missed! Oh, it's dreadful. And I tried so hard to do what was right. I am utterly discouraged."

I could see the sympathy for her in the faces of the women turned towards her.

"And my two innocent boys. To think of the influence to which I have been exposing them. The officers from the School will be here Tuesday. Till then I must keep watch at home. How could she have deceived us so? There was never a moment there was not someone at home with her, or so I thought, and we never allowed her to go out alone. Mr. Sharpless feels the disgrace more keenly than I. He is very anxious that she be sent away before the boys have any inkling of such a thing."

I went over to speak to her.

"Mrs. Sharpless, I have been talking to the minister. He would like to see us in his study."

We found the minister not altogether at ease.

"Er—about this unfortunate girl. I have talked with her, but she refuses to tell anything. She seems mortally afraid to speak in spite of all the persuasions of Miss Swain and myself. And it's very evident she's in terror of being sent back to the School. Can't we manage to do something to make conditions a little easier

for her? Perhaps arrange for her being taken care of here instead of sending her back. She seems a pitiable little thing—"

I could see Mrs. Sharpless' black-clad, normally stiff figure stiffen still more. Her eyes stared coldly, causing the minister to drop his own.

"YOU may do as you wish," she boomed. "I have no desire to be further involved in the disgraceful affair."

Far down the hall her righteous departing footsteps sounded.

The minister sat with his head in his hands.

He raised a face to me, haggard, imploring.

"Miss Swain, do not think too hard of me. Twice in other parishes I have dared to oppose some influential church member when my conscience so dictated, and twice was pressure brought to bear. I had to resign.

"I must think of Elsie, my wife, so small and weak, expecting our third child, with scarcely enough money to care for the two we already have. For her sake—I must keep quiet. And yet can I ever forget her? That poor little thing—"

I could not judge him.

I HAD a talk with Annie.

"Was it Mr. Sharpless?" I asked. But she only cowered in her chair. She would tell me nothing.

Yet she cried.

"I can't go back. They say awful things then to you there at the School. I knew two girls that come back same as me. They said those awful things to them—the officers and the girls—mockin' 'em—shamin' 'em. I can't go back."

"But, Annie, dear," I said, "all institutions aren't like that. I want to see if I can't get you in some place else. And I think this man should be punished. Only tell me, dear, who he is."

But she turned so pale I could not press her further. I was determined, however, that she should not go back to the School. I had three days in which to make

Have You a Story?

DID it ever occur to you that you might write a story? I do not mean fiction. Isn't there something of interest which you know and which might interest others? Perhaps some legend centres about your home town. Perhaps you know a story of love and sacrifice.

If you do know such a story, sit down and write it. Perhaps you may help us in our search for the spirit of life. Tell your story simply. Make it interesting. Write in the first person, and give us the facts just as they came to you. And then, if it sounds good when you read it over, mail it to SMART SET.

what arrangements I could, before the officers would come for her.

And in those three days I won Mother over to my plan. Mother is little and gentle and—old fashioned. It was with a kind of terror that she consented on that very last day to let Annie come to our house until it was time for her to go to a hospital. All that remained for me now was to meet the officers and see what I could do to obtain their agreement to the arrangement.

I sped up the Sharpless's walk. If only the school officers had not come yet!

Mrs. Sharpless greeted me coldly. Since the affair in the minister's study she was openly antagonistic. Yet she could not refuse me audience with Annie. The Swains are somebody in Martinsville too. Mrs. Sharpless knew enough not to go too far.

"I sent her to the attic to get the clothes we hung up there yesterday when it rained. She was sitting in the kitchen waiting and doing nothing. She might as well be working, I thought."

The stairs are narrow and steep. What effort it must have cost the child to climb them! I pushed open the door.

FROM the rafters her body hung suspended by a clothesline which had been passed twice about her throat. And pinned to the hem of her dress was a note:

For my Miss Swain.

Miss Clara, i seen it clear as i climbed the stairs. My hed aint muddled up now. it never felt like this before. i cant go back and i cant live no more. no ther aint no other way. i seen it clear in one moment. and thats all miss from

Annie.

THAT is Annie's story. It is all I know of it—but it's enough to make me feel that perhaps it might do some good if others read it.

Whether or not you agree with me, will you write and tell me so?



Annie shrank smaller and smaller in her chair . . . "You depraved creature!" cried the woman before her.



Mrs. Chya Becker

Is Mar Aid *to*

By John A.

WHAT is it makes happiness? Can contentment be brought into the human heart by money, by education or by any means from without?

Into a tiny flat in the heart of the East Side of New York, where, for a time, there was only poverty and hard work, happiness entered and this is the story of what brought it. It is a story that may be a commentary not favorable to the "new freedom" ideas of married life so much discussed and indulged in today.

The story starts on a little farm near Vilna, in Poland, more than a half century ago. It bids fair to close beyond a diamond jubilee of a husband and wife who have already celebrated their golden wedding.

With divorce mills making marriage a matter of a few years only, it is seldom that one hears anything of golden jubilees and a diamond jubilee, marking sixty years of wedded life.

"The children made us happy."

That is the explanation given by Chaim Becker, Polish immigrant, a man of seventy-five years, in perfect health, confidently expecting to live a hundred and have his wife spared him to the end of his days. Their hope is to go together. Their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren will sorrow when they say good-by.

BUT before we start with Chaim and his wife Chya working their little farm against heavy odds in Poland, bringing healthy children into the world and finally having them achieve success and honor in a new country, it may be pointed out that the old father believes in struggle and that the University of Hard Knocks gives to young men the best of all degrees—Character.

"It would have been altogether different," he said in his quiet even voice, "if the two sons of the Chicago millionaires, who have come to the fates of confessed murderers, had known what it was to struggle in their early days. The terrible crime which so shocked the whole nation would never have happened. Three families would not have been brought to misery, despite their riches, if old-fashioned obedience had been taught the children. Honor thy father and thy mother, is a commandment that has meant happiness for parents and children through many centuries."

Chaim Becker, with the color of a young man in his cheeks, his eyes bright, his body vigorous, had journeyed back into the crowded city on a red hot summer's day, leaving his pleasant cottage by the sea without the slight-

riage *an* Success?

Moroso

est fear of the intense heat and crowded transportation. Nor did his wife or his sons worry about his journey at the age of seventy-five.

Although up from peasanthood and through years of hard endeavor with wife and children in crowded quarters, he could have walked into any of the great banks of downtown New York and received every courtesy. His dress is dignified and careful. In the seething crowds of the city of six million, he might have been picked out as an elder statesman taking a stroll and making his observations.

"ON THE farm in Poland we had some hard years," he said with a reflective smile. "But we had some years that were not so hard. My wife and I kept at it day and night. Instead of my working for her so that she might have fine dresses and luxuries, she worked to help me and the children. It is the old-fashioned married life we look back on. The idea of the young people today is different. The husband is kept hard at it to make money for his wife to spend, and if she doesn't get it there is unhappiness and divorce. The young people now take marriage as a sport. They marry for the fun of it. We married and our generation all over the world married for a different purpose—for children, for mutual help, for consolation in time of trouble and to share happiness when happiness came. And happiness came through our children.

"Of course through the years of our life together we had differences, but they were not serious and passed off frequently with a smile and a kiss. Nowadays when a man and wife disagree they hurry off for other companionships, ending up with a visit to the lawyers and a divorce trial. Their lives are wrecked and their children are handicapped. The qualities of character they would have attained, with father and mother living happily, are not attained and thus good citizens are lost to the world."

Twenty-two years ago Barnett L. Becker, one of the four sons, asked the blessing of his parents and with barely enough money to reach the United States said good-by to the farm and his people.

"I shall send for you soon—all of you." He was eighteen years old then.

BARNETT, now Dr. Barnett L. Becker, wealthy proprietor of a chain of optical establishments, reached New York, ignorant of the language, of the



Chaim Becker

people and without money enough to rent a room. He slept in parks and doorways, suffering the keen pains of nostalgia and sometimes the pains of hunger. Wherever he could find work he took it gladly, so long as it was honest. Soon he was in a position where he could learn the work of an optician, a grinder of lenses, a mender of eyes. With every penny he could spare, Barnett bought books, studying the language of his new country and the science from which he was to establish the fortunes of his family.

IN THREE years the young man had saved enough to send to Poland, not only for his mother and father, but also for his three brothers and two sisters. One of the sisters had died, leaving three children. The brother in New York sent for these children.

"Think of his courage!" exclaimed his father. "Not many boys would have undertaken as much. He brought us all over, managed to get a few rooms for us, and in Clinton street on the East Side every member of the family got busy helping each other. My children had all been obedient, happy children in the old country. Their early lessons were never forgotten, and the great opportunities of the new country and their success could not spoil them.

"Barnett passed his State examinations as optometrist and then helped his two younger brothers to take their degrees. They worked together and their first shop for optical goods was a success. I and my wife were helping out, of course. I had opened a little private restaurant. Not a one of us was idle. But the years were piling up on Chya and myself, and Barnett came to us and told us that we could not work anymore. He and his brothers had furnished an apartment for us.

"We were all quite comfortable and happy, the children marrying and having their own children, all working together and business prospering. The one store grew into a chain of eight stores—all successful.

"Prosperity did not hurt one of us. The boys insisted on buying us a real home and did so over in Brooklyn. Then they insisted on buying us a summer cottage at Rockaway Beach. The great grandchildren are coming—devoted and loving children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren under the Stars and Stripes, but God sent him back safely to us."

THE climax to this little story of one family's struggle in a new country came with the celebration of the golden jubilee of the parents. The immigrant boy whose pluck had brought success and happi-

ness was not ashamed of the poverty he had seen in the East Side and the poverty he had shared. Far from it. As testimony of gratitude for the blessings that life had brought him, he gave in the names of his parents two thousand pairs of gold-rimmed spectacles to children whose sight needed correction. Dr. Becker knew what a five-dollar bill meant to an immigrant family and he knew professionally how great was the number of the children of the poor whose eyes needed skilled treatment with lenses.

At the jubilee celebration of the old father and mother, it was necessary to hire a hall for the four hundred guests, men and women, who with the rise of the Becker family had come in social and business contact with them. The jubilee gift to the parents from their four sons and daughter was five thousand dollars in gold. The old folks were married again, and the friend who had "stood up" with the bridegroom fifty years before in Poland was called on to be his "best man" once more.

That was two years ago. Chaim and Chya Becker are looking forward to the diamond jubilee.

"We owe everything to Barnett," said the father. "The parents who realize what it means in after-life for their children if they are raised with a sense of duty and helpfulness, will achieve the greatest of all happiness—the love and care of their children.

TO THE young people of today who get so easily discouraged when differences arrive in married life, I would say to them not to take such differences seriously. Little quarrels only make your love for each other grow stronger.

"Fine clothes cause a lot of trouble. The woman who is used to a simple life and who works hard to help her husband, instead of having him work hard to give her pleasures, makes the better mother and the happier mother in the long run.

"The old-fashioned beliefs in God are the best and most helpful; the simple and old-fashioned ways of life will bring us nearer to contentment. The way the young people live and marry today will not mean happiness to them a few years hence. It will hardly bring them a golden jubilee with devoted and loving children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

"With the right family spirit, with devotion to one another in the family circle, success in life is sure to be attained. What more can we ask if we grow old loving and respecting each other, helping each other?

"So let me say again that the old-fashioned marriage is the best aid to success I know."

Is Marriage An Aid to Success?

Should a young man make a success before he marries?

Or should he marry and let his wife help him succeed?

Does early marriage help him, or does it hold him back?
What do you think?

How are you working out your problem? Are you doing it alone? Or did you marry the only girl in the world so you could work your problems out together? Or did you marry a butterfly and find her holding you back?

Did you marry a rich man? Are you happy? Are you a part of his life or just a fixture in his home?

Did you marry a poor man? Are you a part of his life? Do you help him carry his business worries. Have you helped him to get ahead? Has the struggle drawn you closer together?

We do not want to treat this question in a general way, but we want you to write us your own opinion and tell us what your experience has been.

We will publish one story each month by one of our readers telling what his or her experience has been and what conclusion should be drawn from it. These stories are sure to be interesting. We will pay fifty dollars for each story of not more than 2,000 words accepted for publication.

What is your opinion?

Memories I of A Great Lover

*His Life's History
Was Bound with
the Golden
Cord of a
Good
Woman's
Love*



"Richard," she asked slowly, "have you ever been in love? . . . Is there some girl you haven't told me of?"

TO EVERY human being there comes at some certain moment of life the necessity for unburdening a pent-up soul. And when it is a matter of dire necessity of expiation, you may understand to some extent my writing this.

In all this world there is just one soul—one woman, a little slip of a woman with tired eyes and an understanding heart, standing apart from all the other millions on earth—for whom this dreadful, soul-wracking story is written.

As I sit here in the pregnant silence of my misery,

black waves of despair overwhelm me—the possibility of her ever knowing the truth is so slim of assurance. I haven't the surety that this will even be published. I feel that tragic conviction again and again, that she will never see, will never know the truth—and yet, she *must* know it. Some inner force drives me on; some instinct gives me hope, for I who have done so much to destroy her life, must be permitted by some law of God to offer compensation.

I pray that this may be so. If there is any one conviction in my heart, it is that I shall know, somehow,

the moment her eyes rest on these words. After that moment, it will not matter. I will have accomplished my purpose.

The sordid surroundings of my habitation serve to give impetus to my words.

It is difficult for me to write. The handling of a pen is a rarely tried accomplishment for me. In this wretched room, as I sit here night after night alone in my corner, there come and go waifs of humanity—the derelicts of the world. Drunkards, hoboes, “bums,” rum-soaked as completely as a piece of wet paper. They drift in, furtive of eye, glum, their faces lined and seamed with the deep records of dissipation, and they drift out again. Each night these shadows of men plunge into their miserable bunks, and for a few merciful hours forget existence.

For the sum of ten cents, they find refuge—and almost to a man, their sleep is the innocent slumber of childhood.

WHERE do they come from? Where do they go in their rags, unshaven, unwashed? Seldom does the same man return. Why? Because he has not been able to get the necessary dime.

Vague thoughts stir in my mind as I see their evil faces and their eyes of creatures at bay; desperate, starving for food—and literally aching for drink or drug. Perhaps they, too, some of them, have known what it means to sleep between clean sheets. To be well-fed. To be admired, to be loved—to be sought after by women.

The lower part of Manhattan has many such “hotels.” Temporary rails of lodging for all the night birds of the great city. This one, known as the “Half-Way House,” is the most famous of them all. In the dark folds of night they come, and like animals of the forest, disappear with the dawn.

I, too, arrived in this manner. But I have stayed, and I will stay until I write the last words of my story. Food, sleep, rest, are trifles, reluctantly accepted in order to fulfil my desire.

I HARDLY know where to begin. Did the first step downward occur when one afternoon, as a boy, I leaned against a lamp-post in my little home town, and watched the silken ankles of a blond actress as she tripped across Main Street? She was one of a troupe of our small-time circuit, I afterward discovered—and a creature from a foreign country to the lad.

My eyes grow dim as I see him, standing there. He was a clean kid. He loved horses. He hung around the stables when he should have been at school, just because he never grew weary of watching the spirited movements of the beasts in the stalls. His hands were always tender as they curried the sleek sides of a thoroughbred, and he, somehow or other, knew one the minute he saw it.

I remembered that as I watched the little actress pick her way. Suddenly all thought of her vanished from my mind in the twinkling of an eye. A beautiful black mare, small of size and perfectly proportioned, stepped across my vision. In the smart little buggy, there sat a very attractive woman about thirty-five who held the reins firmly in one gloved hand.

SHE looked at me carelessly. Then as her eyes appraised me from head to foot, there came a flicker of interest in her gaze. I could feel the blood rushing under the deep brown tan of my face. I was already six-feet high and the breadth of my shoulders always drew jesting remarks from my friends. Perhaps

I attracted her attention because I looked “picturesque” in my dust-colored overalls. It was not until several months later that I found out the truth.

“Young man,” she said, “I am Mrs. Arthur Thompson. I have just taken a house not far from the village—the old Williams estate. I want to find someone to take charge of my horses. Do you happen to know anyone with whom I can talk regarding the position?”

I took the job. Her husband was erecting a big paper-box factory near the village and was occupied all day in overseeing the job. It gave him very little time to devote to his wife, and as he was some fifteen years older than she, she soon began to spend more and more time with her horses—and their caretaker. I was never a groom. A mutual interest in horses can develop an intimacy between two people more quickly than any other medium in the world. Convention is out of place around a farm. We rode together. We drove together. In six months, despite my youth, she made her husband appoint me overseer of the estate. This gave me an advantage in salary if in nothing else. I bought better clothes. I began to consider my personal appearance, and soon my mistress began to treat me as an equal.

WE WERE coming back from a ten-mile ride, one late autumn afternoon. Our horses rode close together. We were discussing a book which I had read the previous night, for in addition to civilizing me in other respects, she had taken charge of my reading. There seemed to be something electric in the air. Low-hanging clouds darkened the landscape, and dusk was upon us almost immediately. The road was deserted. Not a house for miles could be seen. Only an empty, huge red barn stood far back from the road under a thick group of old trees.

“Richard,” she said quietly, “I think we are in for a storm. Don’t you?” Her eyes swept the countryside. We noticed the horses becoming nervous, for quite suddenly at a sharp flash of lightning they began to tremble.

The rain began, great drops which fell with a terrific force.

She pointed her riding crop to the deserted barn.

“Let’s make for that,” she cried, and her voice sounded peculiar to me. It wasn’t fright—more excitement than anything else—we galloped toward the barn.

THE place must have been standing there for a century. Nearby were the ruins of an old cellar on which a dwelling once stood. We entered the tottering structure. Only the heavy oaken beams, pinned together with wooden pegs, remained intact. The stalls were broken. The huge door swung loosely on its hinges. The darkness was impenetrable except when a flash of lightning came through the small dirty windowpanes.

I tied the horses together in a far corner away from these windows. When I groped my way back to her, she had disappeared. Her voice came to me out of the darkness.

“Here I am, Richard,” she called softly. “It’s quite dry here. Come and sit down.”

Suddenly I saw her face illuminated by the lightning. Her eyes were dilated and brilliant, her face pale. I thought her beautiful for the first time. Her hands reached out to guide me and as I sat down near her, she pressed my fingers between her own.

“Richard,” she said slowly. “I want to ask you something. You must tell me the truth. Have you ever been in love? Do you know what it means? Is there

some girl you haven't told me of, whom you care for?"
"Why, no," I answered, wondering what she meant.
"Why?"

She sighed, and her fingers twined themselves about my hand. She had never touched me before this, and although I knew she liked me, I had regarded her with the affection one gives an older sister. Now in the darkness of the old barn, something new and startling crept into our lives. There were little electric currents running over me. I could feel that we were both in the grip of some tremendous excitement.

SUDDENLY, without realizing fully what I was doing, I knew I had to kiss her. Something made me feel as if I must take her in my arms. I turned towards her, when almost before I knew what had happened her arms were wound close around my neck.

I shall never forget. Every detail of that scene has been burned in my memory. From the hour when we turned our backs to the barn and rode home through the rain, I knew that my boyhood lay behind me.

She became a girl; she rode swiftly, her eyes flashing, a song and smile on her lips. Laughter rippled from her, and the years seemed to drop from her like a cloak. I could not understand this transformation then, but as I watched her galloping along, her hair flying in the wind, her face radiant, I felt that she too had passed a milestone on the highway of life.

AFTER that, we used to picnic in the woods and spend many happy hours of carefree enjoyment together. She would have the servants prepare baskets of dainty food so that our day might not be interrupted. Once there was a small flask of fine old brandy and as she handed me my first drink, she laughed like a child. The stuff

burned my throat, and the tears came into my eyes, and then, suddenly, she took the glass from my hand and dashed it against a rock. There was a maternal expression in her eyes as she said:

"I ought to be ashamed of myself—and I am, Richard. Don't drink it. It won't do you any good—later on. And I love you too much to harm you."

If she could see me now, the glass of cheap whisky always at my elbow; if she could behold the face of the man lined with deep furrows of dissipation, the eyes bloodshot—and if she remembered that day and the healthy, smooth-skinned boy, she would shudder with horror.

Not that she is to blame. It was probably there long before she came along. I am a fatalist. What is to be, will be. I know that things cannot be altered.



She smiled straight into my eyes—then invited me to sit down with that cheerful camaraderie of her profession.

One afternoon, some five months later, we were walking our horses back to the house. She had been very quiet all day; I remembered that she had been quiet for two or three days and I had wondered what was the matter.

"Richard," she said, "you will have to go away."

I looked at her in stunned silence. What did she mean?

She answered me with a sorrowful smile.

"I cannot explain now, Richard, but something has happened. Something which makes it impossible for you to stay here any longer. You had better go at once. Why don't you go to New York? I can give you some money to start with—you have always said the dream of your life was to get to the big city. Now is your chance. I shall miss you terribly. No—don't ask me any questions. I cannot tell you now. Some day you will understand."

She reached over and took my hand.

"**R**ICHARD," her voice shook. "There will be many women in your life. They will pursue you. They will stand in your path always. They will crowd your life. They will absorb you—and I doubt if you will be able to help yourself. But thank God I was the first. In spite of everything, I am glad of this."

The tears stood in her eyes.

"My dear," she continued, "you have a fatal and dangerous gift given to you. You do not know what it is now, but you will discover it soon enough. Don't let it conquer you; make it your slave, for unless you do, you are lost. It is a dangerous possession. Few men have it, and I have known one or two with this same appeal without your beauty and even less of your charm, who have gone under just because they couldn't master this possession. It has been called by many names: charm, fascination—but whatever it is, you've got it."

Her eyes grew sad.

"It may be the greatest curse in the world to you, my dear. It may be your destruction. It requires strength of character and depth of soul to master it—and these traits are usually lacking in the very men who need them the most. I can only hope that life will not be too hard on you after you leave me. I think my only justification for loving you is that I have never loved—or been really loved—by my own husband.

"When I married him, I was a child. I never really knew what love meant. They say that the thirties are the dangerous years for a woman; I know that when you came into my life, I felt that romance had at last come to me."

She leaned across her mount's back and pressed her lips to mine. There instantly flashed across my mind the true reason for her sending me away. I knew, and somehow there crept into my heart a feeling of distinct relief. At this moment I sensed the first conception of my character. I was a blackguard, and I couldn't help it. I knew I had had faint twinges of uneasiness about the whole affair for weeks past, but I had said nothing.

SHE had been wonderful to me, I knew that, and if I had been at all a real man, I would have refused to sneak away like a cad; or at least, I would have felt some compunction about leaving her. As I look back across the years, I realize she deserved so much more than she got out of it all. She showed such sportsmanship about the whole thing. Never a complaint; a thoroughbred. And I, who above all things else pay

reverence to these traits, feel the utmost contempt for the man that I am—and was, even then.

I think there are some—fortunately, very few—men in life who enter it without a soul. These men are marked from the very beginning. To philosophers and students of human nature, it is evident from the day of their birth. The fact that real love does not exist between the man and woman who create these individuals may have something to do with it—the lack of a real bond. Love cannot be forced, and children born of such a union are seldom normal.

MY FATHER did not really love my mother. As I grew older I discovered that for myself. She worshiped and adored him. Her eyes never left his face when the two were in a room together. For me she scarcely showed a glimmer of interest. Her love for my father was almost an obsession. She drove him into an early grave by a surfeit of her very love for him, and for years after his death, I remember that she never smiled. Her face was like that of a ghost. There was something almost fanatic in her love for my father. He seemed to realize it, and as I grew older I noticed that he shrank more and more from her, and remained away from the house as often as possible.

That is why, when under the influence of my own emotions, I have felt myself standing back and mentally watching my soul. It has been impossible for me to give all of myself. I have never done so.

THE interest of women has since the first day I arrived in New York, a week after I parted from Mrs. Thompson, been the cause of both my success and my utter failure in life. Everything I became—every small particle of success, every leaf in the circlet of fame and fortune that I so quickly obtained—was given me by the women of this city. The twenty-five cents I paid for my bed last night, the company of thieves and



She made me feel as if I were intruding . . . I determined to make her pay for the pique she had aroused in me.

gangsters who are my only associates now; my emaciated body, the sunken hollows of my cheeks, the rags covering my back, and the gnawing of my stomach for whisky, all of these too have been given me by women. So, you see, the scales tip pretty evenly. Life is the ultimate scale of all, and one side usually tips evenly with the other.

COMING up on the train from B——, my home town, I ran into a theatrical company, touring the country. As I caught sight of them, there came across my mind again the vision of the blond little actress crossing the street in my home town. The leading woman in this company reminded me of her, and as she watched me walk down the aisle of the Pullman, I could see her out of the corner of my eye regarding me. As I passed her, she dropped a magazine out of her lap. I picked it up and returned it to her with a bow. She smiled—straight into my eyes—and thanked me. Then she moved her purse, a book and another magazine

aside and invited me to sit down, saying that the car seemed to be full and that I would be welcome to the seat if I wanted it.

I DROPPED into the seat and she immediately began to talk. She asked me with that cheerful air of camaraderie, used by many of her profession, where I was going. I told her New York. After that we conversed in low tones, and when the porter came through calling the dinner hour, she invited me to join her and her husband at dinner. I was surprised. In the entire course of her conversation she had failed to mention any such possession. It was not until I found myself shaking hands with a small, dark, foreign looking man, that I could believe my ears.

Mr. Hallin was the manager of the show. His pride in his wife, who was taller than he by several inches, was almost pathetic. I could see she twisted him about her little finger. He watched her every movement and she used him as she would a servant. The thanks she gave him for his constant service and attention was considerably less sincere than the tip the porter received for bringing her a glass of water.

The three of us dined together, and she pointed out to me the other members of the troupe, characteristically naming them and their talents according to her varying degrees of friendship.

A little dark-haired girl sat alone at the end of the dining-car, reading a book. She seemed apart, somehow, from the others. Her eyes were concentrated on what she was reading, and she scarcely noticed the food as it was placed before her.

She moved her book and in so doing raised her head. Her face was far from beautiful—only her large dark eyes and her intelligent expression distinguished her from the other girls in the car. But even then she seemed to me the loveliest creature I had ever seen.

SHE was dressed quietly, and looked as out of place in that company of flamboyant women and obvious men as a single violet would in a huge bowl of orchids.

Her eyes met mine quite casually, and then just as casually she looked away. I might have been a chair for all the interest she displayed. I was piqued, of course, and turned my attention to my hostess. She received each overture on my part as a woman would receive a gift of a priceless jewel. I well knew the type she represented.

We finished our dinner, and pledged ourselves to future intimacy, despite the presence of her husband. He had watched our flirtation with pathetic helplessness. What could he do? His wife ignored him completely, except to demand some trivial service. She left him to settle the account with the waiter and we walked back into the Pullman.

On the way, she stopped and introduced me to various members of the company. Soon we passed the girl I had noticed in the dining-car. She was still reading, and only looked up when Mrs. Hallin called her by [Turn to page 105]



GYPSY

Maritza's Touch on the Heartstrings Shows Her Temperament as Plainly as Her Fingertips on Her Violin



THERE was to be a wedding next day in old lancu's camp, and I was the chosen bride.

You think perhaps I was happy? No! Who would be happy to marry lancu—he was old and disagreeable, and had already buried four wives. I did not want to marry him, and all the excitement and envy caused by the coming event were powerless to kindle my heart.

"It will be a magnificent wedding!" cried the women who came to my wagon to perform the bridal-eve ceremonies. "Far grander than Queen Nada's of which our grandfathers told such tales!"

"And it's to last seven days!"

"If the fiddlers hold out," scoffed Gina, who was four years older than I and not yet sought in marriage.

This provoked a loud burst of laughter from my servitors. Far and wide, wherever we had traveled, lancu's gypsies were known as the Fiddling Tsigans. Everyone who was strong enough to hold a fiddle could play, and the idea that the music might give out was really ridiculous.

IT ALL seems very strange to me as I tell it in a language I did not know at the time and did not dream I would ever know. But it was even stranger to me then, at the age of sixteen, for I was wild and untamed, and knew no law but the passing whim of the moment.

I jerked myself away from the women who were braiding my hair.

"Who am I that I should have a seven-day wedding?" I demanded angrily.

A hush settled over the group, and I was conscious of many frightened eyes regarding me.

"What if lancu is strong enough to bend a gold piece with his fingers? He is old, and youth calls to youth. Why did he choose me? I am only Mad Mochle's orphan and I want to be left in peace!"

For these words of defiance, Migna struck me sharply across the mouth. She was not the oldest woman in our tribe, but she had borne eighteen

children and all were alive, so whatever she said carried weight.

In my pride and desperation I might have struck her back, but two others sprang forward and held me fast.

"Thou art mad like thy mother, I see," scolded Migna. "Any blind man will tell thee why lancu has chosen thee for his bride. If he is old, thou wilt outlive him long enough for thy pranks."

She lowered her voice. "And if thou hast a lover, send him off!"

"I have no lover!" And I spoke the truth.

WHEN I told Migna that youth calls to youth, I was repeating something I had heard others say. The awakening call of youth had not yet stirred the hot blood in my veins. My heart was cold to men, and I scorned other girls of my age who longed for handsome lovers.

I did not trust men. I felt that they wished to clip

LOVE



"I'll kill you first!" I warned him. But as I reached for my knife, he sprang,

my wings, as I had seen them clip the wings of storks to be sold on the market-place for pets. I wanted to fly, and had yet to learn that one soars higher with a mate than when one is alone.

And I soon had new cause to distrust and detest Iancu.

As I lay in my gayly decorated wagon that night, I tore off the long, loose slip I must wear until the women would come to dress me at daybreak. Out of sheer spite I put on my everyday garments, and had barely finished dressing when I heard footsteps stealing towards the wagon.

I was unafraid, but curious, because in our camp no one was permitted to walk out at night.

I lifted a corner of the canvas, but could see nothing.

Then, just as I decided that the sound might have been a twig snapping in the woods, the flaps at the back of my wagon were parted and I could make out the shoulders and head of Iancu, Chief of the Fiddling Tsigans.

"GET away from here!" I said sharply, shrinking back into the farthest corner.

In answer, Iancu swung his powerful body into my small wagon, and chuckling in his insolent fashion, stretched himself out on the floor as if he belonged there.

This maddened me. He was close, very close; I could almost feel his breath on my foot.

Anger made me reckless. "What did you come here for?" I demanded.

He pinched my cheek between his cruel fingers, intending that I should cry out. Instead I laughed, and struck his hand with my bent knuckles.

"Why does any man desire the kisses of the woman who will be his wife?"

"Has Mad Mochle's daughter no pride, do you think?" I asked him.

"What is pride against muscle?" he retorted.

When two lovers are swept away, people excuse many things, but for a man to come to the wagon of

a girl who did not want him, even though she was to be his wife, was as serious a break under our laws as it would be under yours.

"I'll kill you first!" I warned him, but as I reached for a weapon, he pinioned my arms.

There on our knees under the canvas roof we struggled. Each passing breeze caused the bells on the shafts to tinkle merrily. The blossoms and leaves fastened to the canvas top and sides made fantastic shadows.

Outside, the camp lay deep in slumber, dreaming dreams of tomorrow's merriment.

Who was I to put my strength against Iancu's? I knew this, yet I kicked and scratched, I bit his hand and tasted his blood and spat it back into his face.

Later when his arms relaxed their hold, he thought me subdued because I was calm. It was determination that made me calm. There was only one way.

He did not see me stretch cautiously for my knife, which was stuck in the wagon-frame. It was a beautiful knife, curved like a new moon and bright and shining. It glistened through the air like a thread of lightning, and even as the lightning, struck true.

Iancu swayed, gurgled, then fell forward. I did not stop to remove the knife.

A COOL breeze lifted the flaps, rippled over my feverish body and beckoned me to the open road.

Ah, I was free! Free at last to fly alone! The man inside lay as he had fallen. I shuddered. Whether morning would find him alive or dead, I knew I could be far beyond reach of his avengers by that time. But what if his groans should bring others to his rescue before then?

I stretched my quivering muscles to the stars. With my fiddle under one arm, my clothes under the other, I raced madly down the silky, shimmering trail.

Where did everyone go who wanted to be free? Why, to America, of course!

With marvelous tales of this wonderful land filling my thoughts, my feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground as I ran. Always I imagined they were hunting me, and in my utter inexperience I believed that if I hurried fast enough, I would reach the sheltering borders of America by the next nightfall!

Once I hung on the back of a magnificent carriage with four galloping horses. This took me many miles out of reach of Iancu's swiftest Tartar steeds, and when the sun was high next day, I entered a big city.

Here my persistent inquiries about "the road to America" brought me the truth. You see, we were a tribe of inland wanderers, and I really had no sensible idea of the location or the means of travel to that distant haven.

One must get on a big boat at Trieste, they told me, and sail for two weeks.

Well then, I would fiddle my way to Trieste. And I did, earning my food by day, and sleeping under a hedge or in a barn by night.

DURING this six weeks of tramping, my opinion of men did not change for the better. I was forced to protect myself by many a sound slap in the face, and frequently I failed to get a small coin or a meal I had earned because I would not throw in a few kisses in addition to my music.

But in America all would be different, I comforted myself.

There is no need for me to go into detail. I did not have money to pay for a ticket, and if I had I would not have used it. Who ever heard of a gypsy paying to travel?

I set out on the big boat at Trieste as a stowaway.

It was not very hard to keep from attracting attention with everybody rushing to find their staterooms and stewards busy with baggage. Finally in the freight-hold—is not that what you call it?—I found a corner behind some big crates and crept into hiding.

For the first two days, having neglected to supply myself with bread or a bit of dried meat, I fed on dreams of future glory in my new life. I was possessed of splendid vitality.

But on the third day, cramped and starved, I climbed out of my hole to see if I could steal some food. In this fashion I betrayed myself, for they found me kneeling on the floor of a stateroom before a luscious basket of fruit.

IN THE pocket of my fourth petticoat I had two gold pieces which Migna had given me as a bride-eve gift.

To the big gray-haired man who led me out to where a crowd had already gathered in the salon to see the gypsy stowaway, I offered my small treasure. He was good and kind, this captain, and he smiled very gently, but I could see that this money was not near sufficient. He tried to speak with me, but we could not understand each other, although gypsies know snatches of many languages.

The men in the crowd watched me in a fashion that required no language to interpret, in that fashion that frightened me, and which I despised. Men—always men, trying to clip my wings. I thought of Iancu, and hated them all.

Tears of anger stung my eyes. Then I remembered who I was. Maritza of the Tsigans would not let these people see her cry. I had played for my food before. I would play again.

Great music? No, the Tsigans do not play great music. They play their own simple music with all the fire of their hearts.

First I made happy tunes that set the blood tingling, passengers' feet tapping and voices humming. One dark, handsome man laughed impudently into my face. But happiness was not in my soul, so in the end my fingers wandered over notes of despair and longing.

WHEN my arm dropped with exhaustion everything was blurred save one figure, that of a tall man, so very tall, standing against a post with his eyes closed and head tilted backwards.

This was how I first saw Tom Hamlin.

Then my audience pressed forward, showering me with money and gifts but shutting this figure from view. Thus it was that I earned a room with a fine bed and hot food, and I was proud as a strutting turkey.

Late in the afternoon, I heard a knock at my door. When I opened it Tom Hamlin stood before me, his dark eyes searching my face. You may imagine how surprised I was, but my surprise was even greater when he started speaking.

"Good afternoon!" he said, and the words he used were Hungarian, which I could talk as well as my own language.

I did not know whether to laugh or cry. It is true that one can talk to many hearts with music, but does it not warm the blood, too, to speak face to face with one who understands you?

He said it would be best for us to talk in the corridor and I followed him out. For a long time we stood looking at each other. I with my tongue paralyzed, he smiling gravely. Little shivers trembled through me, and I thought it was just because this fine gentleman,

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straight and strong as a nobleman's son, had come to visit me.

Stamping my foot, I cried, "Why do you look at me so?"

HE GREW very red and turned away. I was filled with remorse, but thung my head high so he would not know how I felt.

"I am sorry," he said sincerely. "Will you please forgive me?" He addressed me as "you," instead of "thou." In your language there is no such distinction. In ours it meant he considered me his equal. Can you understand how happy this made me?

"I look at you so because you are beautiful," he continued, "and I am afraid your beauty will bring you harm."

"Are there so few beautiful women in America that you must stare at me?" I flashed back.

"No," he replied. "There are many beautiful women in America, but they are not like you. They are not small and dusky and full of fire. They do not walk as if they would rather dance. If their lips and nostrils are red like yours, it is because they paint them. Many men will try to solve the black, burning mystery in your eyes, Maritza, and I am afraid they will hurt you."

"How do I know that you will not try to clip my wings, too?"

"This is why, Maritza—because my mother was a Magyar. From her I learned this tongue, and her blood in my veins will help me to see into your heart."

"You are a man, and I do not want men to help me. I hate them!"

A queer light glowed in his eyes. "Hate me if you want to, Maritza. I do not ask you to like me. I want you to be free to do as you please, only I am going to help you from now on."

And before Tom Hamlin left he gained my complete confidence, and he taught me to say his name in English—"Mee-stir Tum Hemleen"—so I could ask for him if I needed him.

THE next day, my new-found friend came to me and said:

"Would you like to play music for many people every night, Maritza?"

"I will do anything, anything!" I promised extravagantly, hardly realizing how impossible this particular task would prove to be. "But where will I find so many people to listen to me?"

Then he told me the story of his father's rise to fortune. It was Tom's mother who had really been responsible for it all. Being Hungarian herself, she knew the charm of the cafés of Vienna and had persuaded Tom's father to go into that business in America. Then death took both father and mother in a year and Tom left law school because his guardian, Aunt Hania, declared it was no business for a woman to manage alone.

It was this Aunt Hania—everybody called her that—that took me under her protection the instant I set my bare foot on the enchanted soil of America.

She found me a fine room in a house kept by a motherly landlady, then she bought me American clothes—and my feet were fitted to a wondrous pair of high-heeled slippers! She provided me with a teacher, a middle-aged woman, who for two hours each morning was to teach me to read and write as well as speak the language of my adopted country.

But you cannot turn a wildcat into a housecat by the mere gift of a collar and a big pink bow. The Gypsy Rendezvous, with its wild music and bizarre surroundings, which I visited nightly under the eagle-eyed

chaperonage of Aunt Hania, I found more like home than any place on this side the ocean.

I was still a wildcat, irresponsible and unmanageable, and because I was my natural, unpretending self others considered me hopeless. But men were soon to tell me that I possessed an exotic, almost savage beauty that drove them to madness.

I accepted all favors as if they were due me. This was not wholly my fault, as the idea is common among the ignorant in Europe that people automatically get whatever they need to make them happy in the beautiful land of America.

Never a thought crossed my mind of the expense involved in my keep and education, who was meeting it, or what return I might be expected to make.

Later a group of girls at the Rendezvous took the trouble to enlighten me. But until then I rushed along my madcap way, tasting the sweetness of each new day as it dawned.

But finally, three weeks later, in a crash of applause, I made my first public appearance at the Gypsy Rendezvous.

AS I came into view, I was playing my beloved fiddle, and I have no doubt that I made a colorful picture in the costume Aunt Hania chose for me—a short wide scarlet skirt reaching just to my knees, and gypsy blouse gay with many colors.

I had begged Aunt Hania to let me go barefoot—and finally with much grumbling she had consented.

As I threaded my way in and out the tables, my surroundings seemed to be no longer in existence. I could see nothing, feel nothing, hear nothing but the beating of wild tunes in my blood, the calling out of past generations of Tsigans to be released. It was my wild forebears who were inspiring me.

You see, I regarded this performance as an ordeal, a trial that would prove me worthy of America—or a failure. Perhaps vaguely I even dreaded that I might be sent back to my tribe if I failed to sweep the audience! So I gave myself completely to my work, and when I returned to consciousness, I was sitting on a chair panting, and about me resounded the shouts of my listeners.

"Hi, Gypsy!"

"Maritza—more!"

Black coats swarmed about me suddenly, like when you put your foot into an ant-hill and the ants seem to rush together from nowhere.

"Maritza! Give us a dance!"

A man tried to fasten a rose in my hair. For a moment that gave me the same old trapped feeling and I broke a glass goblet over his head.

THEN, to get beyond reach of clumsy shoes, I swung myself up on a table, nonchalantly swept the cloth and china out of my way onto the floor, and burst into a rollicking jig.

Such an impromptu spectacle you never saw! Everybody danced.

Some magic was at work. Dancers rushed forward and whirled around me in a ring, as if bewitched.

When my delirium was at its maddest, the same man I had had to punish before broke from the circle, and seizing my ankles held me down firmly. His touch suddenly infuriated me beyond reason. I twisted and turned but could not shake him off.

I struggled savagely. He held fast. I hated him! I hated all men.

Instinctively my hand sought my belt, where, under ordinary circumstances and in my native surroundings, a knife would have been concealed. Luckily Aunt

Hania had deprived me of one that I got hold of soon after my arrival.

I am sure now that Tom Hamlin saw the dangerous movement I made, and understanding it, feared I might commit some folly his world would never forgive.

Without warning, through the confusion, his voice rang out, colder and sterner than I had ever heard it before.

"Get down off that table!"

MY EYES met his. His face seemed whiter by comparison with these other excited ones. His erect, lean figure in evening clothes was every inch like that of the nobleman's son I always likened him to in my mind.

Now to get off the table was precisely the thing I longed to do. I was tired. Yet something in the command aroused a sleeping coquetry which I scarcely knew I possessed.

I tossed my hair from my eyes and sent out a challenge: "No—no. Me stay here!"—this was the way I spoke then.

The hushed crowd parted to let him reach me, but the man at my feet did not relax his hold until Tom

collared him and flung him aside. Then he turned to me.

"Will you come down?" my benefactor demanded.

I pursed my lips, leaning forward. The set of his jaw somehow did not match the soft fire in his brown eyes.

"You want me down? Take me down!" I taunted.

I did not believe that he would. To my astonishment and to that of his guests who knew him only as a quiet, reserved man, he lifted his powerful hands, seized me by the waist and swung me lightly to the floor.

Then, as one would lift a child, he swept me into his arms, strode down full length of the dining room, and carried me out to his office.

THERE for a long time, he stood in the centre of the room, holding me in his arms as if he had forgotten me. I cannot just explain to you why I felt as I did, only somehow I was not particularly anxious to have him remember.

His arms seemed to transfer a peculiar warmth from him to me. A delicious dreaminess stole over me such as I had often felt when lying face downward in a green, sunny field. It was [Turn to page 109]



"No gypsy ever plays without wishing to! . . . You may have your money. I have the rags you found me in—and my free heart!"

"Help her! Save her! Guide her along the paths of innocence."
Mother Cheridah was praying for me



The Life-Story of *A*

LOVE came to me first at fifteen. And I still wonder, after twenty years, what love really is! Love, the enigma. Love, the sirocco's burning blast, the June-tide evening's balmy breath. Love, universal controller and universally uncontrolled. Love, with such celestial yet torturing possibilities, that some have said it is "Heaven with a band of Hell around it." Love, inspiring us to stand on its threshold with reverence, or creating within us a world of bitterness, a revolt at life. Love blighting or blessing us, singing or weeping in our hearts!

I, who have counted lovers to half a hundred, and forgotten some of them, am setting down here what I have learned about love.

I was well grown for a girl of my age when I bullied my parents into allowing me to follow my

gifted, much older brother upon the stage. I would go with their permission or I would run away and become a mummer. Even then there was truth in a wise woman's declaration that "there is as much family government as ever, only it is the parents who are governed."

IN A new sailor hat and a new long blue gown, I joined a second-rate company in a small city.

I joined the company with a great deal of bravado, because I was really afraid. I was bold because I was shy. I swaggered and talked loudly to hide my fears. I boasted to conceal my lack of self confidence. Like many a braggart, I whistled to keep up my courage in the dark.

In the company was a tall dark man with eyes that



*Never Did
Mimic Romance
Present Scenes
so Vivid as Her
Real Life*

A Leading Lady

engaged me. They were soft, like a woman's at times, yet at others they held a spark that was virility itself, a spark that held a woman, subdued her.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"That, my child, is the leading man. Don't go near him."

It was the woman who took care of me who answered.

IN ALL well conducted theatrical companies, there is a woman who holds the responsibility of motherhood to the children of that company. Often it is a woman whose children are with the company. She mothers the alien little ones with her own.

Although I was as tall as she, it was known to the manager that I was younger than I looked by at least three years. So he had said to her, "Keep an eye on

this youngster. Keep her under your wing as carefully as you do the smaller children."

She promised and she kept her word. She had been a star and a prima donna. Now she was far on the descent that years and the passing of youthful bloom make into a toboggan slide for a woman of the stage. She was playing second old woman. She was glad to add a bit to her salary by taking care of the children. There were three besides me. Well I remember that though we were forced by the pitiful size of our salaries to live in the cheapest quarters, sometimes in rooms to let above saloons, yet "Mother Cheridah" never permitted harm to befall us. Hideous words uttered by the men at the bar below rose to us sometimes through the open windows. Hastily she closed the windows. She kept us very near to her. In the

summers we spent long afternoons in the park to keep cool. In the winter in the libraries to keep warm. I did most of my reading in the year that Mother Cheridah took care of the children of the Milton Repertoire Company.

AS THE season advanced I was promoted from "first child" rôle to second lead. I was second in importance to the leading woman. I played a white muslin, blue sash, bread and butter kind of girl, a mild degree of flapper. She had only to open her eyes very widely and listen to the confidences of the second lead.

The second lead, an experienced actress, was in love with the leading man. That is, in the play. She had to play a love scene with him. It was a dark scene. The audience could dimly see her come on the stage in a glistening, crocus-colored dress, could see the leading man meet and whisper to her, could see her put forth her hands to resist him, saw her clasped in his arms. I used to watch the scenes from the wings.

"It frightens me to see him seize you," I said to her. "It looks as if a great black bat were crushing a canary to death."

She laughed.

"Silly," she said, "it's only acting. I hate him. I never speak to him off stage."

A theatrical company is as merely permanent as the waves of the restless sea. The second leading woman left us suddenly to do leads in another company. Her rôle became mine.

The company sat wearily through the rehearsals called to get me up in my scenes.

THE scene in which I told the new "first child," promoted from the group of children that lived beneath Mother Cheridah's wing, about my encounter with the handsome unknown in the dark, went well enough. It was simple to tell a wide-eyed, listening girl of your delicious fears and fearful bliss at being in the arms of "the handsomest man on earth."

The company's old man, watching and listening, whispered to the "heavy"—the adventuress—"The girl's got the family talent. No doubt about it."

"Now that that's out of the way," said the stage manager, "we'll take the big scene, Marston."

The tall, dark man with eyes now melting, now extraordinarily alive, came from the left wing and took his place in the center of the stage. There he stood waiting.

"Enter right, Miss Coman," the manager commanded. "Walk on as though you were frightened. Remember you are entering a darkened room and seeing the light. Grope with outstretched arms. When Mr. Marston seizes you, cry out."

I walked, as he directed. With uncertain steps, I made my way toward the center of the stage. I feared the encounter. I dreaded that kiss in the dark. But my imagination had tricked me. In the gray light of the musty little theatre, with weary actors hanging tired heads and tired actresses twisting their faces uglily to repress yawns, it was commonplace. Charles Marston's long, black-sleeved arms swung out and encircled me. But they did not touch me. One corner of his moustache touched my cheek. Nothing more.

"All right. That will do, ladies and gentlemen."

WE BROKE into little congenial groups and left the stage, went single file through the little corridor and out into the theatre alley and the sunlight.

I took Mother Cheridah's thin little arm. I noticed how shabby was the rusty grey sleeve.

"I am disappointed," was the first thing I told her. Inquiry looked from her faded eyes.

"This is the first time I have been kissed by a man. Except father and brother and my cousin Jim. Jim only kisses me because he has to. He hates girls. I thought it would be different."

An odd little smile crossed Mother Cheridah's wrinkled face.

"Marston always rehearses in a shallow way. That's his habit. But the kiss will get over tonight. His love scenes are always effective with audiences."

A chill wind blew down the wide streets of the little town.

"We will go to the library to keep warm," said the company mother.

The newly promoted "first child" and the other children ran a race to the broad white steps of the library. Mother Cheridah's steps lagged. Mine kept them company. She spoke as though a careless thought had visited her.

"Charlie Marston is married. His wife is the same age as I am. Non-professional. They've four or five children. The oldest girl must be older than you."

WHILE we huddled about the library stove on that chill November day we were told to read or stop talking. Talking was against the rules of the library.

But Mother Cheridah whispered, "Pay attention to what you read, little ones. When we go home I shall ask you to write what you remember."

Arrived at our cheerless rooms above the saloon, our stage mother fulfilled her intent. She had bought a cheap writing pad on the way. She tore out pages from it and placed one of them before each of us.

Goldie, who played the baby in our repertoire, printed with difficulty and with doubtful legibility her recollections of the cat that was a fiddler and an acrobatic bovine that leaped over the moon. Jimmy spelled reasonably his memory of pirates. I scribbled a verse from Tennyson that had stamped itself upon my brain.

"Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me,
Until I am quite, quite sure
That there is one to love me."

She looked from the verse to me and back to the verse.

"Have I made any mistake?" I asked.

"No."

Looking at her she seemed to me a little gray wraith, gray of hair, of face, of cheap, rough gown. She looked into my face then out into the leaden twilight.

"You are not angry with me?" I asked.

Her thin arms drew me to her meager bosom. There was a sob in her throat.

"Poor, poor child!" she said. "You have begun the chase that is as old as the world, the quest of love."

"Is that something to be sad about?"

She drew me closer.

"It is inevitable," she said. "We cannot escape it. It will lead you to the heights or depths. God knows which!"

THAT night I awoke in the stuffy little room. I thought she had risen to open the window to let in the fresh night air cleansed of the taint of stale beer and whisky, mounting from below. But the dusty little window remained closed against intruding odors and alcoholic odors. Instead the little figure knelt beside our bed. Its outlines of drab flannelette quivered. The little hands, longitudinally ridged as are the hands of age, were thrust before her upon the coarse counterpane.

"Dear God! Help her! Save her! Pity the young, tender feet! Guide them along the paths of innocence."

The thin whisper ceased. Mother Cheridah slipped back to bed beside me.

"She was praying for me." The thought held me silent. Mother Cheridah had been praying for me, but she would not have me know. Her thin arm sought my shoulders. It encircled them as a mother does her infant. So lying we fell asleep.

The next morning as I slipped out of bed, on the side where she had knelt my foot encountered something small and glossy. It was an old photograph of the leading man. I handed it to Mother Cheridah. She colored, paled, frowned and tossed it into a bureau drawer.

The night of my promotion to play opposite the leading man was one of trepidation. Outwardly I was calm.

"She has the family poise," whispered the second old man of the company.

BUT within me was a frightening tremor. My heart was as water. An ague seemed to possess me. As an accompaniment to this inward tremulousness, I heard a faint, continuous click, as of distant castenets. But it was close beside me. Mother Cheridah's teeth were chattering.

"That's your cue. Go!" She pushed me forward.

I was enveloped by the grayish blackness of the stage. Beyond was a spotted radiance, the faintly perceptible ovals of the faces of the audience. I stretched forth my arms. Groping; groping.

Out of the blackness emerged a huge, dark outline. I shuddered within and without. Charles Marston's resemblance to a great bat, creature of the darkness, was more striking than before. I stifled a scream. I wanted to run off the stage. But something within me, the ghost of a dead mime, one of those ancestors who had

been pushed off the sidewalk as unworthy to walk beside staid persons who would later boo or applaud him in a play, one of the "rogues and vagabonds" that had been denied citizenship by the shocked law of Great Britain, commanded me to go on.

My arms that were closing stiffened to their task. I advanced. My outstretched fingers touched the rough tweed of Charles Marston's coat. My nostrils caught



Charles Marston flung his strong arms about me . . . "Lights!" roared the stage manager.

the fragrance of fresh leather, of well sponged and pressed cloth, of a newly shaven cheek and lately brushed hair—the pungent, pleasing aroma of the well groomed man. Charles Marston flung his strong arms about me.

"Pink, lovely little one!" His voice was husky. "Fragrance of all womanhood!"

A sharp, sibilant gasp from the audience. Its reaction to the suspense of the slow scene in the dark, the capture of the girl trying to find light in the darkness, was perfect. The curtain fell to applause.

"Lights!" roared the stage manager.

CHARLES MARSTON walked mechanically away to his dressing room. I stood as he had left me. Staring, swaying.

"Out of the way!" A scene shifter, dragging a painted back drop, swore. The inevitable fireman that watches for signs of flame back stage grinned. A gasp, an echo of the one from the audience, and I seemed to rise from a sea of oblivion into consciousness. I ran off stage, colliding with Mother Cheridah and the littlest girl of the company.

"You were right. Just right, dear," said our company mother. "Now change. Quick!"

In a white dress I was "discovered" in the next act plucking roses for the dinner table. In the next dancing with a lean, awkward youth who played a bashful swain. In the last I was a bridesmaid at the wedding of the happy bride. A commonplace rôle, as minor characters go, on the stage. It was the dark scene that was novel. That which held for me, from the first, strange terrors.

Charles Marston, seemed scarcely to notice my presence. It was only for the five minutes of the dark scene that we played opposite each other that he ever seemed aware of me. He always walked away as the lights were turned on. Then I went to the dressing room which I shared with the company mother and the littlest girl.

THERE came a day, all midnight, when Mother Cheridah slipped out into a heavy fog from the river to bring us our dinner after the matinée. The old stage door man rapped at the door and handed us a small basket.

Through the closed door we heard the stage door man's raucous voice speaking in staccato tones to the stage manager.

"Looks like the little old woman's done for. Struck by a dray on the last step of the crossing. 'Grips' said he heard the very bones of her crack. She handed him the basket and said, 'Give the children their dinner.' She's fainted. 'Grips' called an ambulance."

The littlest girl did not hear. She was lifting the dishes from the basket.

"Stay where you are, dear," I said and closed the door behind me. I pushed past the bulky door-keeper guarding the stage door. I ran through the dark alley to the street. Too late! From the door of the ambulance the stage manager waved his hand.

"Go back and stay!" he shouted. "Grips" turned to look at me. Like most property men bearing that curious nickname, he was kind of heart. His eyes overflowed. He led me gently back to the stage door.

I never again saw our little gray mother. The company left town that night for its next week-stand. I asked the stage manager for news of her.

"Pretty badly hurt," he admitted.

"Will she come back to the company?" I asked.

"Not soon," he answered.

It was when a subscription list was passed around for

flowers next day that I knew what had happened. Mother Cheridah was dead.

It was this night that Charles Marston looked at me for the first time. Before he had been strangely uninterested. He had looked toward me, above me, past me, but never at me. Once I had thought his eyes were traveling toward me while we stood in the first entrance. But while I had waited for his glance to fall upon me, something deflected the dark stream, half liquid, half fire, from his eyes. In the dusk behind me Mother Cheridah had stood. In the dimness of the narrow entrance her face looked a pale flame. Her eyes, staring at Marston, had widened like those of a cat in the dark, about to spring.

With the bit of crayon that melted in the candle flame, I put the last bead upon my lashes. One minute remained. I surveyed myself. I took stock of what I saw. A tall figure, well proportioned and deliciously rounded. Face, a fine oval. Complexion, a natural mingling of the whiteness of milk and the blush of pink roses. Eyes, a daringly brilliant, a little hard tonight, but alluring in their setting of thick, curling lashes and brows dark and definite as a bird's wing.

Tonight, though, I was making acquaintance with my own beauty. I had been formally introduced to it. I thrilled with the knowledge that it was an unusual beauty. It had an extraordinarily vital quality. It glowed as a live coal.

In years I was fifteen—but in beauty and dignity I was twenty.

Steps passed my door. The comedy scene was over. It was time for me to go to the wings to await the dark scene.

AS I opened my dressing room door, the glow from another dressing room met the light that came from mine. Charles Marston stood in the doorway. He looked at me. His strange, potent eyes challenged, possessed me. From the point where my hair curled softly away from its parting, along the profile of my face, down the lines of my gold colored gown to the point of my satin slipper, his dark gaze ran. After it my consciousness ran as a river of ice, then of fire.

He smiled and bowed. Shy, afraid, I walked to the first entrance to the stage. I heard his strong step following. The stage manager was scolding a local property man for faulty manipulation of the curtain.

I played the scene as usual. I went groping my way about the stage, arms outstretched blindly, seeing something in the gloom. Toward me came the tall, dark figure of Marston. So far his embrace always had been simulated. Tonight it was crushingly real. He murmured the words of the impassioned stage speech. Then he added one of his own.

"You maddening little beauty," he whispered. He held me a moment longer than usual. Close, close to him. And now I thought he was no longer a bat, but a great black snake, breaking me to pieces within its folds.

"Strike!" shouted the head property man.

The lights shone out. The property men seized the furniture, shifted the painted scenery. I stood alone in the middle of the stage. Marston was walking slowly away to his dressing room.

AFTER the last act of the play the stage manager rapped upon my door. "We're all going to the same hangout when we get to the next town tonight. There's only one big boarding house—they call it a family hotel—in this one night stand. The wife and the littlest girl will sleep together. She will be the



I awoke with the oppressive sense of nightmare . . . The figure that seemed to bulk dark in the little room—was Marston's.

stage mother after this. She says you are able to take care of yourself. I guess you are. Ready? We'll follow them to the train."

A square built, brown frame structure, old and untidy, was this theatrical boarding house. Even in the watery light of a late, diminishing moon and the feeble gleam from a lamp post, it showed patches of white where the paint had been worn away. It looked as though it should have been scraped from roof to street level.

UP THE narrow, uncarpeted stairs to the room where the littlest girl was already asleep. A hasty midnight luncheon, of crackers and cheese from a paper bag.

"Your room, the second from ours, on the right," said the stage manager's wife. "Guess you'll be all right."

I paused a moment in the doorway. My lips moved. I wanted to make overtures to the woman who was tucking the shabby coverlet about the wee actress's chin. But a look from her small gray eyes, and I turned from the pinched, thin lipped face. A plain woman who hated beauty because she saw in it something that held potentialities for evil. A woman who loved little children, but who cared nothing for those children while they paused on the verge of womanhood. Paused at what might be the path to a field of wholesome living or a precipice of adventure. She had washed her hands of me.

Lifting my head high and answering coldly her bitten off "Good night," I carried my bag to the room that had been assigned to me.

I tossed my bag on the bed, fumbled for matches and lit the gas. I closed the door and tried to lock it. The

rusty key refused to perform its office. The door had sagged. Many years had shrunk it. A crevice at the top and another at the bottom revealed that shrinkage.

I started back toward the door of the room occupied by the stage manager's wife. Her forbidding little face swam out of the darkness toward me. I turned away with a half sob. I made my way through the hall, tripped upon the torn carpet, and recovered my balance by seizing a banister. I groped my way downstairs to the door of what might have been an office, and ventured inside. I groped in vain for the gas fixture. I called. My answer was darkness and silence. Then I remembered that the stage manager had said the men of the company would sit in at a game of poker and that it probably would last until morning. So I went back to my room.

"In an emergency remember that a chair may be as good as a key." It was one of our stage mother's maxims. Looking about for a chair, I found that the only one in the tiny room had been absurdly abbreviated. Perhaps to hide its shabbiness, maybe to aid in some sordid plot, its legs had been amputated by six inches. I tried to place it across the door, its back beneath the doorknob, to hold the knob as in a vise. It did not meet it by the missing six inches.

Placing the chair before the door, my traveling bag on the chair, I undressed. Then I slipped between the dubious sheets, and fell into the sleep of exhaustion.

SUDDENLY I awoke with the oppressive sense of nightmare still upon me. I heard a line from the play: "Pink, lovely little one, fragrance of all womanhood!"

The whisper was Charles Marston's. The figure that seemed to bulk, darker than the [Turn to page 98]



Frederick Arnold Kummer

*Author of "The Ivory Snuff-box"
and "Plaster Saints."*

*This
Famous
Author
and
Father
Asks:*

Is ONE Wife Enough?

EVERY woman is at heart a monogamist. The "other woman," to her, is like the traditional red flag to the bull. Solomon, in spite of his reputed wisdom, she secretly regarded as a gray-bearded old reprobate. With all the devices at her command she insists upon exclusive possession of one particular man. Her front yard is liberally placarded with signs, warning all other females to "keep off the grass." Why is this? What instinct causes it? Is monogamy a fundamental law of nature, or merely an artificial standard of conduct, imposed upon man by woman for reasons of her own? An answer to these questions can not fail to throw much light upon the knotty problem we call marriage.

There has long existed a popular belief that our present-day civilization owes its development to the practice of monogamy. Like many popular beliefs, it is fallacious. Instead of civilization being a product of monogamy, monogamy is a product of civilization, and evidence is not wanting that it has outlived its usefulness. The history of the Caucasian races shows not only a gradual elimination of the plural wife, but a tendency toward the elimination of any wife at all. Marriage, as an institution, is falling into disrepute. Whose fault is this, man's, or woman's?

If we go back to the dawn of history, we find that

polygamy was not only a highly respected institution, but one upon which the upward progress of the race largely depended. In spite of all attempts to cast opprobrium upon it, to classify it as a "sin," it occupied a place in the evolution of the human race, the importance of which can scarcely be overestimated.

We look upon Solomon as the great exponent of polygamy, only because he and his thousand wives have been so thoroughly advertised. Yet for countless generations before his time the plural wife was the rule, not the exception. Monogamy, as a social theory, did not exist. Biblical history, with its vivid picture of primitive life, shows us the patriarch surrounded by his wives and concubines as an eminently respectable figure.

IN EARLY tribal life the man of superior physical and mental endowments usually rose to a position of leadership in his clan. His shrewdness in counsel, his skill and cunning in the pursuit of game, his strength and courage in battle, all combined to make him the natural leader of those about him. Such a man, by reason of his power, was not only able to secure the greatest number of wives, but the young women of the tribe felt it an honor to be numbered among them, since there was a stirring in their rudimentary feelings. [Turn to page 99]

*And
This
Famous
Authoress
and
Mother
Answers:*



Adela Rogers St. John

*Author of "The Worst Woman in Hollywood" and "The Eyes of the Blind,"
and whose startling new novel is soon to appear.*

YES! *Or the World Would
Go Back to the Stone Age*

TO THE minds of women today such a suggestion as modern polygamy is as absurd as a serious proposal to voluntarily discontinue the use of electricity and return to the antiquated forms of light, heat and power.

There is no woman in the civilized world today to whom the thought of polygamy as a racial custom and law is not obnoxious in the highest degree. That is a broad statement, but I make it without the slightest fear of contradiction. And such a unanimity of opinion among women, most of whom are striving upward in their daily living, must indicate a right principle in the background.

Monogamy is an institution which is enshrined within the heart of every woman. It is indissolubly welded in her thought with chastity and purity, the virtues which hold the world together. It is connected in her every instinct with the better and nobler things which she hopes to see become more and more powerful.

Little by little, through centuries, the human race has been divesting itself of many of the grosser forms of materialism, many of the ancient and deplorable customs of times and people who had not come to know God as Spirit, and man—His image and likeness—as inherently spiritual. Any man who advocates a return to licentiousness advocates the return of savagery—

for polygamy is obviously the institution of the savage.

Slavery, once an accepted institution in most parts of the world, has almost disappeared. Woman, bound by generations to a subordinate and oftentimes shameful position, has come forth to take her rightful place in the world.

Not the least of the barriers which once stood between man and his rights as an idea of a Great Intelligence, was the practice of polygamy. The right to marry or the necessity for marrying many wives instead of one has passed with other low and horrible customs, never to return. And it has passed with the coming of intellectual rule. Monogamy is dictated by logic; polygamy by animal instinct. We must not forget that the Biblical patriarchs would have been considered barbarians by our standards.

MONOGAMY, the marriage with only one wife, is a state of progress, a state earned by woman and a standard of conduct absolutely essential to the spiritual and intellectual development of the race.

In every religious thought that is familiar to educated people at the present time, the highest state of spiritual attainment is celibacy. The man or woman who dedicates himself to a life of religious work is in many instances sworn to a state of [Turn to page 101]

When A Man LAUGHS

Life had been cruel and in his bitterness he laughed. Then after long years he turned to look back at his success, and found—

WHEN I was a young man, I was desperately poor. I worked my way through college, which wasn't so easy in those days as it is now. My father and mother died at sea in a shipwreck, when I was about ten, and after that I pretty much had to face the game for myself.

My only relative was my Aunt Julia, an old maid. She lived in New York in a dingy rooming-house, nearly starving herself to death with miserliness. She had a little money, but because of her stingy habits people thought she was wealthy. There are lots of misers who are poor.

She was a strange woman. In spite of the way she denied herself comforts and hoarded up every penny, she was a true snob. On the few occasions when I saw her, she would never fail to remind me that I was a Garve and therefore above the run of common men.

"I don't care about that," I would answer bitterly. "But what good does it do me, when I have to go around shabby, and walk for lack of a trolley fare, and wonder where my next meal is coming from?"

IT WAS clear to me how crazy my Aunt Julia's snobishness was. I did nearly everything that would buy me food or a bed. Then those years in college, when I couldn't go to games because I had to pick up a few cents pressing clothes for some more fortunate classmate; when I had to crawl along with a few second-hand books, stint myself with miserable economies—all drove home their lesson.

I didn't make many friends; I didn't have time. But I told myself that I was going to make *money*, if I had to destroy everything to do it! An inordinate ambition filled me. I was so bitter at the privations I'd experienced that I wasn't going to be content with mere comfort, I was going to get luxury—millions! I knew the extent of my determination and the price I was willing to pay for it.

But I didn't guess what the price could be.

WHEN I graduated at last, a boy by the name of Tim Martin invited me for the whole summer at his people's place in Bannington. Summer was coming on, and I had a few dollars saved. I thought it over. I hadn't had a day's real vacation for years;



I don't know how to describe her. I can't. I just fell in love with her.

even Sundays and holidays were filled up with work—whatever work I could get.

Though I was impatient to begin some sort of career, the appeal of a little time all to myself, without having to think about food or necessities, was too much to resist. I told Tim that I'd go to New York, try to land a

S at LOVE



big wholesale paper house, Ashton & Company. I was to start the first of September and get twenty dollars a week. The future looked vague to me, but I told myself I was going to win somehow.

BANNINGTON, in those days, was more a fishing town than a resort. The Martins had a comfortable little cottage right on the bay. They were kind, simple, generous people, and I looked forward to a peaceful and easy summer—the sort of time I'd always missed and always wanted.

After I'd been there for a couple of days, Tim Martin confided to me that he liked a girl in the village—a fisherman's daughter. I looked at his good-natured, rather weak face, with its round, unsuspecting eyes, with amusement. I'd never had time for girls, nor the money that was necessary to spend on them. I was interested, and Tim offered to take me around and introduce me.

When I walked down that narrow village street with Tim I never thought that I was walking into Fate. There were the fishermen's homes and the nets drying in the sun and the blue water showing between the houses—all very calm and peaceful.

Tim stopped and knocked at a door, and soon a girl came out to greet us.

IT'S rather difficult for me to describe Hope Galloway as I first saw her. You know, it doesn't mean anything to say a woman's pretty, or that her eyes are blue or brown. It's just the main impression that you get.

I had a confused feeling when looking at her. She was tall and slim, and her face was gentle and innocent and wise. She was graceful; and there was something tender about her. I don't know how to describe her. I can't. I just fell in love with her.

I was silent on the way back with Tim, and then somehow, stumbly, I told him. He looked at me in a sort of frightened way. Then he gave a short, awkward laugh.

"Well, it's all right, isn't it, Dick?" he said. "We're both in it. But, before God, I'll beat you if I can!"

TIM and I were friendly enough, but there grew up a certain constraint between us. He was in love with Hope, but he found he couldn't hang on as hard as I. The girl was fond of him, I saw that. But I got her. I beat her resistance down; I made her love me.

The night came when I held her in my arms for the first time. I kissed her over and over again. Then she put her head on my shoulder and cried a little. When I asked her pretty huskily if she cared for me, she whispered a faint little "Yes."

I was so happy that I was almost delirious. For a little while I forgot all the wonderful things I meant to do. In the fall I'd take Hope to New York and live on my little salary, and struggle to make it a better one. As long as I had her with me, nothing else mattered. I wanted money now all right, but not for personal power—just to give her the things a woman loves.

Tim took the thing without flinching. He stopped going to see her, of course, and began to look a little

job for the next fall, and then join him at Bannington.

Ambition and determination will get you there in the end, but they don't pull the trick right away, by any means. I had hard work finding any kind of job in New York without connections to help me.

Finally I got the promise of a clerical position in a

thin. But he was a good loser; there wasn't a sound out of him. I guess his people worried more about him than he did himself. But they, too, were fair and decent.

Though I lived with the Martins, I was with Hope almost all the time. She lived alone with her old father. The old fellow would glance at me out of his weather-beaten eyes and shrug his shoulders—his daughter's life and destiny he left to herself.

Everything was different now. I'd take walks over the dunes with Hope, and every instant would be stamped on my memory. The look in her eyes, the low sound of her voice, the way she would creep into my arms and shyly press her lips against mine, her interest

in everything I did and thought—it was pretty wonderful to me! I lived like a man in a dream.

Then all at once something came along to wake me up. With a bound I came down to earth, facing the hard, practical facts of life, as I'd trained myself to do.

ONE WEEK-END a friend of Mr. Martin's, a man named Burke, came up from New York. He was about forty, and you felt that he had money as soon as you looked at him. He'd been in the diplomatic service in Mexico, was a bachelor, and liked to drink. This last was to prove a bitter fact to me.

Once I was listening vaguely to a conversation between him and Mr. Martin—they were old friends—my thoughts on Hope all the while. But soon I heard Burke explaining how money was made by advance knowledge of diplomatic secrets.

"I wish you'd tell me a few," said Mr. Martin ruefully. "I've no objection to making a little money."

Burke grinned.

"Right now I know something a man could make a small fortune on with only a thousand dollars investment.

But it would mean hanging for me, or something like it, if it was traced back!"

I went away with his words echoing dimly in my head. I hadn't a thousand dollars, of course, but just the same I would have liked to have known that secret. That was the way I'd like to make money—just get my hands on capital, and then turn it over!

That night I came in late, after coming from



I could imagine Hope . . . going away alone. I hated Lila Shirley's slightly mocking air.

Hope. There was a light in the Martins' library, but all the family had already gone to bed. Burke was sitting alone, smoking and studying the ceiling. He greeted me with immense cordiality—at his elbow reposing a half-empty bottle of whisky.

THERE was no doubt about it, Burke was quite drunk. Although his accent was all right, he spoke very slowly and forgot what he was saying every other moment. Suddenly an idea came to me—the memory of that secret he had mentioned.

Now, I'm not claiming any sainthood for myself. I've explained what I'd been through from the time when I was only a kid and my determination to get money by any means. Unscrupulous as it undoubtedly was—yet deliberately I began to question him.

He looked suspicious at once, and got away from my answers. I thought there was no hope. Then suddenly, without my even asking, he told me what I wanted to know.

Even now, after all these years, I hesitate to put down what I heard that night. But I can give you a kind of analogy to make it a little clearer.

It was like this: the Mexican government had offered a tentative option to an American syndicate on a certain privilege. For a thousand dollars used at once, anyone could secure that option first, and then resell it to the syndicate at a percentage that usury would be a polite name for.

That isn't the actual thing, but it's a case like it, and my imagination was fired. I went to bed, but not to sleep. For the first time Hope was supplanted in my thoughts by my old ambition. If only I could get a thousand dollars! If only somehow I could get this amount of money!

All at once, I thought of my Aunt Julia. She had it. I was sure of it, and to my excited mind as I lay in my bed tossing restlessly there seemed no reason why she should refuse me. I would promise to pay it back no matter what happened. Why, there wasn't anything that could stop me!

Coolly, I abolished obstacles and performed a hundred clever acts in imagination.

THE next morning, Mr. Burke looked at me with the sharpest air he could muster. His eyes were bloodshot.

"Quite a talk we had last night," he said. "But I'll have to ask you not to repeat the things I told you."

Something told me he was uncertain of his ground. Without hesitation, I assumed a look of surprise.

"What things?" I asked. "About that hunting trip of yours, you mean?"

Instantly he looked relieved. I had guessed right. He was not sure whether he had let out any important information or not. He went back to the city on the morning train. As soon as he had gone, I made my excuses to Tim and his people, and told them that I had to go to New York myself, and that I would be back in

two days—if they still wanted me to be their guest.

Hope clung to me passionately, when I went to her to say good-by; she begged me not to leave her.

"I'll be back before you know it," I told her. "Listen! Today is Monday. I'll come back Wednesday morning on that first train."

"Promise me?" she said.

I nodded. "I promise!"

She put up her hands and touched my hair. "I don't know what you've done to me," she murmured, "but I can't get along without you any more. And I'm afraid—afraid even to have you go that far away from me!"

I held her in my arms and told her how much I loved her. It comes back to me now, after many years, the memory of that kiss, that good-by in the quiet summer air!

I shall never forget it—for it has always been my heart's best and purest moment.

Have You a Problem?

HAVE you a problem which has puzzled you and the solution of which might help others to solve theirs? If you have one, write a letter to us and SMART SET readers may be able to help. Let's talk things over together.

We do not believe that any one person's opinion is sufficient to decide the right and wrong of a question—but we do believe that if we submit it to our readers we will find the answer to almost any troublesome problem.

If you would like to see a READERS' EXCHANGE department in SMART SET, where we could discuss budgets and love and cooking recipes, write and tell us so. We want to know just how much interest it will command.

IN THE city at last, my aunt appeared surprised to see me. I found her sitting stiff and upright on the single chair of her room, her sharp eyes piercing me, while I awkwardly sat down on the edge of the bed. Though I came to the point bluntly, I tried to put every bit of appeal into my request.

"A thousand dollars?" she said shrilly. "I haven't any such sum—I'm not a millionaire! Are you insane, Richard? I'm a poor, miserable old woman, and it's all I can do to keep myself alive."

I was angry, because I didn't believe her.

"You know you could spare me that," I said. "I've not asked favors of you very often. But I do want this. And I'll pay you back the money twice over—no matter what hap-

pens." I put all the appeal into my voice I possessed.

An obstinate look crossed her face. "I suppose you want to make enough money," she said swiftly, "to marry this no-account girl—this fisherman's daughter!"

MY JAW dropped. "How did you know?" I asked in surprise.

She shook her head, smiling triumphantly. "I know more than people think!" she declared. "I wrote to this Mrs. Martin for reasons of my own. She told me what was happening. I was shocked. A Garve marrying a fisherman's daughter!"

"I may be a Garve," I said sombrely, "but at present I'm a pauper, and I'd like to see the Garve who could match this girl whom you despise without even knowing."

My aunt made a sudden gesture. "You don't mean to tell me you're actually planning to marry her!" she exclaimed with an air of horror.

"I mean it more than I ever meant anything in my life," I said grimly.

Then I got up. Still angry, and feeling defeated, I seized my hat.

"Wait!" said my aunt swiftly, in a faltering voice. "Wait, Richard! Don't go! I'm a poor old woman."



"Go away? . . . Why, I wouldn't dream of leaving when there's the slightest chance he might need me!"

but I—I might be able to find the money you want. If—if you won't go back to Bannington, and promise me never to see the girl again."

I stared at her in astonishment.

"You really think I'd go through with it on terms like that? Give her up for a thousand dollars? I guess you don't realize what she means to me. Never mind! I'll get help somewhere else."

I left the house, feeling tired and depressed. I kept thinking of Hope, and wondering what she was doing, whether she was thinking of me. I tried to imagine putting my arms around her, and feeling her young, warm body close to mine—recalling the scent of her hair, the low tones of her voice, the look in her big eyes.

Sometimes when you feel you're nearly beaten,

the best thing to do is to put on a bold front. I recklessly decided that for once I wouldn't economize by eating badly and cheaply: I'd blow myself to a big dinner in a fashionable restaurant.

I went over to Broadway and sauntered into a big, showy place where there was an orchestra. Cabarets hadn't been invented then, but this place was the last word in luxury at the time, and the atmosphere of wealth and color warmed me like a cordial.

I ordered what I liked, spending for a single item as much as ordinarily served me for a day or two. Glancing up from my table, when I was about half way through, I suddenly saw a woman enter.

SHE wasn't alone. There was a short, stout little man with her. I noticed his blunt fingers, and his aggressive eyes. But the woman was beautiful. She was slender and tremendously sure of herself. Her clothes must have cost a fortune. She was completely feminine and alluring; if you were a man, you couldn't help looking at her. But her eyes held a kind of contemptuous amusement. For a moment they met mine, then flickered idly away.

The rest of the meal I kept look-

ing at her out of curiosity. I thought she didn't see me, for she didn't glance my way once. She was so different from Hope—so much harder and crueller—yet so subtly fascinating.

The woman and her escort remained only a few moments. As she moved past my table, I caught a hint of faint perfume and saw her eyes lowered under the long lashes. Suddenly and so unexpectedly that I started, she shot a little card downwards into my fingers. I looked—and on it was engraved the name "Lila Shirley," and an address on Riverside Drive. Just beneath this was penciled one intoxicating line:

"You good-looking boy, who are you?"

I think I must have flushed. The woman was gone, and I sat there staring at the card. I was angry at myself for feeling the interest. [Turn to page 116]

I wasn't even man enough to go through honestly with my pledge. I had a mock ceremony performed.



*A Month
to Live! Just
Thirty Days in which to
Atone for a Great Wrong.*

Black Regrets

I AM a physician. For fifty years my life's work has been to render such relief as lay within my power to those afflicted with bodily ills.

But many times, however, I have been called upon to minister to mental ailments as well and to offer such counsel as lies within my power to those burdened with some great despair.

In such instances, I have always regarded myself like a priest or attorney, and have held all revelations sacred and inviolate.

But, on one occasion some years ago, a dying man put his story in writing and asked me to make it public when the passing of time and other circumstances would make it certain that the living principals could not be identified.

Here is the man's story—names and places only being fictitious—exactly as he wrote it in those long, bitter last days preceding his journey across the Great Divide. You may judge for yourself his reasons for wishing it published:

FOR hours the train had been tearing along through the storm-swept night, only occasional lightning flashes piercing the blackness. The rain beat against the panes, at times in sheets, then with the rat-tat-tat of scattered shot; the wind, angry and boisterous, gathered in strength and fury, till it seemed as if about to hurl the cars from the rails.

I looked at the passengers about me. All were nervous, worried, and some of them were badly frightened. Huddled in a chair, her back toward the windows, an old woman sat with closed eyes, her lips moving in silent prayer. Across from her a man, his face lined with anxiety, held with one arm a quivering woman.

I swung about. My foot touched that of my nearest neighbor—a young man. He gave a startled gasp, then swore softly at his display of nerves.

Disgusted, I almost laughed out loud. What was there in the howling wind to make grown men and women turn cowards? What was there in a swirl of rain to make them numb and sick with dread? Bah!

They should have seen life—and death—as I had seen it, in a thousand places. They would have laughed, then, at this mad prank of nature.

I stopped the conductor, who was lurching through the car.

"How long before we reach Harpersburg?" I asked him.

FOR an instant he looked at me dazed. Then, recollecting that my ticket was to that point, he shrugged his shoulders and drew his watch.

"We'll be there in twenty minutes, but if you get off on a night like this, you're crazy. It's open mountain country. You'd be blown away. Better ride on to Edmonds, where there's a hotel, and come back——"

"Thanks," I broke in, and began pulling on my raincoat. "I'm getting off at Harpersburg."

"All right. You know your own business best. There'll be a man at the station to take the mail—poor devil. He'll let you use a bench for the night, if you're not drowned first."

I knew the place probably better than he, though I had not seen it for seven years. A ghastly, widely-scattered town set high in the mountains, where the storm was sure to be at its worst. But could any storm hinder me, once I had set my mind on reaching a place? The thought twisted my lips into an ironic smile.

All my life I had been beating down

opposition, riding rough-shod over all handicaps—fearing neither God nor man. If death itself lay just beyond the station, I would not turn back.

In Port Said, the world's jumping-off place where I had all but cashed in, the doctors had informed me that I was about through, that my lungs were gone. By going to the mountains I would live a year; three months if I didn't, they said. I accepted their sentence as final.

Three months in which to make good, as far as was humanly possible, for the blunders of a lifetime. One precious month already was gone. Only my will had carried me through to Harpersburg. The beginning of my last great adventure was at hand. I would let nothing hold me back for an instant.

Then, suddenly, there came a series of shrieks from the engine's siren, the train staggered as if in protest at the stop. Buttoning my coat high across my throat, pulling my hat low and seizing my grip, I started for

the door, just as the conductor and porter appeared.

"I'll make it alone," I said brusquely, and as the vestibule door swung back I lurched down the slippery steps into the open. A torrent of rain slapped my face, a wild rush of wind all but toppled me over, but I gritted my teeth and flung myself toward the station, where sickly lights shone through the windows. As I groped for the door, a man clutching a sack of mail drew me inside.

He brushed the water from his eyes, looked at me quizzically, then:

"Why the devil did you get off at this hole on such a night?" he asked.

Another man afraid of the elements. I laughed tauntingly as I dropped to a bench.

"Can you tell me if the Payton place is occupied?"

"Why, yes," he gasped. "But you can't get there tonight. It's a mile up the mill road and ankle deep in mud. You'll have to wait until daylight."

I shrugged his suggestion aside, then forcing my voice to hold true, put the question that meant so much:

"You can do one thing before I die—bring the little one . . . I want to make her like me—"

"Does Emily Payton live there now?"

"Yes, but——"

I MOTIONED him to silence. My race against death had not been in vain. I would see her again—soon.

"That's all I wanted to know. Take care of my grip till I send for it. I know the way perfectly." I replaced my hat and began to button my coat.

"Wait," he said, and the look in his eyes showed plainly he believed me insane. Stepping to a stove in a corner he poured me a cup of steaming coffee.

"Drink this," he continued. "It may keep your body and soul together till you get there—if you ever do."

The liquid burned as I gulped it down, but it revived my strength. I grasped his hand in both mine, then plunged into the downpour, my head bent to the wind. I depended upon the lightning flashes to locate familiar landmarks.

at that walk, from the instant I dropped from the platform into the muddy pools inches deep, it took the heart out of me. I had to fight every of the way. At last, when I had begun to think my memory had played me tricks, a flash of light threw everything into noonday relief, and straight



before me the house for which I had been searching stood silhouetted.

I plunged on, zig-zagged up the gravel walk and had all but reached the shelter of the veranda, when around the house there swept a blast that bore me back breathless. There was a sound of ripping timber from above. As I again staggered forward, a great limb, torn from the tree at my side, crashed upon me. The pain wrung a groan from my lips as I sprawled against the door, then everything went dark.

WHEN—hours later—I slowly regained consciousness, I realized that I was undressed and in bed; then I recollected the accident. The pain that throbbed through me convinced me well enough that I had been badly injured.

I heard voices, and opening my eyes, saw two men standing near, their bodies shielding me from the light.

"How is he, doctor?" one asked.

"He's past my skill, or that of any other physician's,"

replied the other. I closed my eyes. I wanted to hear the worst before they learned I was conscious.

"I can't understand it at all," the older one continued. "This man is in the last stages of consumption. To be out on such a night was sheer suicide. The exposure alone would have shortened his life by weeks, but that splintered branch has caused internal injuries which will simply hasten the end. He's too far gone to operate on."

"I suspected he was about done for when he fell against the door and I dragged him in here," said the other. "I was afraid he would die while I waited for the storm to let up. I'm glad Emily and Bessie were over at Clearfield. They'd have been worried sick."

"Paul," it was the older man speaking, "I'm afraid to move this poor fellow."

YOU don't have to move him. The least we can do is try to make him as comfortable as possible till the end. Wonder who he is? What was he doing around here on such a night?"

A sudden increase in pain made me gasp, and, turning, they noticed my eyes were open. Instantly the doctor was all action, asking questions to which I replied in whispers, as his deft hands went over my tortured body. Then he poured some drug into a glass of water and held it to my lips. A few minutes later I again became unconscious, temporarily out of misery.

It was broad daylight when I came out of my drugged sleep. My temples were throbbing, and my chest burning as if on fire.

But before I could do more than note that both men again were present, I went off into a paroxysm of coughing that I thought would tear the lungs from my chest.

Finally I sank back exhausted, quivering in every nerve and muscle. The doctor forced a few drops of liquid through my lips, relieving the

fearful dryness of my throat and the pain in my breast.

"Can you get along alone?" the man I had heard addressed as Sidney asked. The doctor nodded.

"Very well, then. I'll drive over and bring Emily and Bessie. It will take time, but I think my wife is the one we'll need most in a crisis like this."

Beneath the covers I clenched the nails deep into my palms; I set my teeth to stifle a cry.

"Emily—my wife." Those were the words he had used. But he could not be her husband—could not have taken my place, unless . . . I closed my eyes, trying to puzzle out the trick that fate appeared to be playing on me. It was a trick that threatened to thwart the plan that had brought me back from the earth's end. Then I heard footsteps, the soft closing of a door. The man had departed on his errand.

At last, realizing that I could not penetrate the shadows alone, I determined to question the physician.

"Doctor—" I was able somehow to keep all tremble out of my voice—"tell me the truth. Am I dying?"

He studied me intently. Then apparently satisfied that I possessed the nerve to hear the worst, calmly said:

"You must have known for some time that you were a doomed man. Exposure and this accident have brought your end nearer. I'll do all I can, but you have only a very short time. It could be counted in days."

Only a few days left. Surely fate was granting me no favors.

"I wish it were longer," I said. "There was something I wanted to do. I must have help. I have no friends to call upon. Won't you assist me?"

He nodded. The look in his kind old eyes sealed the pledge as he placed a hand over one of mine.

"Years ago I knew Emily Payton," I continued. "My coming here concerns her. I've neither seen nor heard from her for a long time. Tell me what has happened to her."

"I have been here only three years," the doctor told me. "What I know about Emily has come from others. Her life has been far from happy. No doubt you remember that as a girl she had considerable musical ability. She left here to study, and somewhere in the East met a wealthy, worthless young chap named Stanley. He followed her here, persuaded her to leave and they were married. But he was a rover, utterly unfit for such a splendid girl. After two years, in which she went with him half over the face of the globe, he left her—ran away—just a few months before her baby was born."

"**D**OCTOR," I interrupted, pulling myself to my elbow with an effort, "did that child live?"

"Why, yes. She is with her mother now. But the man died suddenly, without a chance to atone; killed in a railroad accident. Perhaps he deserved his fate, but I am too weak a human myself to pass judgment."

"And then?" I encouraged.

"Emily brought her baby—Bessie is her name—back here, and they lived with the old folks until they died. Paul Lestange, an artist from Boston, used to board with her people summers while he painted around here in the mountains. Emily and he fell in love and were married a year ago."

"And," I stammered a bit, as I put the query, "does he love the child of the other man?"

"Devotedly. He is the kind who loves all children. I think it was his affection for the little one which first caused Emily to look upon him with favor."

For a moment or two I closed my eyes, nerving myself for what was to come. Then:

"Your story is wrong in one particular. Frederick Stanley was not killed."

THERE was no doubt my statement startled him. Amazement, bewilderment, and doubt—I noted all these in the intent look focussed upon me.

"Then you were heading for this place when you were injured?" he said, finally.

"Yes, but I had no idea Emily had remarried."

"But you could have waited to see her. You need not have come out on such a night."

"Doctor, there is only one way for you to understand. You must hear my story. It is the story of a worthless man, but still one who at the eleventh hour set out to right some of the wrongs he had done. I can still accomplish some good if you will listen and help me."

His brow remained clouded, but he nodded for me to go on.

"I am thirty-five years old," I said, "but in that period

I have lived ages—seen wickedness in every form. My career has been wilder and more useless than most men's, and for no other reason than that I permitted my selfish instincts to govern me.

"I was born in the East, the only child of wealthy parents, and from my earliest recollections I can't think of a time when they denied me anything. They mistook indulgence for affection. They spoiled me completely. I detested anything which did not contribute to my pleasures, rebelled at anything even resembling restraint.

"When my father and mother died within a short time of each other, my period of mourning was brief. With unlimited money to spend, I broke all restraint, and began living the life that made me the wreck you see today.

"I went to New York and plunged into a life of drinking, gambling, dancing, with every now and then a different and prettier girl to help me squander my income. Then, one night when I was not quite sober, a little child ran against me in the street and tripped me.

THAT trifling incident was like pouring oil on live coals to me. I had always hated children. In an instant I was whirling my cane, striking the child again and again, until someone knocked me down. I probably would have been killed by the angry mob which soon gathered, but for the interference of a policeman. It



only by spending a great deal of money that my
neys were able to hush the case, and I took their
advice and went to Europe.

I stayed there for some years, drifting from place
to place, a victim of wanderlust, content with nothing;
always searching for new pleasures. There were two
or three women whom I liked well enough to have
married, but the thought that they might bear me chil-
dren held me back. I must be free to come and go at
will, and children were an encumbrance.

But, after a long period abroad, I began to long to
see my own country again. I was surfeited with the
sham and the show of the European capitals. I thought
I was tired of it all, even of my own heedless existence.
And so I came back—to God's country. It would have
been better if I hadn't, if I had gone on until death had
found me in some low haunt on the other side of the
world. For I didn't know myself. I didn't know my
reform was only imaginary.

THEN I met Emily Payton and became infatuated
with her. She was the sweetest and most beau-
tiful girl I had ever seen. I determined to win her. I
made love to her, and though she admitted that she
loved me in return, I knew that only with a wedding
ceremony would she come to me.

"Then quite suddenly and without making an ex-
planation, she returned to her home here. It
was not until long after that I learned it
was because, in her hearing, I had once
voiced my intense dislike for children. I
followed her, and after months of
coaxing, persuaded her to run away
with me—to be married. But I
wasn't man enough to go through
honestly with even that pledge."


The doctor started to speak, but I raised my hand.
"We haven't time for accusations," I said. "I must
finish before they get back."

He bowed. "I shall not interrupt," he promised.

"The rest of the story is brief," I continued. "I had
a mock ceremony performed—I wanted to be sure I
was satisfied with my bargain before I tied myself to
anyone. Our life drifted along pleasantly for a time.
We travelled about the world through a dozen lands.
I paid no heed to Emily's pleas that we settle down and
establish a home. Then, one day, I learned the reason.
She told me that within a few months she would become
a mother.

"Never in my life was I so angry. She knew I hated
children. I felt that she had tricked me. I raised my
hand to strike her—but instead I fled.

THE incident took place in London, where I had
banked all my funds. I left enough money with
a solicitor for Emily to return to America, then I placed
thousands in gold and bills in a belt about my waist,
donned old clothing and took a train for Switzerland—
to hide. In a sense, fate played into my hands. In the
dead of night we collided with another train. Dozens
were killed. For a time I helped in the rescue work,



The same instinct, that made other children
turn from me, held her back . . . I could not
persuade my own child to come to me!

putting aside the dead. Then a thought came to me. Why not pretend to pass off as a victim of the accident, arrange things so that Emily would think I had been killed? Such a scheme would rid me of her—and the child—forever.

"I bent over the body of a man whose features had been crushed beyond recognition. He would do for my purpose. I drew off my coat, in which was my wallet containing my passports and other papers, and pulled it down him. I left on a rescue train, and the following day I assumed a new name and began the wanderings which have lasted seven years."

In spite of all the will power I could bring to bear, I was becoming exhausted. Noticing my plight, the doctor handed me a drink containing a strong drug.

"A month ago," I went on then, "they told me that I was beyond hope, that I would probably die before noon. There came a sudden desire to undo some of the mischief I had wrought, to atone for at least a few of my false steps. For the first time, I wanted to learn what had become of my child. Then there was another reason. I was determined that all the money I still possessed should be transferred to Emily. My resolve to reach Emily without delay became almost a mania with me. My stubborn nature battled against every obstacle. That was why I plunged heedlessly into the storm that night."

BY THIS time my reserve strength was almost spent, and the last thing I remembered was the doctor giving me a sleeping potion and my drifting off to rest.

It was afternoon when I again became conscious. As I lay there, with the sunlight playing upon the walls, my nerve, for the first time in my life, threatened to leave me.

What would Emily be like? How would she greet me? Would she accept my offer to place what remained of my fortune in her hands? These and other disturbing thoughts kept repeating themselves in my mind.

Then there came a footfall. The door opened and closed, and Emily stood before me, the Emily of old days, still gloriously beautiful despite the tragic light which lay in her deep, intelligent eyes.

I stretched out a feeble hand. She came close, seated herself in a chair at my bedside. She placed a little hand over mine.

For a long time we sat in silence, looking across the stretch of years which separated us—forever.

Then, in a voice which would tremble, I asked her if she could find it in her heart to forgive me.

"I feel, I cannot tell you how sorry I am that you are ill. There were tears in her eyes as she spoke, but in her voice there was a note which told me that the past—our past—was dead.

"The doctor has told everything," she said then. "I have thought matters over, deliberately and carefully. Now I must speak plainly, honestly, even though my words hurt you.

"YOU must realize that the last spark of affection I had for you died when you deserted me. You made life bitter long before that, and even your supposed death didn't soften me. When the doctor told me that you were alive, here in this house, and dying, I was shocked. Your return threatened to wreck the new and happier life I had found. Even the deception you practiced to make me believe you had been killed could bring no further feeling of resentment. I was too stunned, too wretched.

"Before I married I told my husband everything of my past. If your identity becomes known to people now,

it would only reopen old wounds, make life harder for me and the child you refused to acknowledge. You never should have come back."

"But," I interposed, "I didn't know you were married. I hoped to atone a little for the past. I wanted to place you and our child beyond want forever before I passed out."

Again she shook her head.

"I know you mean well, but you have made a mistake. If you have any affection left for us, you will tell no one else who you are. It's hard for me to say these things, but our secret must remain a secret. The child does not know the truth, and she never must."

"But the money," I interposed. "Even if you will not accept it, should it not be placed in trust for the child? She is a girl. Some day she may need it."

"No," she said firmly, "absolutely nothing must be done to resurrect the past. If you want to protect her future, you must remain silent. Give your money to someone else. We don't want it. Please, please, grant me this favor. It will be the kindest thing you've ever done—for me."

Despite my utmost efforts, the tears streamed from my eyes. Within the very shadow of death I was to be balked in my efforts to make restitution. But though Emily's tears flowed as freely as mine, her purpose did not falter.

"Very well," I said finally, "it shall be as you wish. It is hard, but I shall bow to the inevitable. I have done too much harm. But you can do one thing which will give me pleasure—bring the little one with you when you come. I want to—make her like me."

"I will," she answered, and passing her hand across her forehead, she staggered from the room.

FOR hours, it seemed, I lay with closed lids, thinking over the wreck I had made of my life. It was while tormented with these black regrets that I fixed upon the plan of writing the story of my life to be left as a warning for others who have been as blind and ignorant as I.

Not until the following morning did Emily come again—bringing a bowl of broth. I had been awake since daylight, anticipating her coming, for as I expected she brought Bessie with her.

How much better it would have been had she broken her word! The girl, a beautiful child, with the same black hair, the same great understanding eyes of Emily, followed her mother into the room—but drew back when she caught sight of me. The same instinct that had made other children turn and run from me, held her back. Like the others, she sensed the child hatred that had been a part of me for so many years. No pleading upon my part or coaxing by Emily could persuade her to come into my outstretched arms.

Finally she whirled about and fled. In the bitterness of the realization that I could not inspire faith even in my own child, I put my trembling hands over my eyes and wept unashamed.

That was the only time I ever saw my child.

This is the story of my life. But, before putting it aside and turning to face the end, I must add a few words for those who will read it sometime in the years to come.

Never forget that a woman's love is one of life's greatest blessings; that a child is a gift straight from God Himself. Against these all the money in the world counts for nothing. Money cannot purchase lost affection; and what is more, it cannot wipe out a single wrong.

If You Were Dying To-night

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. Tomorrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A Re-built Man

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

All I Ask Is Ninety Days

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.



Earle E. Liederman,
The Muscle Builder

A Real Man

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders, and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he-man. You have the dash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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The Freedom I Craved

(Continued from page 55)

and he'll come across, all right." The way things started. Mother permitted me to have Maime or to visit me; they were frank flappers and invitations from to house-parties were invariably refused for me. Carmen, however, welcomed because of her gentle side and well-bred demeanor. So when her mother wrote and asked me to join at their home on Long Island, was no objection.

After, naturally, didn't dream that Blackwell had gone to Chicago and Carmen had merely used the Blackwell Manor stationery and signed the little note: Alice Blackwell.

"There are to be four girls and four at the party," giggled Carmen, when arrived. "I've dismissed the servants for the evening so we can romp all we want."

When the housekeeper gets back she is as prim as ice, but for once you have a taste of real fun."

"I'll say we had fun. From the moment of piling into the big sleigh at the station to the dreamy dancing in the empty ballroom—a room that would accommodate five hundred and that seemed vast for eight of us—I enjoyed every moment."

When Carmen served hot, spiced drinks, George looked at me questioningly.

"I know you would prefer coffee, Pris."

Carmen flushed prettily, a trick she achieved by holding her breath. "Of course, George, that's what I take, but these youngsters like—"

"Nonsense, I'm going to have a whole glass and so are you, George," I cried.

Carmen looked wonderfully appealing as she watched me drink the stuff I detested.

"Better not take another, Pris, it's awfully strong," she said.

But giggling merrily, I tossed off another glass.

"I don't want any," insisted George. "My head won't stand it."

BUT I wouldn't listen. I was determined to tread the primrose path that led to one's heart desire. If men wanted girls with pep—well, I wanted George, and I had decided to follow Carmen's advice and take what I wanted.

George kept up with me, glass for glass, and when someone turned off the lights we danced on dreamily, my flushed cheek pressed against his.

I had rouged my lips and drenched myself with a heavy perfume and the gown that Carmen had lent me was a daintily clinging frock of emerald green satin with fringes of green beads.

"George, isn't this wonderful?" I murmured, so close that my lips brushed his cheek.

He nodded and his arms tightened about me.

A wave of glorious ecstasy thrilled me. The heat of the flower-scented room, the light that drifted over from the Victorian the mysterious darkness, all combined to make me forget my dreams of the young of lovers who would kiss me passionately for the first time on our wedding night. I forgot everything save the love that seized me.

"Oh, don't," murmured George, clinging my arms. "That stuff has made you better go up to your room."

"This my reward for playing the town-up game of vamp? What

good were dangling jade earrings and heavy perfumes when the man I loved pushed me away, even as my lips clung to his?

Resolutely he led me toward the door, guided only by the shaft of silver moonlight that filtered down coldly from the great rose-window.

I rushed into my room, flaming with hurt pride. I loved George, and he treated me like a spoiled child: actually sending me to bed.

"Did he ask you?" queried Carmen later, perched on the foot of my bed, her hair misting out about her exquisite, childish face.

"I believe he's afraid to propose," she explained, "because of your family. He has money, but his connections are nil, and he's probably afraid your father intends to buy a title for you. That's it; he doesn't want to be turned down. It's a shame, Pris. Now I—why, I have proposals right along. Everyone knows we are newly-rich and no one is afraid of a gallery of old Puritan ancestors glaring down at an impertinent new relative."

All the romance of my girlhood rose within me in hot protest at the thought of being bartered for a musty old title. Mother had spoken of a trip abroad. That was what she meant, no doubt. And I—I loved George.

I LAY awake long after my little hostess had trailed away her laces and fluttering ends of ribbon.

I thought of my great carved hope chest with the lovely garments of pure white—and I thought of my heart bursting with love—and no one to love me.

Perhaps the moon made me mad: I've read of such tales in quaint old books. Perhaps the secret rebellion against the conservative ways of those who guarded me broke in open revolt that night. I determined to be a real woman and snatch what I desired. I contrasted George with a mental picture of an infirm old roué who would trade his title for my dot—and I made my decision.

So it was that I flung decorum to the winds, and went noiselessly across the dark hall—to George.

THE room was dark: the brilliant moonlight hardly penetrated the windows that looked out on the formal gardens.

Suddenly a shaft of moonlight pierced the gloom and revealed the dark head of Tommy Meir on the pillow. I bit my lip to keep back the shriek of horror that clamored for outlet. With one backward stare at the satiny black head—I hated Tommy because of his notorious lack of morals—I opened the door, my negligée held closely about me.

Down the wide corridor, his blue eyes brilliant in the moonlight, a sweater buttoned closely to his chin, came George from a brief midnight hike. He gave me one astonished glance, then turned his back squarely—with no sign of recognition on his face.

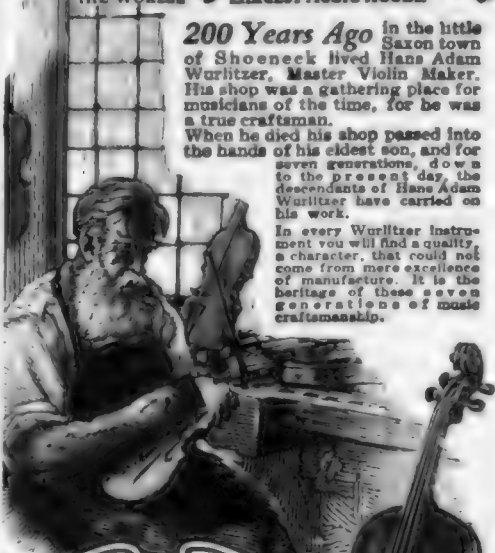
MOTHER seemed surprised when I begged her to set our trip across the Atlantic a few months ahead.

When Carmen's wedding invitations arrived, Mother said:

"George will get a good wife. Carmen is such a sweet, quiet girl—just the type men want to marry."

And I—I never look in my hope chest any more.

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The Life-Story of a Leading Lady

[Continued from page 81]

darkness of the little room, was Marston's. Sharp, insistent rapping upon my door finally awoke me to full consciousness.

"You'll not sleep sounder when you're dead." The stage manager's wife's sal-low face was the answer to my weak, "Who's there?"

"It's one o'clock. You'd better get up right away. There's a surprise waiting for you."

"I—I—" I covered my eyes with my hand to hide the tears that were threatening a flood.

"Don't. It's a pleasant surprise." There was a hint of thaw in my enemy's icy tones. "Your brother James has arrived. He's waiting for you downstairs."

I BATHED and dressed as well as I could. Falteringly I went downstairs. I heard my brother's voice in the office. Like a sea-breeze, strong, fresh, cleansing, he met me at the door. He smiled and looked anxiously into my face. He drew my aching head to his shoulder.

"Poor child! Poor little one! Buddie's come to take you with his company. If you must play you shall play on the same stage with him."

He led me to the dining room. He placed me in a sunny corner, then scrutinized me with keen, searching eyes.

"I'm sorry you've lost your stage mother. A fine woman." His handsome lips straightened. A harassed frown appeared between his eyebrows that were like dark bird wings.

My head sank upon the spotted tablecloth and I sobbed. The repressed sorrow of heretofore days swept me as a torrent.

He patted my back. He kissed the parting of my hair.

"But we may not weep always. This is not the way of life. There is work for you and me. We have a long journey to get back to my one night stand by curtain time. You must have coffee."

It was not for that company of humble strollers to dispute the will of this distinguished actor manager. He had his way. Within two hours we were driving in his shining new touring car to the town where James Coman was billed, in huge red letters against a blue background, to play in his greatest success, that night. He coached me on the way in the leading woman's rôle.

"I will give my leading woman a week's rest at full pay tomorrow," he said. "She has been wanting to pay her family a visit."

IT was three years afterward, when my brother had delegated to me an impatient search through his trunks for a manuscript of a play, that I found the summons that had brought him to me at law-breaking speed that crucial day.

It was written on hospital stationery, and the signature was Mother Cheridah's.

Dear Mr. Coman:

One so humble as the old woman in a travelling repertoire company would not be presumptuous enough to address so great a star but for good reason. When your sweet young sister ran away it was to join this company. She said she would play with us awhile and go to you after she had proven that she could act. She is very lovely and very talented. And so piteously young! Youth is very sad and very unprotected, Mr. Coman. She was protected while I lived, for I am the company mother. But another writes this for me while I

am dying. When you receive it I will be dead.

I beg you, dear sir, to go to her at once. Take her away. I know, how well I know. For she is in danger. I have seen one look at her and the devil looks at one that is walking near the mouth of hell. You understand.

DEAR Mother Cheridah's hand had reached forth from the grave to save me.

Once again I saw Charles Marston. It was in the last of the four years I was with my brother's company. Our company was crossing the continent in a special car. It stopped at a small station, a one night stand, to take water. The train crew called it a "jerk-water station." Actors knew it as a "one night stand."

My brother and I looked, cheek by cheek from the car window, at the huddled group of players, a little island of dejected humanity surrounded by worn baggage. The tallest man wore a large black hat and a loose black coat. With his arms carried characteristically far from his sides, he looked like a great black bat.

He lifted tired, sullen eyes to the car window. A sudden gleam of recognition no more. His heavy lids dropped their curtain above his eyes. I drew back. A tide stained my cheek. I never saw him again.

FROM the night of my début in my brother's company I was welcomed by the public and the press. In a sense my reputation had been made for me. The family prestige was a tower of strength. On the other hand, had I not shown talent and fitness for a stage career the press would have been forced, though regretfully, to tell the public so.

Beauty, as Maxine Elliott and Lillian Russell have often declared, may be a handicap to the youthful and ambitious actress. It challenges attention to the crudeness of her art. It underlines her inexperience.

"Better to have a colorless personality while learning to act," said these sovereigns in their realm. But every newspaper that spoke of my beauty, told of the deftness yet sureness of my touch in acting. My instinctive knowledge when to play lightly or when, in the Thespian vernacular, to "step on" a scene, which corresponds to the automobile phrase "step on the gas." It means to let out full power.

Gradually I was learning an art. It was how to woo my audiences. I was learning that an audience, though composed chiefly of women, is more like a man than a woman. One can coquette with it, kindle it, enslave it. The arts that I plied upon the susceptible youths in my brother's company and the sophisticated youths whom we met at dinners before or at suppers after the play, I tried successfully upon audiences. Every man in the audience liked to believe that when I sent my gaze about the house it fell finally and remained upon him. He thrilled with a secret, he thought, he and I shared. That is the essence of popularity.

But all the while that my fame grew I was hiding a real secret in my heart!

I was nineteen and looked twenty-two when I met my Prince. The Prince wooing me as Charles of England wooed saucy Nell Gwynne.

[To be continued]

Is One Wife Enough? Asks Frederick Arnold Kummer

[Continued from page 82]

...minds the law of natural selection without their knowing it, nature was forcing them to bear children to the men destined to produce them.

The result, of course, was what nature intended, the constant improvement of the race. The tribal leader became in fact, as well as in name, the father of his race. The children of his parentage were stronger, both in numbers and in quality, because of the weaker, less dominant males about him.

THERE are three great basic instincts underlying all human activity. The first is sex attraction, the impulse which causes males to mate. The second is mother love, which impels the female to care for, protect her off-spring until it is old enough to care for itself. The third is love of life, the instinct of self-preservation, which causes the individual to wish to live and hence is the underlying motive of the struggle for existence. A mate, children, bread—these are the basic elements of the drama of life.

It will be seen at once that these three primal impulses operate in a circle, and have as their purpose but one thing—the perpetuation of the race. Sex love produces the child, mother love carries it forward through its period of helplessness, at which point love of life steps in to complete the circle of existence which ends at the grave.

The jealousy which women show toward other women in their relation to the male is not one of these three primary instincts, but is an offshoot, a warped manifestation of mother love which has developed through the ages, and originally had as its purpose the welfare of the child.

IN TRIBAL life there existed among the plural wives no jealousy as we know it today. Rivalries in their efforts to attract the husband's favor were no doubt common enough, but the woman of those days had not conceived the idea that it was her right to absorb the entire time, attention and activity of one male. Had she attempted anything of the sort, had she shown violent jealousy toward her co-wives, she would probably have been considered insane. Nor was there any reason for jealousy. The children of one wife had precisely the same opportunities as the children of another.

It was not until the acquisition of property entered the problem that woman began to set her face against polygamy, and then the instinct which moved her was not jealousy of additional wives, but of their possible children.

Having thus placed herself in the position of a preferred creditor, whose children had a prior claim upon the father's possessions, the woman did not attempt at once to go further. She had to win a man as a monogamist, or something nearly approaching it, in theory, but she did not attempt to make him one in practice. The maternal instinct which impelled her was opposed by another no less strong, the instinct of sex attraction. By nature polygamous, agreed for the sake of the child to share the product of his labor with one woman, but he recoiled at the thought of sharing with her his entire sex life. Thus concubines, mistresses, took the place of the first wife.

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I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried every way to get rid of it—all the depilatories I had heard of, electrolysis, even a razor. I tried every advertised remedy, but all were disappointments.

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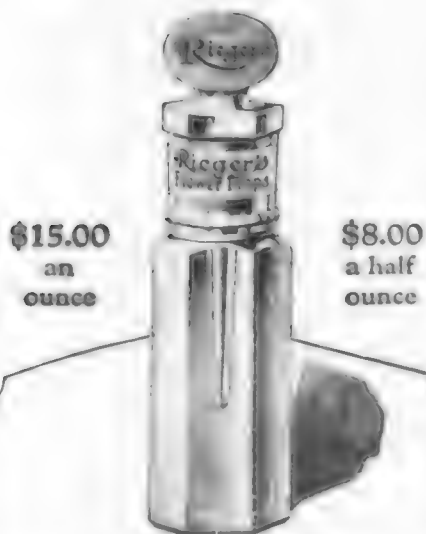
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Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

As with open polygamy there was no marked jealousy among the plural wives, so under a system of technical monogamy but actual polygamy, the legal wife was not at first jealous of the husband's concubines or mistresses. For many centuries she was content to regard these evidences of man's incontinence with indifference.

Even down to comparatively recent times children born out of wedlock were exceedingly common, and many of the titled families of England and the continent bear not only without shame, but frequently with pride, the bar sinister on their escutcheons, testifying to the efforts of some ruler, lord or even prelate to provide for the welfare of his "natural" children. Marital fidelity was rarely expected, even among the more hypocritical Anglo-Saxon peoples, while in Latin countries the mistress was an established institution.

This artificial nature of monogamous marriage finds a curious recognition in our laws. If a man, already possessing one wife, marries another, the law very properly adjudges him a criminal and puts him in jail. The property rights of the wife must be protected. But if this same man takes to himself a mistress, he commits, under the law, no crime. The reason is clear enough. The law recognizes, whether women do or not, that monogamy is an artificial standard, having as its purpose not the changing of man's nature by statute, but the protection of the property rights of his children. So clearly does the English common law recognize this fact that unfaithfulness on the part of the husband did not until very recently constitute grounds for divorce.

This condition of a technical but not an actual monogamy by no means satisfied the wishes of woman. Having eliminated polygamy as a theory, she determined to eliminate it as a fact. Maternal instinct still dominated her, since it irked her to see the husband spend money on other women which she felt belonged to his children. But her motives now became greatly complicated with self-interest.

Not only did she feel that money thus spent was the property of her possible children, but she felt in even larger measure that it was her own.

THE instinct of sex attraction is in constant opposition to the efforts which woman has made to legislate it out of existence, and since it is one of the great basic instincts in life, these efforts are inevitably doomed to failure. The theory that one man should cling to one woman throughout his entire life is, after all, a fantastic one. The only possible argument in favor of the exclusive possession of a man by a woman would be her willingness to take advantage of such possession by bearing the children in whose interest the theory had its inception; yet we see everywhere about us evidence that woman, having first used monogamy as a weapon against the children of other women, has at length begun to use it as a weapon against possible children of her own.

So long as she was content, in her efforts to serve the child to restrict man to a monogamy having as its purpose the diversion of property, she was successful. The man, with a logical, if not instinctive, love for his children, recognized the economic value of the arrangement. But slowly woman's efforts, at first exerted solely in the interest of the child, have come to be exerted in her own interests. From attempting to protect the child from competition, she has come to the point of protecting herself from competition. Even when declining to bear any

children at all, she still insists upon a complete monopoly of the husband.

Selishly mindful of her personal comfort, she is steadily diminishing the number of her children, and we presently arrive at the amazing situation that man, primarily intended by nature to be a father, has, by reason of woman's insistence on monogamous marriage, without taking advantage of it, degenerated into a machine whose God-given energies are devoted to the ignoble purpose of providing luxuries for a wife who is in reality no more than a lifelong mistress. Our great cities are crowded with such couples, living a travesty of marriage, the husband straining every nerve to maintain his wife in luxury, with families reducing in many cases to the banality of a chow dog or a Persian cat. These women talk much of the cost of supporting a family, but their furs and diamonds are not wanting. It is impossible to afford both an automobile and another child; the automobile wins. Yet the husband is forced, by the standards of monogamy, to devote to her his entire life.

CAN relationship between the sexes be founded on such a basis endure? Will man continue willingly to sacrifice his sex freedom for the doubtful privilege of paying some woman's bills? It is improbable. A man marries primarily to form a family, not to burden himself with an alliance which, without its *raison d'être* in the form of children has no purpose whatever. Failing in the first purpose, he will not marry for the second, or if he does, will demand increasingly lenient divorce laws, in order to make a change when the wife who has been content to be little more than a mistress ceases to interest him.

Women, with feminine lack of logic, will usually say, in defense of monogamy, that the same standards should exist for both sexes. If man demands sex liberty, she should have it too. Yet woman's function in the sex relation is solely to bear children, and she could bear no more with fifty husbands than she could with one. There could never be any economic reason for polyandry. Just the contrary is true of polygamy. Nature, in her provision for carrying on the race, is always prodigal. The number of children a man could produce is limited only by the number of his wives. He might as readily become the father of a thousand children as of one, were there any economic reason to demand it, and curiously enough such a reason now exists in many parts of Europe as a result of the great war.

Is it to be wondered that never in the history of the world has divorce been so common? Is marriage as we now know it going to disappear, to be replaced by a more logical relationship?

OUR whole social structure is undergoing vast and far-reaching changes. What the future has in store no man knows. Women, just entering upon a period of economic independence and themselves seek a change, now that marriage is becoming less and less a means of financial support. Yet women's sense of possession of the male has become so highly developed, so exaggerated, that even as childless breadwinners they may fail to see that monogamous marriage is merely a concession on man's part to the welfare of the child, and may attempt to continue it as a form of contract assuring to them, under heavy penalties, the entire activities of the husband. If marriage is certain to disappear.

From a thousand wives to none may seem a long step, but there are many who think that it has very nearly been taken.

One Wife Is Enough, Replies Adela Rogers St. John

(Continued from page 82)

...the highest form of conduct. The world today regards marriage as a mere rite. In this rite, man and woman are inspired by the divine flame of love which is God's greatest gift to mortals, unite their destinies. And this rite, as its culmination the production of a child, that miracle before which man never ceases to stand thrilled and awed.

Should we, because marriage as we know it today is often a failure, suggest a remedy a backward step which would return the ages and take the world back thousands of years? Because perfection has not been achieved, should we cease striving for it and say it is useless?

Instead let us seek to point out the joys and the sacrifices and the actions which may bring marriage up to that state which is supreme happiness.

True marriage is founded upon understanding, upon sacrifice, upon mutual compromise, upon selflessness. Man and woman, joined in the holy state of matrimony, become one being and that united being can accomplish the highest ends of morals. The strength and vigor of the man, united to the finer feelings and more spiritual qualities of the woman, bring out all that is good in human character.

I can speak of my own experience and the experience of many professional women of my acquaintance. Marriage has been a help and protection to me of which I cannot speak too highly. Anything I ever accomplish I will owe primarily to the aid and assistance of a happy marriage and an ideally happy home. Within its walls I have found over and over again strength to continue the fight, wise and loving counsel, gentle and uplifting criticism. The companionship of a man with a fine mind and a noble character cannot but broaden any woman, and the man who is not refined and helped by the constant contact with a good, pure, gentle woman doesn't live.

LET us hold before our sons the highest standard of fidelity to the marriage covenant. Let us begin by teaching our boys the commandments upon which our lives are founded as all good. Let us impress upon them that "Thou shalt not commit adultery" is as imperative in Moses' version of God's commands as "Thou shalt not kill." Let us cease temporizing, and educating our sons to believe that a man is privileged to break his word only when that word is given at the altar to the woman who becomes his wife.

But I say and I believe that sin condemned, sin known and labelled as sin, even if it cannot be stamped out at once, is better than sin licensed. It is better that generations yet unborn should look upon drunkenness as an evil, a crime, even though it continues to exist for decades, than that they should consider it a harmless, recognized, social pleasure. Set the standard up, and men will eventually come to it.

It is not true and it has never been true that all men are incapable of sex fidelity to one woman. The person who believes that has looked at life only upon its lowest level. True, there are men who cannot be faithful to their marriage vow. There are also men who cannot resist the temptation to pick pockets or to sign some other man's name to a check. But we do

not say because of this that all men must be given the privilege of picking pockets, or that all men have an overmastering desire to forge checks.

There are men who can be faithful, men who are faithful. Throughout the length and breadth of this great land are many husbands and fathers to whom marriage has meant not only happiness but supreme moral obligation.

THERE is nothing so disastrous to moral growth as a return to positions outgrown, nothing so disastrous in battle as a retreat, an admission of defeat. A return to polygamy would be an admission of defeat such as the world has never known. It would plunge us once more into the deep, dark morass of materialism and sensualism from which we are just beginning to lift our heads.

It is true that the thought of another woman in the life of the man she loves is like a red flag to the feminine eye. That is because the other woman has no place there. The sight of a man stealing his silver or his diamonds is like a red flag to the owner of the diamonds, too. Because the thief has no right to them.

If men object to the wife who will not bear children—and I hope they do—let them make that a condition of marriage. Let that be understood before the tie is made binding.

The wife who will not bear children, the wife who will not care for the needs of her husband, is not a wife. She is not even a woman. She is a creature. Let men, who are rightful and lawful masters of their fortunes and their homes and the continuation of their names, refuse to marry the woman who does not care for children.

She is not fit to be a wife. She is a cumberer and a parasite. In my mind there is absolutely no difference between her and the scarlet woman who walks the streets—except that one may pity the scarlet woman.

WOMEN are going through today the greatest change the world has ever seen. The condition is naturally one of fermentation and distress. It is not pleasant on its own account, but the results, if all goes well, should be worth the difficulty.

When man and woman stand side by side, equal in rights, both independent financially, then should marriage become what it should be—a mutually agreed upon, understood and desired compact. Women will no longer marry for support. They will marry for love, for home joys, for the privilege of motherhood. And from such a mating of equals should come forth the men and women who are to do great things in the world.

The remedy for unrest in marriage does not lie in a thing like polygamy—a pandering to the physical and sexual in men. It lies in the education of our children to respect the obligations, the duties and the sacrifices necessary in marriages, as in every other partnership and compact.

Polygamy to women is shameful, horrible, unbearable, because it takes from them their wifehood. One of many wives is no wife—and every woman in her heart knows that.

Monogamy, like motherhood, has certain firm foundations. They cannot be shaken, because they are right.

What Kind of a Man Are You?

Look Yourself in the Mirror



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Heart Broken Melody

[Continued from Page 35]

Minna. That is the last thing I ever want to do. The trouble is I don't want you—to sit on anyone else's lap but mine."

I was in love with her. I wanted her for my own—this little butterfly girl I scarcely knew.

She threw herself sobbing in my arms.

"You think I'm cheap and common. You hate me! I know you do. But you're the only man I ever really wanted to have kiss me. And now you won't like me anymore."

"You foolish little kid! I'm crazy about you. You're so pretty! So pretty!" I caught her roughly in my arms. "Remember, Minna, you're my girl—from now on."

She laughed lightly, flicking me a kiss with the tips of her fingers.

THE next morning I could not banish the image of Minna Bonner from my thoughts. She drifted before me like a wilful and lovely vision, entirely disturbing my peace of mind.

I was conscience-stricken about her, too. I had kissed her good-night a great many times—we had stolen up through the fire escape because of the lateness of the hour—and I had even carried her up the last steps in my arms. I shuddered as I wondered whether any of the neighbors had seen us.

At nine I called up Hermann Schubert. "I have spoken to Mr. Schubert," I heard Vera Paul's cool voice. "He has arranged to have you come here as his assistant. He expects you at eleven."

Dazed with wonder at my good fortune, I arrived at Schubert's house.

How pleased my mother and father would be! And Sarah Penny! Of course, I put it all down then to my ability—not in the least to Vera Paul's influence.

"There is not much to be done at present," Vera Paul said when I came in. "The music is to be sorted and catalogued."

I was disappointed. I had come to New York to play my violin, not to sort music. But the work would be only temporary, and it was a privilege to work in any capacity under a master like Schubert. Soon I would impress him by my earnestness. My chance would come. I lost myself in a mirage of dreams of my success on the concert stage—rows of eager faces and Minna Bonner in white looking down at me from a box.

I arranged music all that afternoon. It was already evening when I learned from a man servant, that because of his asthma, Hermann Schubert had left unexpectedly the night before for Virginia.

MY AMAZEMENT was followed by a wave of anger at Vera Paul. I was tempted to throw up the job; but common-sense warned me to hold on to it until I got something better.

As I was putting on my coat to leave that night, Vera stopped me.

"I've a couple of passes for a show. Would you care to go along, Mr. Grail? I see we're neighbors, too, in the same flat."

"I'm sorry. I've a date already." I had no engagement, but I was thinking of Minna.

I could see Vera's face pale with anger. I went out, had some dinner and restlessly tramped up and down Broadway.

I felt lonely. I wanted to see Minna. I went into a booth to call her up, but I did not drop the nickel in the slot. I had it out with myself. What right had I to care

for this little girl, or to allow her to grow to care for me? I remembered her clinging tenderness as I had carried her up the stairs the night before. Minna and I could not be—just friends. I was in no position to marry. Nor had I any immediate prospects. I made up my mind that I must leave Minna alone.

BUT my decision left me wretched. When at about nine o'clock I let myself into my room in the flat under the Bonners, I picked up my violin as a refuge from my tormenting thoughts.

It was a small, neat room, but it was stuffy and airless. I threw up the window. It opened on a court. The fire escape was just outside.

I tried to put the thoughts of Minna out of my mind—and I began to play softly. A rush of emotion filled me. It was Minna's little slippered feet dancing, her voice pleading to me in Pizetti's "Prayer of the Innocents."

Gradually I felt the noises in the court grow still. It seemed as if behind thin walls and through lighted windows the night was hushed to listen. A strange power filled me. The knowledge of that unseen audience gave me a new strength.

By half-past ten the silence had deepened. One by one the lights went out.

I stopped playing, put away my violin. I began to unlace my shoes. I was tired, but had no desire to sleep.

I switched off the light, lit my pipe, and sat down by the open window. The tobacco smoke floated upward to where Minna was sleeping. I pictured her to myself, cute and cozy as a small furry animal curled up in the hollowed bole of an old tree.

Suddenly I was conscious of something moving close by. I started to my feet, and as I did so a small muffled figure climbed over my sill from the fire escape outside.

It was Minna. Her eyes were big and wet with tears.

SHE began to speak in broken snatches. "Oh, Matt, I've been listening to you play. I don't know what it is—but it's as if you'd done something to me. It hurts inside, it was so sweet. It's like you and I were all alone in the world, floating off somewhere—I don't know or care where. I want to cry."

I gripped hard hold of the chair before me.

"You must go back, Minna. You must not stay here."

My harsh strained voice must have frightened her.

She looked at me with such appeal that I turned away.

"I told you before I was crazy about you. Now I'm worse than ever. Don't send me away!"

For one terrible moment I hesitated. It was as if barehanded I were fighting some overpowering force.

"Matt, I love you so much—I love you," she whispered.

I managed to reach her. Perhaps it was just because she had said she cared so much. I picked her up, lifted her over the sill onto the fire escape outside.

"Go home to bed, Minna, like a good little girl."

The window crashed shut between us.

THE days that followed were for me hours of torment. I knew Minna had not understood. I knew I had hurt her.

She grew pale, listless. There were

shadows under her eyes. She avoided me. Her every glance was a reproach.

"Of course, if you prefer that Vera Paul—"

That was her interpretation of the situation. How could I make her understand?

Poor little Minna! She suffered no less than I.

Then I learned that she had started running around to the dance halls again. It was Vera Paul who told me she had seen Minna at Jazzland. I was angry, hurt, yet what right had I to interfere?

One night I met her in the hall going out with some fellow. I lost my head, sent her dude friend about his business and tried to talk to Minna.

But she was so enraged at what I had done that she wouldn't listen.

"You! How dare you do that! What do you take me for, a dumbbell? At first I felt fierce the way you treated me. I lost my color and my appetite. But no man on earth is worth losing sleep over. I made up my mind to that! And now when I've started having a bit of fun again you butt in and try to spoil it!"

I sensed the pain under the forced callousness of her manner. The hard look in her eyes hurt me. I knew something sweet and very wonderful had of necessity been killed in Minna's heart, the tender flower of a first real love. I had destroyed that—a thing of exquisite beauty which never again would be quite the same. My thoughts were bitter. Why had I not been able to marry her when life and youth and love had called us both?

"You just leave me alone, Matt Grail!" she sobbed as she ran past me up the stairs. "You'd better spend your time being nice to Vera Paul or you'll lose your job."

Her biting words filled me with anger.

WAS it true I held my job only because of Schubert's secretary? The great man had not returned. Vera kept finding work for me to do after the music had been catalogued and filed. She was full of attentions. I knew it was she who darned my socks and sewed on my buttons. Twice she had suggested the theater. Once the temptation of the opera had proved too great and I had gone with her.

Now as I went up to my room, in the same flat in which she lived, all this came back to me. I felt an overwhelming distaste for Vera. When she knocked and came into my room on the pretext of putting away some laundry, her air of proprietary familiarity infuriated me.

"I saw you talking to that Minna Bonner in the hall just now," she said in her peculiarly unpleasant way.

"Well, what if I was?" I retorted. "I didn't know I was accountable to anyone for my actions."

"Perhaps not." The cords of her thin neck strained and knotted. "But I wonder why you think I gave you that job—because you are such a wonderful violinist? There are a million better. No—it was because I felt sometime we were to mean more to each other and you know it."

"You lie!" I choked with rage. So Minna had been right. "You can take your job and go to blazes."

"Why, Matt—I—I didn't mean anything—"

"Get out of here." I began flinging my clothes into my bag.

"What are you going to do?" She

was trembling with ill-suppressed rage. "I'm clearing out of here tonight."

She retreated to the door. "You can't get anywheres in New York without influence," she faltered.

The look in my face must have frightened her. She dared say nothing more, but left the room. I slammed the door after her.

Ten minutes later I was out on the street looking for another room.

A strange exultant satisfaction possessed me. I had been shackled, woman-ridden long enough. After all, it was my music that counted.

I held fast to the case of my violin.

FOR a month I tramped the streets from office to agency, from cabaret to dance hall, looking in vain for work. Vera Paul had been right. Without influence it was hard to get a start. Besides, it was a bad season.

I fought discouragement, upheld by my feeling of self-respect. Out of work I might be, but I was no woman's lap-dog. As my money dwindled I moved to cheaper lodgings and studied the prices on the menus.

One day in February a letter forwarded from my last address reached me. It was from my mother and more than a week old. Father was not well. He had been failing ever since he'd left the farm. I had scarcely finished reading the letter when a telegram came from my brother Sam. My father was dead.

I felt the surge of bitter grief. My father! My poor little mother! They had needed me and I had abandoned them to wander unwanted and useless in the overcrowded city.

I caught the first train out for Boleton.

I found my mother sitting in a rocker, the same gray shawl over her bent shoulders that I remembered as a boy.

AFTER we had talked and I had tried to comfort her, she told me that both Effie and Sam had asked her to go live with them; but—but she was more at home with me. Her eyes said more than her quivering lips. I understood. My father's heart had broken at the loss of the farm, and my mother had lost her home because of me. I must give her another. She was too old to change her ways and go to the city to live. There was only one thing for me to do. Stay in Boleton and look after her.

Old Miss Penny, when I told her of my plan, did not seem sorry that I was going to stay.

"I'm glad you're going to look after your ma," was all she said.

"I'll have to find some work," I told her.

"Go out to Ike Wellman's. His niece 'Crow' Wellman has come on from Colorado. She's his only kin. Tell Ike I sent you. The niece has opened the house at Lone Brush. She and Ike each have their own place.

"Seems she's quite a character," she went on. "Black and ugly as a crow, curses harder than a cattle dealer and can drive as shrewd a bargain as her uncle. Between them they own half the State. Some say Ike's a miser. He's a hard man but just. The niece has a hunting shack where she goes with half a dozen mastiffs high as your hip and no man bothers her—not that any would want to from what I hear."

FIRST of the week I started for the Wellman place. It was good to be in the country again, swinging along the open road with all the air I wanted to breathe. On the way I stopped at the Frost's. Flora Frost had been one of the prettiest girls in Boleton. She was

married now and had three children. Luke Frost was a no-account sort of farmer. The place looked run down.

They had more to tell me of Ike Wellman. Seems they owed him money.

Flora said bitterly, "What does he want to be after us for? He's got so much now he never could spend it. All he does is read old Greek and Latin parchments."

I had some coffee and pie, kissed the three youngsters and walked on.

A large crow flew over the frozen hummocks of a marsh. I smiled and thought of this woman they called "Crow" Wellman.

The sun was about setting when I came to the house at Lone Brush, which I took to be "Crow" Wellman's.

I went in the garden toward the barn.

A large woman in corduroy trousers and hip boots waded toward me through the snow drifts. A thick woolen cap pulled far down shadowed piercing black eyes, browned skin and a firm strong mouth. A huge mastiff nosed me suspiciously.

"What do you want," she demanded aggressively.

"I want work." Her manner angered me.

"There's no work for you here. Clear out!"

My antagonism mounted. "I thought I was dealing with a woman, but I guess folks aren't wrong when they call you 'Crow' Wellman."

She flushed darkly.

"Clear out of here or I'll turn my dogs on you."

"I'm not afraid of you or your dogs. For my part you can go to the devil."

I turned on my heel and started back for the road.

"If she'd been a man," I reflected savagely. "I'd have punched her head."

At the gate I heard someone calling. I turned. "Crow" Wellman was running after me.

"Come back," she panted. "You must want some supper."

"None you can give me."

Her woolen cap slipped back. Her intensely black hair streamed untidily about her face. She was in her late twenties, and except for the harsh expression not nearly as unattractive as I had been led to expect.

"It's three miles to Uncle Ike's, the nearest place. It's cold and late. You better come in after all."

The change in her manner, her effort to make up for her former rudeness softened me. I followed her back to the house.

"I've no use for hoboos, but if you want to rub down the horses, there's work and supper."

I crossed to the barn. It was a massive place, thoroughly modern and equipped with the latest devices. There was the finest of farming machinery and sanitary stalls filled with well-fed cattle. A roadster and a limousine stood in a built-on garage. I had never been in so fine a barn. It amazed and delighted me.

"Farming on this scale is a profession," I thought.

THE scent of the hay, the smell of the new milk, the old familiar feel of rubbing down the horses filled me with deep content.

How my father would have exulted in a place like this, to whom farming had been an unending round of brutal toil. With money for these modern improvements farming need no longer be drudgery. Was money after all the solution of the riddle of existence?

My work done, a colored woman called me.



The Little Lie She Had to Tell

The evening dragged to an end at last. Ashamed, self-conscious in her afternoon crêpe when others wore cascading satins and fluttering chiffons, she had tried to hide discomfiture in little embarrassed laughs. Now she held out her hand to her hostess. "I have had a lovely time."

SOMETIMES, perhaps, because of inappropriate clothes, your pleasure at parties must be pretended, too. You dislike to decline sincere invitations, yet feel unable to afford the costumes that such occasions demand.

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"Crow" Wellman met me at the door. She still wore the breeches, but had removed the hip boots and had on a clean calico blouse. She led me into a large room. A crackling fire lit up the rows of books, the richly upholstered furniture, the pictures, vases filled with hot-house roses.

On the settle before the fire sat a lean old man with a strange bulging, pear-shaped head and eyes black and piercing as "Crow's."

"Uncle Ike, this is the man I told you came and asked for work. I want you to look him over."

"I've done my work. Now I'll go," I said. The woman's manner was unendurable.

"Sit down a spell," objected the old man. "You're Matthew Grail. I know all about you."

He did. It seems Sarah Penny had phoned.

"Take off your coat and pull up and warm your shins, my boy."

I could not resist the old man's geniality.

"Letty," he said to his niece, "tell that black wench of yours to put on an extra helping of dumplings."

I sat and listened to the old man talk. He told me of his early struggles, how he worked his way through Yale, swapped horses and got hold of land. There was a town now in Colorado called after him and he had more money than he needed. His library and his farm were his only pleasures.

We sat and talked far into the night.

I stayed on at the Wellman place and worked till Spring.

Two or three times a week I drove into Bolton to see my mother.

I was happy, content.

ONE Sunday, when the new grass was jade green, my mother asked me to drive her out to see our old farm. She would not go in the house. A white hen scampered across the road.

"I remember that hen," my mother said. "I was going to kill her for soup last year. I used to call her 'Mirandy' to myself. She put me so in mind of an aunt I had."

She worried if old Nellie, the mare, was being used right.

We drove home in the twilight.

Three days later, without warning and with a smile on her lips, my mother died in her sleep.

Her loss was too bitter a blow. I had meant to do so much for her—a new black silk dress. Now it was too late. Like my father, she had slipped beyond

the reach of human remorse or gratitude.

A great loneliness now oppressed me. There was no one who really loved me or cared anything about me. Thrashing about in my mind for some shred of love to cling to, some warm human bond, I thought of Minna Bonner.

I had written her several times, told her where I was and had received a scrawled postal in reply. Minna had gone into the movies, her people had moved to Leonia and she was living in a flat with a girl friend on Ninety-fifth Street West. I had kept her new address.

A RESTLESS longing to see Minna again now filled me. I thought of her exquisite little face as I had seen it upturned to mine, and soft with love.

I must go to her.

I disliked leaving "Crow" when she most needed my help. When I told "Crow" good-by, for a moment a flash of regret softened her severe face.

"Don't forget if you want to come back the job's waiting."

From the road I looked back and waved to the woman who stood and watched me go.

Did I really love Minna? Was it love or loneliness that had brought me back to her?

I waited for her in a cluttered, ornate, untidy room.

When she came in I found her so altered that for a moment I felt she was some dazzling stranger. Her bright curls were elaborately dressed, her clothes were bizarre and expensive. There was in her face a brittle, overstrained expression, and her smile was mechanical, nervous. She talked rapidly.

Mr. Schubert had died down South. Vera Paul had to go as a dentist's secretary. Did I know?

Under the smooth bloom of powder and rouge her face had a prematurely wearied look.

"I'm the lucky kid, ain't I, Matt?" She took out a cigarette case. On each cigarette was a tiny picture of herself. "I got in a picture as an extra and Halbern spotted me. I'll be a star yet."

"You are very beautiful, Minna." The old longing stirred me. "I—I've come—to ask you to marry me."

The words rushed to my lips, almost before I realized I had said them.

SHE was taken back by my abruptness. She puffed jerkily at her cigarette.

"There was a time, Matt, when I'd have gone off my nut to have heard you say that. I was crazy about you then, but you threw me down. I'm off the love stuff now for life. You may not believe it, but

I was hit hard and it hurt," she finished bitterly.

She lit another cigarette with an unsteady hand.

I studied her. I noticed the quiver of her delicate nostril, the trembling of her lip, and the thought came to me that I might reawaken in her hardened little heart the old fire of her love. I must win her back. I needed her, cared for her. I had not until now known how much. Frivolous, pleasure-loving, vain—yes, but her very faults made me love her the more.

I crossed the room, caught her by the shoulders.

"Minna, I—I love you."

She grew very pale. "It's too late for that now, Matt. Life's like that. You never get what you want till you no longer want it. I couldn't be satisfied any more with just being married. I want to be a movie star. I've grown used to lots of money."

"If I were rich I suppose you would feel differently."

"Of course I would. But when I first knew you I'd have run away with you if you hadn't had a dime."

SUDDENLY she sprang up. "I got to rush. I got a dinner date with Halbern and it don't do to keep a director waiting. Sorry I can't see you tonight, Matt. Are you going to stay in New York?"

"That depends." New York to me meant Minna. Without her there was greater peace in the country.

She raised her eyes to mine. They were dim with tears. "I'm sorry, Matt. I'll never forget that night. You sent me away. You were good to me."

"I'll never forget you, Minna."

She stood on tiptoe. I felt the warmth of her swift kiss.

"It's good-by, Matt. Really."

"I'll not give you up."

"Don't try and see me again." The look in her face made me think of a young sapling birch I once had to cut down.

She moved toward the door. "Write me sometimes, Matt. I like to hear from you once in a while."

"I shall see you again," I said grimly. "And remember, Minna, if you ever need me—"

She half pushed me into the hall. She was trembling from head to foot.

"Good-by, Matt! Good-by!"

I looked back. She stood an exquisite little figure in the doorway. I could not leave her so. I turned sharply, but before I could reach her side she had shut the door between us.

[To be concluded]

Memories of a Great Lover

[Continued from page 69]

name. Keeping her place in the book with one hand, she returned my greeting quite coldly.

This was something of a shock. All the other women in the company had been varying shades more than cordial in their greeting. She made me feel as if I were intruding—as if she hadn't the faintest desire to start a conversation. In fact, she would be more than pleased if we left her to her book.

From that moment, I determined to make her pay for the pique she had aroused in me. That is what that sort

of an attitude does to a man—no man wants what he can get for the asking.

Vanity is ninety percent of every man's character. You women have only this remaining percentage to work for your happiness. If a number of men were put in a room, and an equal number of women were brought in, the majority of the men would pick out the one woman who showed the least interest in them. It is the conquering instinct, the desire to impress his value upon those who have no wish for the knowledge.

I know this to be true. That is why

whenever this girl's eyes lifted from her book and encountered my gaze, I threw my whole soul into my expression. I told her as plainly as though I had spoken that she was the one woman in the world for me; that I wanted to know her; that I had been immediately attracted; that she was beautiful and fascinating. In short, I had fallen in love at first sight.

During the rest of that journey, there wasn't a single instant in which I allowed her to forget me.

[To be continued]

But how did she fare in the onward rush of his career as the beloved of many women? Did she suffer? Was her cup more bitter than is the common lot of woman? You will find an answer to these questions in the next SMART SET.

Buying Beauty at \$22 a Week

[Continued from page 16]

his careless, reckless makeup. But I was in love. Tall, with a slouching swagger, he was all of a hero to me; every word of his I believed. I was only sixteen. And then—whatever happened afterward—I do believe he was sincerely as much as he could be, in love with me.

THUS it came about that one Sunday afternoon Dick and I eloped to New York. Our first week together was as wonderful as any week could be. We were married by an alderman. Dick took me to some shows, cabarets where things seemed pretty wild, and to a wrestling match in Madison Square Garden. It wasn't long, though, before I noticed a change. In justice to Dick maybe it was because his money was going and he couldn't get work.

From a hotel we moved to a lodging house, cheap and drab. I wasn't sorry I'd left my home, I was glad I was in New York. But it nearly killed me when Dick stayed away entire nights and brought rough cronies to the room where they drank together.

Then one afternoon Dick came into the room and put twenty-five dollars on the table.

"There, kid," he said, and he seemed sort of honestly shame-faced. "That ought to see you through a couple of weeks. Try and get a job. I'm busted, there's nothing in town, and I got a chance to work as chauffeur for a dame who summers at Saratoga. I'll write—"

Oh, he told me a lot more, and made promises. He tried to let me down easy. But I just went cold under his kisses. I was too hurt to cry then. I did later. I let him go without a protest. And I've never laid eyes on him since.

FOR several weeks I tramped the streets looking for employment. I walked to save carfare—walked until I almost fell over. I went to theatrical agencies and producers' offices, but I didn't know the ropes, I suppose. Unfamiliar with New York, I found it difficult to find the addresses given in the "female want ad" columns, and when I did the positions were either filled or I was untrained for the work. By some instinct, more than by knowledge, I came to realize the approach of motherhood. What to do?—to appeal at home for help was out of the question. I would die first.

I'd been getting my meagre breakfast of rolls and coffee at a cafeteria, where I had picked up acquaintance with the woman at the cash register. Mrs. Macklin was a kindly soul and one morning, utterly desperate, I asked her if she didn't know where I could get work—if only washing dishes in the place. She came over to my table.

Looking me up and down—"Why don't you go in for modeling?" she said. "I know girls who do it. Maybe you're a little small, but I think you'd be just the size for a junior or chicken-house. Let's see." Rapidly she scanned the ads in the morning paper. "Here—" pointing to the Female Help Wanted column:

Models, Size 16. Good-looking. Stylish, to try on Misses' and Juniors' coats. Apply all week.

"If you don't get in the first place, try some of the others." She pencilled several ads. "With your looks you'll get a job somewhere. Come back and let me know."

I WAS shaking in my shoes when I timidly entered the long show room. "Take off your hat," said the head model. "Try on a coat."

As I walked up and down the long show strip of carpet, I thought my legs were going to crumple under me. The boss came over to the head model and, his gaze shifting from my head to my ankles, callously sized me up. In addition to a comely face, a shapely figure, slender ankles and refined looking hands are necessary parts of a model's twenty-two dollar assets. The boss was a puffy little man with thick lips.

"Guess she'll do," he said to the head model. And turning to me—"Miss ah—ah, where do you live? You got an apartment?"

Not then knowing the significance of the question I told him I had a small room.

"Oh, well, a girl like you wants a nice little suite—well, well, we talk about that later."

Why I should have a suite I didn't understand. Only later did I realize the import of that invariable question, "You got a nice apartment?" I wondered then how I could possibly afford an apartment out of the fifteen dollars offered me to begin. More was promised later, after I'd gained experience, the head model said. I'd need a black satin slip to wear in the show room. My shoes were seedy, too, and it was important for the models to wear shapely shoes. What should I do? I had just ninety odd cents to my name. Well, she agreed the shoes might go for a week, and the price of the slip could be charged against my first week's pay. So I started in.

In about two weeks I was able to "walk the plank" with the rest of the girls. They call it "walking the plank" because you never know whether you're going to win the boss's approval or whether you'll get your time by the end of the day. I learned it is as much a part of the work as showing off trick clothes to be pleasant to prospective customers. You have to smile and smile. It was a hot July day, and time after time I'd "walked the plank" in heavy winter coats weighted with fur trimmings. I didn't dare show I was the least uncomfortable.

Once a buyer, enormously fat, came over to examine a coat. His arm glided around me. Already I had learned I dare not offend him by any rebuff.

"You like the coat?" he whispered in my ear. "Keep you nice and warm next winter. Say, young lady, you take dinner with me tonight. You get the coat, and the boss a big order."

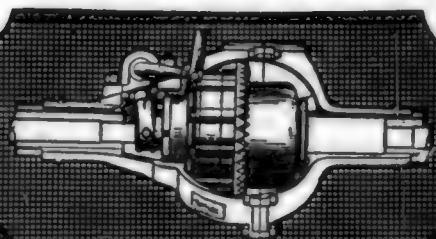
IT WAS the first overture of the kind. "Oh, I couldn't," I parried, smiling. "I—I thank you."

He wasn't—like many of them—inconsistent. "Oh, I see. You're new. Well, maybe the next time."

A little while later I saw him joking with the boss. But the boss wasn't in a joking mood when he left.

"For why didn't you take his present?" he stormed. "For why are you a fool? He's got plenty of money, he give you presents, he's one of our best customers. If he gets mad he'll take his account away. Now, lookie here, young lady, if you're not smart enough to keep him as a friend for this house that's not my lookout. Get me?"

I found from the girls that if a buyer



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simply says the word any model who displeases is promptly fired. If a buyer's advances are repulsed and he is offended enough to kick, the girl and not the buyer's account must be sacrificed. To hold off countless men without outright offense is one of the most difficult tricks—and an art—of the business. At first every time a man began pawing me over I got all sick inside. I always felt I would rather die than endure the embraces of a man I didn't love. In this, thank heaven, I haven't changed, but I can understand how models get hardened. A heavy arm insinuating itself around your waist—every day. Every day. And the girl, knowing that to protest, to show any signs of anger or revulsion would mean dismissal, is powerless, the helpless victim of any advantage a buyer wants to take.

I hadn't been working three weeks when I had to make my first choice—the first of many. It was when the Western buyer who represented a chain of one hundred and twenty-five stores, and who had never dealt with the firm, of whom I have spoken, indicated to the boss his interest in me. I was so shocked at the crude proposition I didn't try any evasion and just flared.

"You won't go out this evening then?" the boss's lips took on an ugly sneer. "All right. Sorry I got someone else coming in in the morning. I got a lot of girls waiting, and your style's changed. You can call for your check Saturday."

Usually they gave a model a day's notice, seldom more. Often, as then, I was fired on the spot.

MY NEXT job, found by answering newspaper ads, was in a dress house. It was a large place, employing about thirty girls. One of the partners, I was told, was returning from Europe with a new collection of styles. Among themselves the girls spoke a great deal about him, how he gave dresses to the girls and how necessary it was to "stand in" with him.

One morning—I'd been there less than two weeks—I came in and punched the time clock to find a self-important personage strutting up and down the place. He gave me the "once over" as soon as he spied me. His arms folded, he made some "wise crack" to every girl as he passed. To me he said nothing, but I felt his look rove from my face to my feet. His look gave me the shudders.

Busy all day with the senior member of the firm he didn't speak to me until I was about to leave.

"So you've just come to us?" he grinned. "Like the work?"

"Yes," I said, with a crippled smile.

Placing his hand on my arm he ran his fingers down to my wrist and gave it a squeeze. "Guess you'll do, kiddo," he whispered, with a pat on my back. "See you tomorrow."

The girls had told me he was married and had several daughters. After all, I thought with relief, he would probably let me off easy. But the next evening he detained me until the other girls had gone.

"You ought to make good in this firm," he said. "Your clothes hang well. Say, listen, if you treat men nice I can do a lot of things for you. How about coming to dinner tonight and have a drink of some good stuff I brought from the other side? How'd that go?"

Somehow I got out of it, and for several days held him off. As I was changing into my street clothes in the dressing room just before leaving one evening, he came in. By sheer force I broke away, dragging my clothes with me. Rushing into the office, "I can't work here any more," I panted to his partner.

"That so?" he muttered unconcernedly.

"I'll call for my check Saturday." And I was again on the lookout for a job.

AT THE next place, to my great joy I was told that any girl who went out with buyers would be dismissed. The two heads were rather agreeable youngish fellows. It was a smaller concern and seemed to have a high class trade, although not a large one.

I got along pretty well until the end of the season.

One night, just after the head model had started for the elevator and I was getting my hat, the younger member of the firm followed me into the cloak room. I'd felt so safe there that I fairly jumped when he put his arm around me.

"Aw, don't be scared," he smiled down at me. "I been looking at you all day. Give me a kiss."

I tried to pull myself away from his grasp, but he held me fast.

"Please, don't," I began feebly. I was too tired to fight.

His arm only tightened about me.

"Gee, you're a cutie!"

"Please let me go," I pleaded. "I mustn't miss my train."

"Oh, forget the train. I'll take you home. You're going to have dinner downtown with me."

The thought of what this meant sickened me. But how could I hunt another job again? With the prospect of my

struggled out of bed, mended the tear in my dress as best I could, looked at my swollen face in the cracked mirror and then went down to get the money I had coming to me.

"I'm awfully sorry," the bookkeeper said as she handed me my half week's pay envelope. I judged it wasn't the first time she had paid off a girl the same way.

How many jobs I got and lost until the time came for me to go to the hospital to have my baby I don't know. Several lasted a month or more. Most only a few weeks. By a stroke of good fortune I kept my figure through the long weary months until the crisis was near, and so managed to eke together some savings. With the assistance of Mrs. Macklin, the cashier in the restaurant where I still ate, I bought garments for the baby, and together we made a few things. When the time came she took me to the maternity hospital.

I had been in the hospital sixteen days when my baby was born—a boy. That cuddling infant seemed a reward for all my hardships and sufferings. Holding him to my breast, something warm glowed within me. Life ceased to be so lonely, so bitter. I had something to love. As I was a charity patient, the time came when I had to leave. The hospital authorities, fearing I couldn't care for him, wanted to keep the baby. But I lied and lied in my desperation, telling them I had a good home near New York, and at last, reluctantly, they let me take him. I carried him around the streets in my arms while I looked for a boarding place for babies.

Mythical Millions!

Have you ever wondered where Follies' girls find all the millionaires to marry?

Did it ever occur to you that maybe—perhaps—there really weren't that many!

Read this "different" feature story in *November SMART SET*.

coming motherhood, I was terribly in need of money just then.

I opened my mouth to say something. I guess from the look I gave him he thought I was going to scream, for he clapped his hand over my mouth.

"If you raise your voice," he whispered, "I'll break your head! I was only having a little fun. Come on over to the hotel. I'm going to stay in town tonight and we'll have a quiet little dinner and a drink in my room. Don't be a fool. I won't hurt you!"

He was putting my hat on my head and still had hold of my arm. I was sick and tired, so frazzled with my troubles and so hungry for a decent meal, that I decided it would be easier to go than to argue about it. So I went.

IT WAS the same "old stuff" I'd heard about from other models. I wasn't obliging. I got my only presentable dress torn and was told I needn't come back to work any more.

That was about the last straw for me. I was in such distress that night when I got back to my stuffy little room I just let the tears flow. The next morning I

THROUGH a newspaper advertisement I found a small nursery where I was to pay eight dollars a week. I had left the hospital on a Friday, and the following Monday I was again at work. Every night after work I went to see the baby. That visit was the only bright spot in my life. In three weeks I was again out of work. Unable to pay my baby's board in advance, the woman said she couldn't keep him any longer. So I took him to my room. I knew little about caring for babies and gave him canned milk which made him deathly sick. Mrs. Macklin brought a doctor, a friend of hers, who directed me to a milk station. There they gave me a formula which required an expensive preparation. Almost penniless, I went without food myself so as to get the necessities for my child. I'd have starved myself if it hadn't been for what Mrs. Macklin filched for me at the restaurant. Finally the landlady, who didn't want babies in the house, took advantage of my being back in room rent to tell me I'd have to leave.

I was at my wits' ends. In the course of my search for jobs I had worked for a short time for a man who kept a fur shop on Seventh Avenue. I left because he insisted that I marry him. Threatened with ejection from my room and without money to buy the preparation for my baby's milk, in desperation—while the baby was asleep one afternoon—I raced over to his shop. Now—feeling if the worst came to the worst, and that marriage was the lesser evil of two in a woman's extremity—I was willing to marry him. I told him of my distress and asked for a loan of fifty dollars. Now that I was helpless, he no longer talked of marriage. Yes, he'd give me fifty dollars, he grinned, rubbing his hands, and he'd give me a home for the baby—if I'd live with him. He was old, and dirty, and coarse and spoke the most awful English I had ever heard. What could I do? Let the baby starve? I was willing to do almost anything—the least of which was lying.

If he wanted to take advantage of me, why shouldn't I do likewise with him. Without hesitation I agreed to his proposal. With a canny chuckle he gave me twenty-five dollars, saying he'd give me more money when I was "hitched up" with him. That afternoon I bought the baby some needed clothes, and I got the druggist's preparation.

I TRIED to figure some way out. The next day I took a hairpin and made rips in a pair of my oldest stockings and put on my worst clothes. I went down looking like a tramp to see him. I sat in his office talking, taking good care to cross my legs so that the ripped stockings would be sure to show. I told him I needed clothes, and I had to pay arrears of rent before I could go anywhere with him. The plan worked. He looked down, I pretended to cover my torn stockings with my skirt and apologized for my untidy appearance. He was fairly nice about it, and for a minute I didn't think I'd have the nerve to go through with my little plot. But I took the fifty dollars more he offered and promised to meet him the next day.

Leaving him I dashed back to my room so fast I was all out of breath when I got there. But I didn't waste any time. I threw all my stuff into a big box, called a taxi and moved right then and there to a house not more than a block away. That's one thing you can do in New York. You don't have to go fifty miles to get away from somebody you want to forget.

I guess my getting seventy-five dollars that way was dishonest. But I'll confess I didn't have any moral compunctions or regret, for a man who tries to take advantage of a woman's misfortune has something coming to him. That money enabled me to carry on until I landed another job and to put my child in a good boarding place, where I have kept him ever since. If I deceived the furrier, that deception saved the life of my life—a life dearer to me today than anything in the world.

AND since that grind of a little over two years? The same story over and over again. The same overtures, the same questions in almost the same words. Cleverer than I was in holding off and getting out of difficult situations, I hold jobs longer—until the final crisis comes. I still draw only twenty-two-fifty a week. I have to pay eight dollars for the baby's board. And there are extras, clothes and other needed things, which average about three dollars each week. When the child is ill there are prescriptions at the drug store. I

still owe Mrs. Macklin's friend, the kind old doctor, who has taken an interest in the baby and me. By sharing an apartment with two other models, including cost of light and gas, we get away on seven-fifty a week each. That leaves me with four dollars for food and clothing.

How I've managed I don't know. How long I'll stand it I don't know. I've been at my present place of employment over a month.

Some of the girls are always getting new dresses and new shoes. And their looks aren't fading, as mine have been, from lack of food and tramping the streets. And when your looks fade as a model you're "done." I've begun using rouge. Maybe the others are hard, and have a bitter contempt for men, and are cynical about life. But they're well dressed and well fed, and they have a "good time." I've never had a good time.

HOW long will I last? How long can I go on? Somehow I feel at the end of my string.

Only a few days ago the old doctor who has been so kind hurt me terribly. "What are you going to do as your baby gets older? Can you give him what he's got to have? He'll need care, clothing, and have to go to school. Can you give him an education? Now, I know a couple who want to adopt a child. They're good people, and have money. They'll be kind to him. They'll give him anything. Of course, if they adopt him you couldn't see him again. He'll know them as his parents. You'll have to give him up. I don't want to be hard. But think it over."

Sobbing I left the doctor's office. What shall I do? Night after night I've lain awake struggling. For the last two years I know the baby has had to go without things I just couldn't buy. And as he gets older I know he'll need more things. Can I support him, and send him to a kindergarten, and later to school? Can I even clothe him?

I know the doctor is right. Maybe I am selfish. But, oh, do you know what it means to a mother to part with her child? Without my child—he is toddling around now and when I visit him he kisses me and clings to me and says "Mama"—there would be nothing for me in life, nothing, nothing to work for, to hope for, to keep good for, to hold me straight. Nothing, nothing. I can keep him, yes. But, as I see it, just by one way—only one way.

Must I give in at last? Must I say "Yes" to the next telephone call? Or must I give my boy up? Oh, what—what—shall I do?

Quong Kee's White Wife

(Continued from page 20)

my first inkling of what my place was to be. It was the first oriental touch, the tightening of the grip of possession. It hurt my pride, for I had always been independent. No one had ever told me what I should, or should not do. I had the occidental woman's idea of being a free agent. I told him so.

"A woman assumes the nationality and the responsibilities of her husband," he returned. "As a husband I know my rights, and yours. I am the head of the house, so let us understand that."

IT WAS our first quarrel. It ended like most first quarrels, in tears and kisses and reconciliation, though Quong Kee did not come down from his stand.

I didn't realize then, but I was to learn it later. Romance drifted into commonplace, and that is the dangerous stage of marriage. We began to settle, and the settling from Quong Kee's viewpoint was all to be on my side.

It began to settle into a regular course of training as subtle as his wooing had been. He proceeded to make a Chinese wife of me, with all the quiet, persistent calm of which his race is capable. I had no outlet among my own sex, for the women of the neighborhood somehow or other made me see that I was not one of them now. I had alienated myself with an alien race, and I found that out when I attempted timidly to make friends. I was thrown in on myself and



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him, for it never occurred to me to seek a social outlet with men.

After a few months came the more terrifying stage. Kee began to talk of children. I had never thought of them except vaguely. Now I saw that after the first fervor of his love had died down that was all he thought of. It was race—and I was simply to be a mother, one to rear offspring to his glory.

"Women are only successful as mothers," he would tell me. "If you had a child, a man-child, you would not be restless when I am away. A woman should be a mother first and a wife afterwards, for the real purpose of men and women is family."

THIS terrified me. To me children should be born of love, and I began to realize how impossible any sort of love between us was becoming.

Then something happened that terrified me still further.

One day when I was downtown on a shopping tour, I ran into Joe. He had not seen me since my marriage. He actually did not know I was married, for he was away at the time, and I had simply left the office and disappeared. I could see by the way his face lit up that he still cared for me. Somehow it was good to me that someone did—in that way. I needed someone to cling to. I knew it was wrong; I realized it at the very first, but I could not help it.

I didn't tell him I was married, not that first time. It was almost noon when I met him. The way he grasped my hand right there on the street, the way his eyes shone, and the way he held onto me sent a thrill all through me. I let him take me to lunch, for we couldn't stand there talking that way.

"Well, it hit me hard," he exclaimed, "when I came back and found you gone and nobody knew where. I went back to the boarding house, but they didn't know any more than anyone else. So finally I just gave it up and sailed into work. I've done pretty well, too; yes, pretty well. Old Brown left and they made me salesmanager. Not so bad, eh?"

I agreed that it was not so bad, and we talked about the business. Finally he eased down on his own affairs and asked about mine.

WELL, Marie, what are you doing, and why are you so quiet about it?" he asked.

That made me realize that I had to be quiet about it, so I was evasive and flippant. He suspected something, but did not question me. I think he knew then that I wasn't happy, but he did not try to find out just why. I loved his awkwardness, his lack of subtlety, his Americanism. It was a contrast that I had to have. I was with my own again, and I realized my mistake in leaving them; yes, and most of all leaving him.

I promised to meet Joe again the next week. That was easy enough, for Kee paid little attention to where I went in the daytime. As long as I was home for him, it didn't matter much. I was the keeper of his house, and as long as I kept it to suit him all was well.

Of course, I had to tell Joe the next time that I was married. It was only fair to him, for I could see that he still cared for me. I didn't tell him who I had married. I didn't even tell him my name, and he didn't ask it.

I was grateful for that. It was just enough to see him now and then, to feel that to one man I was a woman—a person. It gave me back some of the self-respect that I had been gradually losing. I didn't

realize the selfishness of it, not at the time.

Quong Kee recognized soon enough the change in me. I don't know that he actually found out about Joe, or whether he was only suspicious. I did not fully realize that I was thinking of Joe now. So far he had only meant something I had known, a life that was mine, a love that should have been mine—not the mockery I had made of it.

"In China," my husband began slowly one night, watching me closely, "if a wife is untrue to her husband, we have our own way of taking care of it. We are not in China. But here even the Americans, for all they spoil their women, have their own way of taking care of such things."

"What do you mean?" I asked, trying to cover the real fright that I felt. I was afraid, not so much for myself as for Joe.

"Why, nothing in particular," he replied quietly. "But even you white barbarians have your own standards of face and pride. For instance, if a woman wants to go to another man, she gets a divorce. The Chinese do not believe in divorce."

"If another man wanted you he could not have you—not really, I mean—and if he was the right sort of man he'd want you, just as I have you, for his own. That's what I mean, no other man can have you. And if he could not have you that way, he could not have you any other—after I got done with you."

THE unspoken threat frightened me so that I could not answer. He looked at me, quietly reading my thoughts. Then he smiled suavely.

"When we accept our responsibilities we go through with them, and we expect others to do the same. When we bind ourselves to a duty we perform it, even though the duty may not be pleasant. In my country, for I feel that China is my country, we have no choice in marriage, and we ask none, abiding by the will of our elders, who are wiser than we. Even here, where we are free to make such a choice, we abide by our mistakes and tolerate no mistakes from others."

He left me and went to his own room. He meant that I should think it out alone, and he knew I would. He was right. I, too, had my ideas of face, even though they were not his. Then I realized how much power he had on his side, and how he could enforce it. I had put myself in his hands. Did I dare to attempt to take myself out, or was anyone else strong enough to do it? What did he mean by what he said? How much did he know?

After all, there was nothing to find out, for it all lay within me. Joe had never spoken to me since that night at the boarding house. Perhaps I exaggerated what I had seen in his eyes recently. At any rate, I must not see him again—that is, not after the engagement we had already made.

I could hardly wait until the day of our appointment. Kee said no more, but I was afraid, and it seemed to be preying on my health. My head ached almost continually and I felt sick all over. I was sick at the thing I must tell Joe, more for his sake than my own.

WHEN the hour came, I was waiting at the restaurant ahead of him. We always had a corner table, and he looked so big and robust and American when I saw him swinging between the tables toward me, a broad smile on his good-natured face. I determined to wait until after luncheon. I was going to

keep that smile and treasure it in my memory. It would be all that I dared keep. So we chatted commonplaces all through the meal; I wanted him to remember me at my best.

With the coffee I nerved myself for it. "Joe," I said, and my voice shook, for all I tried so hard to control it, "I can't see you any more after today."

His face fell suddenly. I knew then that I had been right. He still loved me.

"Why—why not?" he asked hesitatingly. "Surely there's nothing wrong in just seeing you. Why, I'd like to know your husband. I'd like to come and see him at your home. You know, if there's anything unpleasant, we ought to be able to square it that way—for you, I mean," he added almost eagerly.

I shook my head. He wasn't making it any easier for me.

"No, Joe," I told him slowly, trying to be calmer than I felt. "He wouldn't understand; he wouldn't understand at all."

"Why, there's nothing to understand. We're just friends. He'd have to understand that."

"But he wouldn't," I had to insist. "You see, he's not like us. He's different."

"How do you mean different?" and he looked puzzled.

"I mean of a different race. I've never told you my married name. I'll have to now. I'm Mrs. Quong Kee."

I shall never forget the look on Joe's face. First it went blank; then, unconsciously, uncontrollably, I read my punishment there—in the repulsion, the loathing, and the disgust. In one moment I saw myself become something unclean and defiled in his mind. I might have confessed to any indiscretion, any lapse, or any mistake of virtue, but never would it have brought the look that I saw there.

He dropped his eyes, finally realizing they were betraying him. He nervously picked up the check the waiter laid beside him. I saw it crumple in his fingers.

"Quong Kee, my God—a Chink—" Then realizing his unconscious words he rose, turned on his heel and walked away without looking back. It was the only thing he could do. The best thing he could do for both of us.

I NEVER remember how I got home. Scarcely had I gained my room than I collapsed in a faint. How long it lasted I do not know. When I came to, I was in bed, and a strange face was bending over me. I recognized him subconsciously by his professional manner. I wondered how long I had been there; if I had been delirious, if I had talked. The strange man looked at me kindly, smiled and said:

"Well, well, now you're all right," then turned and motioned to someone behind him.

Quong Kee came and sat down at my bedside as the doctor went out. He took my hand gently, almost tenderly, and smiled in his quiet, imperturbable way.

"My white lily must be quiet. She must let no wind shake her petals," he said, lapsing into poetry for the first time in months. "For the doctor says that the lily is to bloom and give a flower to my family altar."

He smiled again, a smile of satisfaction this time. "Do you understand?" he asked quietly.

* * *

Perhaps I did not then, but I have since. I have understood nothing else, nor will I ever from Quong Kee. I only know that his wish, not mine, is to be fulfilled. The tie between us is now—unbreakable.

Gypsy Love

[Continued from page 75]

all a bright, beautiful new world to me. Presently Tom lifted his head with startled recollection.

Gently he set me on my feet, and with a muttered warning to stay where I was until he should send me one of the flower girls with my street clothes, he left.

I shivered. The sun had passed from the warm, green field.

The next night at about ten-thirty, the landlady came up to tell me that Mr. Hamlin was waiting in the parlor.

"Has anything happened to you tonight, Maritza?" was his greeting. "Are you sick?"

His question perplexed me. "Tonight? Me do lesson—see?" I pulled a paper from my pocket. "Me write name ten times."

HE LOOKED at my wavy scrawls and smiled. "But don't you know you were to play your fiddle at nine-thirty?"

"What? Tonight again?" I cried, surprise making me lapse into Hungarian.

"People are calling for you, Maritza. The story of your music has already spread and many have come to hear you. I have had a little platform made for you, so no one will annoy you."

"But I do not intend to play tonight," I protested.

"You mustn't act like a child, Maritza. Come, get your fiddle. There's a taxi waiting outside."

"I tell you I will not play. I cannot."

"Why not?"

"I do not feel like making music tonight."

He came over to sit down beside me, that soothing, patient look in his eyes. "Things are not done that way in America," he said. "When I announced that Maritza will play every night —"

"Every night?" I interrupted. "How can a Tsigan play every night! You may tell these people that I do not play for their amusement. I do it when something inside me drives me to play."

"Then how do you expect to earn a living, Maritza?"

"I will make a living any way I please!" I retorted hotly. "But I cannot talk to my fiddle every night!"

I was pacing the room excitedly, wild and ungovernable once more at the mere thought of having to do something I did not want to.

"People make much of a gypsy's gratitude. Where is yours, Maritza?" asked Tom Hamlin suddenly.

I trembled all over, and coming nearer, thrust my face close to his set jaw.

Rash words tumbled from my lips. I forgot, in one insane burst of passion, that this man had really been to me what only one out of a million men might have been willing to be—a friend, a benefactor.

YOU are a man like all other men!" I flung at him. "And you tried to persuade me you were different. Your own flower girls told me that some day you would demand your price, and do you know what I did? I tore their hair in defense of you!"

"Oh yes, I know," I went on blindly. "It is you who have paid for my clothes. You have paid for my teacher and my books. You pay for my room. You want your reward, and you call it gratitude!"

He moved to stop my violence, but can you stop the wind?

"I will teach you what the gratitude of my race means. No Tsigan has ever played without wishing to. I will play

for you tonight out of gratitude. But I will never do it again—never! You may have your clothes and your books and your money. I have the rags you found me in—and my free heart!"

We did not exchange a single word as we sat face to face in the taxi that I instantly summoned. Nor did Tom try to exert his calming influence over me, no doubt because I had hurt him too much.

Once at the "Rendezvous," I leaped from the taxi while it was still moving, and dashed into the dressing-room to don my costume. Then I rushed into the main room.

What did it matter to me that another number was in progress? A girl was singing, I think. I waved my violin and shouted with joyous abandon lest Tom think I cared.

There is no need for me to tell you that indignation and spite made me play with a fervor almost beyond belief.

Then I went further. I danced with anybody and everybody. I flirted recklessly. I let my partners hold me close in your American fashion.

But do you think I saw my surroundings clearly? Wherever I turned I seemed to see only Tom's face, watching me in amazement. This annoyed me, so to defy him I would embark upon some other wild venture. Still, when I looked up, there was Tom following me about with his rebuking eyes.

I had danced with one man several times, when he whispered fatuously in my ear that if I would come, he would have a party for me next night in his apartment. I made him believe that I might if he begged hard enough, but I did not intend to—he had a gleam in his eye like Iancu's, which I knew instinctively to fear.

WE WERE approaching the spot where Tom had stood observing me all evening. He was leaning against a pillar, as I had first seen him on the ship, with his arms folded, his head thrown back, only now his eyes were filled with censure.

"He thinks he can tell me what to do," I said to myself. "I am free. He cannot stop me."

And as we came close to him, I said to my partner in a loud voice so Tom would hear the very words I knew would cause him pain:

"Yes, I come—your house tomorrow night. No—I come tonight. Take me along now!"

Turning back to see the effect this made on him, I received the reward I deserved. Our gaze met, mine provocative and challenging, his disillusioned, almost harsh. Then his face grew very stern, and turning his back squarely on me, he walked towards the door.

A moment later I saw him leave.

Have you ever seen an intruder come into your house and walk off in your presence with your most treasured possession? This is the way I felt when Tom Hamlin turned away from me. I felt that he had taken something very dear to me away with him, but I did not know what it was. I had that sense of desolation, of utter loneliness, of cold and darkness and danger.

What was it I had said to him? "I have the rags you found me in—and my free heart!"

I broke away from my partner and fought like a tigress when he tried to recapture me. I did not know of what

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I was speaking. My heart was not free. It was bound, locked behind prison doors, sold away in slavery, and only Tom Hamlin's love could make it free.

THE revelation came with a shock that left me dazed. Now when I needed him most, I had sent him away, disgusted with my behavior. My feet might wander over the whole world, but always my heart would be imprisoned because I had recognized love too late.

Could I call him back? Could I humble myself before him in atonement?

Fortunately it was a warm night. As I was, hatless, bare-footed, in my spectacular costume, I set out to find him. Up and down the street crowds of people wandered, but Tom was not among them. They called to me as I passed, but I did not care.

My frenzied search led me zigzag about the streets of the city. Had the earth swallowed him? Or was this my punishment—that I should always seek and never find?

Exhaustion finally sent me back to the "Rendezvous." Its doors were closed; its windows darkened. It was late.

Just one other course remained. There are no two ways about a gypsy girl's love. When she is sure a man is her mate, she goes to his wagon and offers him the supreme gift. You may think it wrong for him to accept. The gypsy man does not. He knows that love should receive as well as give.

I wandered another hour before I found the old brownstone house in which Tom lived. With a last burst of energy, I pounded on the door until he came himself to open it. Then I stumbled into the hall, and stood with bowed head before the man who could give me the wings I had always longed to possess.

"Maritza—Maritza!" he cried, shaking me by the shoulders. "What has happened to you?"

"I did not go tonight," I told him.

AN expression of relief passed over his face. The touch of his hand on my arm sent my heart pounding. I did not want to struggle from it, nor resist him, as I had done with other men.

I lifted my head proudly, for it was a proud moment in my life. "I have come here instead."

"What do you mean, Maritza?"

"I mean I love you. And where should a girl come if not to her man?"

The whole world seemed to hang on a thread that might snap at any moment and hurl us to destruction. But it did not snap. The blood of his mother's people leaped high in Tom's veins. His eyes glowed, bored into my very soul.

"I had hoped for this, little Gypsy-heart," he whispered, opening his arms to me.

Once more the sense of his strength brought me that beautiful vision of my own sunny fields. I, who had thought myself free, did not know the meaning of that word until a man's kiss sent our hearts winging in unison.

I had my hands clasped tightly about his neck and I was crying up into his face.

"I will be a good American," I promised. "And do everything you will tell me to. And I will not be wild any more. And I will study hard so I can talk as fine as you do and you will not have to be ashamed of me."

Tom laughed. "I will never be ashamed of you, Maritza, no matter what you may do. Your heart is as blameless as a child's."

"Wait!" I cried sharply. "You do not know everything. I must tell you the truth. I have—have stabbed a man. Old Iancu—I hated him. Something inside me told me I must wait for you—for my one and only love. Oh, my Tom! Tom!"

The whole story poured from my lips. I did not have to explain much. He understood.

Suddenly Tom put me from him. I thought I had angered him and waited breathlessly for him to speak.

"I must take you home, Maritza. It's getting late."

"Home?" I echoed in dismay. "Is not this my home?"

"It will be, little Tsigan, but I cannot keep you here tonight!"

If he had beat me, the hurt and the insult could not have been greater. We had a stormy scene then, in spite of all my promises, but in the end my love for him made me see his reasons.

"Tomorrow Aunt Hania and I will come for you, Maritza. And then, my darling—"

SO NOW I am Mrs. Tom Hamlin. Is not America the strangest place in the world? Just think, a gypsy may marry a king!

A gypsy may even help to elect the President of the United States, and this is what I did last week. I am a real citizen.

But I am a gypsy, too, for sometimes, when we spend a week-end at our country home, the lure of growing things comes over me.

Then I gather together all the children in the neighborhood, shoulder my fiddle, and hear once more the tread of bewitched feet tapping to the rhythm of my gypsy melodies.

When a Man Laughs at Love.

[Continued from page 88]

I did. I knew it was a traitorous thing to Hope, with her simplicity and unselfish soul, and I abruptly tore the card in two. But I have an unusual memory—the name and the address I could not tear out of my mind.

There in the great restaurant filled with prosperous, well-fed patrons—with their air of sleek grooming, luxuries, delicate attention, and the thousand and one delights that money will buy—I was aware how far I'd lost my early ambitions. Here was I soon to be handicapped with a wife—and struggling along like millions of others on a clerk's salary!

For the first time I questioned this state of affairs. I thought of power and riches and servants and great yachts and all the things a millionaire may have. I wanted these badly. Suddenly it came to me that I wanted them for myself—not for Hope!

THERE it stood. If I failed to get the capital tomorrow, I would have to choose between Hope and a fortune. Never again might I get such an opportunity that Mr. Burke's incaution offered me, and my aunt was ready to back me if I did what she wished.

I trudged off towards my room, walking on the hard city pavements for miles out of my way, so that I would be too exhausted to do anything but sleep when I got in. That night I closed my mind to all thought, and slept like a dead man.

I guess maybe I knew somehow what I'd do. The next morning I pushed my things into my bag any old way, and

went to the station. I was going back to Hope, of course, and I wasn't going to give myself any chance to do otherwise. But I got to the station an hour ahead of time—and in that hour I went through agony. Between my love for Hope and my desire for riches, I was now torn and broken.

I forced myself to go near the gates where the train was leaving. I stood there with the ticket in my hand, tempting myself to do what my heart prompted. But my reason looked ahead down the long years and held me there, fast, chained.

The cry of "All aboard!" sounded, but I stood riveted, unable to move. On this train I had promised to go back. A few intolerable seconds went by, and suddenly I grabbed up my bag and rushed for the gates. At the same instant, the guard drew them and locked them. Down below I heard the rumble of departing wheels.

IT WAS done—over and decided. A kind of giddy recklessness mounted in me. Tonight, somehow, I must not think of Hope. . . . Insidiously, treacherously, there stole into my mind the memory of the woman I had seen in the restaurant, that seductive figure with the lowered eyes, the air of mystery and unscrupulousness—Lila Shirley.

Half an hour later I stood before her door. She herself opened it, and for a moment looked at me, frowning and curious. She was wearing black, a crimson sash wound about her waist. All at

once she smiled into my white, dead-sober face.

"Well, look who's here!" she said. Glancing at my grip, she laughed in a low, alluring pitch. "I guess you've come to stay! Well—come in, for I am alone, it happens."

Hours later. I put down a cocktail glass with an unsteady hand and covered my eyes with my hand. I could imagine Hope as she would look in the morning, straining her eyes for sight of me, and then going away alone. When I looked up, I saw Lila Shirley's face with its slightly mocking air.

OVER the following years I will pass in brief review. I've not been scrupulous in my life—I've wanted power too much to care how I got it. Today, aided by my Aunt Julia's loan, successive strokes of luck, and by my own unceasing energy, I am a power in the world. I am a director of two banks and a railroad, I have engineered scores of deals that have changed maps and employed thousands of men. I have a finger in a dozen industries.

With it all, I realize that I have been a fool. For I have learned at last how great and tragic a blunder I made. This is not a mere account of one man's successful serving of Mammon. I have something deeper than that to tell.

Always when I amassed a new fortune in the flying years, I found myself discontented and restless, always desiring more. I never married. Long ago I knew that I was not happy or sat-

ified, but I told myself that such was the common lot, that no man can expect to attain happiness in this world.

I ceased to believe in love or goodness. The more my fortune grew, the more keenly I saw how petty and ignoble are the motives of most men. I saw how willing people were to flatter me, that everyone had an axe of selfishness to grind, and everyone had his price.

At those rare moments when I thought of Hope Galloway now and then, I did not regret that I had taken the step I did. Would I have been any happier with her, I reasoned, after the years had faded our love and I was struggling along without even saving enough to make one desperate thrust towards independence? I was certain that I had made the right choice.

More than ever I felt that on the few occasions that I had news of Hope Galloway. She had married Tim Martin, as I half suspected. Women are practical enough, and she was a girl eminently made to have children and live a quiet domestic round. I heard also that her two children had been lost to her through illness—but she and Tim were still together. Picturing them, growing old and dull together, I told myself that long ago I had taken the course of wisdom when I flung aside love for ambition.

THEN, just the other day, after these many years, I saw Hope herself! And that carries my story to an end.

It was a fall day, and I was driving home from my offices. At the apartment on Park Avenue where I was going that evening, I knew that a beautiful girl would be waiting. I knew that though my hair had receded and I was flabby and overweight, she would be as kind to me as if I were young once more and a pauper.

I sat back, looking out at the crowds as the twilight came down. I was a little tired, and the emptiness of things struck home to me. Amusements and pleasures had long since palled, and I realized with a sense of sadness that I was growing old.

All at once my chauffeur shoved his brakes so violently that I lurched back against the cushions. Looking out, I saw the car ahead had done likewise and that just beyond a little knot of people was forming with surprising swiftness.

I got out of the car, for reasons I can't analyze, and pushed nearer. As I looked, something like an old illusion, that I had thought was long since dead, rose in me. A woman, with frantic, unseeing eyes, faced the crowd of gaping spectators. A man lay at her feet—he had evidently been run over.

But to me it all had a greater significance, for in the woman I recognized Hope, the girl I once had loved—and the man she stood over was Tim Martin.

I fought my way through the press to reach them, turning just once to beckon my chauffeur. Before the traffic policeman had broken up the crowd, the chauffeur and I picked up Tim Martin's body, and carried it to my car. I spoke a few words to the officer. He stood back respectfully and drove the people away to let me pass. The woman, as if dumb with the shock of the happening, followed us mutely.

WE SPED across town to the nearest hospital, for Tim Martin was breathing; he lived, but he was unconscious. I knew that Hope had probably not yet understood half that had happened. Certainly she had not recognized me, for she had given no sign.

"Hope," I said now, "do you know who I am?"

She turned her level eyes on me. "Of course," she answered quietly, "you're Richard Garve."

I was startled. She had known who I was, and yet had betrayed no sign of astonishment, almost taking my presence for granted!

We were at the hospital in a few minutes, and Tim was taken inside and given immediate attention. Hope and I waited together outside in the corridor. She was twining her hands together, and I noticed that her face looked careworn and lined; she was shabbily dressed. Tim had not succeeded, that was clear enough.

"It's going to be all right," I said. "He'll have the best care in the city, if I can get it for him."

She threw me a glance of terror, but it was as if she did not see me.

"He mustn't die!" she said in a whisper. "He mustn't!"

The agony of appeal in her voice was unmistakable. Before I could reply, the doctor in charge walked out. He was smiling.

"We'll pull him through all right," he said cheerfully.

I heard a little cry from Hope. She was swaying on her feet.

"Come away," I said, "you can do nothing now. You need rest. I'll take care of you."

FOR the first time she seemed to be really aware of me.

"Go away?" she asked. "Now? With you? Why, I wouldn't dream of leaving when there's the slightest chance he might need me!"

It had taken me a long time to realize it, but I saw it at last—she was in love with the man, in love with him! In spite of his undoubted failure, she was in love with him! I went away with a vaguely baffled feeling that I couldn't describe. Seeing her like that, after all those years, brought a flood of memories back to me—the memories I have put down here, loosely enough.

I drove away, and a queer feeling of loneliness came over me stealthily. I was glad of the pretty girl waiting for my coming. True, her attentions were purchased, but I could forget that or at least disguise it from myself.

WHEN I arrived home, my servant put a note into my hand. I tore it open and read it:

"This is good-by. I've met a man who loves me and I've told him everything, and he says it doesn't matter. So this is good-by. I'm glad I can be frank and say that I always loathed you. I hated to have you touch me. So long."

I smiled grimly. I had no illusions about her; I had been told "the truth" before. But it dawned on me how really friendless I was. Suddenly I had a picture of Hope, waiting outside that hospital room—and with a hideous feeling of loneliness and despair. I knew that there was no one anywhere who cared for me.

I looked around that beautifully furnished room; but I looked on emptiness. In a flash, I saw that it's love—not the Lila Shirley kind of love—but faithful and affectionate love, unselfishly given, that is the best that anyone may win.

I wished that I could turn the years back and be again on that station platform with my choice still before me. I know now which I should choose! I would take that train back to Hope, and let the chance of riches go by.

Success? In that moment, I saw clearly that I have been the ghostliest of failures.



"Good Bye, Boys!"

"To-day I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago.

"When I started here I was put at a desk and given certain routine things to do. But after a few months I began to realize that I was nothing but a human machine and that I couldn't expect to advance that way.

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The First Train Back

[Continued from page 40]

That night I came home alone, as Loraine had a date.

As I was coming through the hall of my apartment house, a man of about thirty, a rather nice looking sort, smiled at me. I did not smile back because he was a stranger, but I was glad Loraine was not with me, for I knew she would have laughed at me for my small-townishness.

I was taking off my hat in my room—a room where the same old loneliness stared at me from all the walls. I berated myself for being such a green little scare-cat. I was sure the man lived in the house and that it would have been perfectly all right to speak to him. And, oh, how I wanted someone for a friend! My loneliness was like a prison. I had a mad impulse to go and batter my head against the walls of my room—as if that would free me!

I was standing there in the middle of the room staring into space, when there came a knock. I opened the door with a beating heart—half in hope, half in fear—and there stood before me the man of the hallway. He smiled with a touch of embarrassment.

"I know this is rather informal," he said. "But couldn't we be—friends?"

His hesitancy and unmistakable air of good breeding disarmed me.

"It is rather informal," I said. "But I suppose it's all right—since we're neighbors." I was sure now he lived in the house.

"Yes," he said. "Oh, yes. May I come in?"

I was tremendously excited when the door had shut and I was alone with this strange man, but I was determined not to let him see it. We talked casually for some time, and I was just getting quite calmed and feeling very much mistress of the situation when he abruptly came over to my chair.

Drawing me to my feet, he took me into his arms almost before I knew what had happened. I cried out and struggled fiercely. I was furious!

HE LET me loose and stood back looking at me quizzically.

"Well?" he said.

"How disgusting of you!" I gasped.

"The usual stall?" he smiled—a disagreeable kind of smile.

"What do you mean?" I flushed with anger. "Get out of here!"

He came closer, and there was something in his eyes that struck me cold with horror. I didn't quite know what it was—but turned with a wild impulse and fled toward the door. But he was after me in a bound and pinioned me down with iron arms, so that I simply could not move. I let out a loud shriek.

But at that he simply clapped his hand over my mouth and carried me across the room, laughing a low, taunting laugh. I bit his hand and scratched and fought—and all the time my mind kept snatching at bits of an old prayer I used to say when I was a kid. But I was utterly helpless.

I made one concentrated effort to tear loose.

"Ted!" I heard my own voice cry out incongruously, and slipped into a half swoon of exhaustion and fear.

SUDDENLY I felt myself released. I opened my eyes and saw a white face above me.

"Look here," he cried, and there was a

sort of desperate anger and alarm in his voice. "what are you doing in this house?"

I stared at him. I didn't know what he was driving at—but I knew, somehow, that my worst danger was over.

"Listen, girl, answer me—do you know what part of town this is? Don't you know—?" He stopped rather confused.

"What do you mean!" I cried tremulously, and then suddenly I saw what he meant.

"Oh, no," I cried, "no, not that?" But even as I said it I knew it was true. I saw now the meaning of many strange things I had seen and heard in the house—many things that now stood out with hideous clearness.

"How on earth did you get here!" he cried. "What in thunder is a girl like you doing alone in this city?"

He gave a kind of a groan and dropped into a chair. After a moment he said more calmly:

"Tell me all about it. We've got to get you right out of here."

I answered him squarely, my fear of him gone with the fear of my situation.

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And very gently, very kindly, he drew me out.

"You must get out of here immediately," he said at last. He looked down at my worn shoes and added, "Have you got enough money to move right away?"

"Yes," I lied. I simply couldn't let him help me.

He looked a little dubious. But I insisted. And at last, with a solemn look, he left me.

When he had gone I locked my door in breathless haste, and then feeling that anyone might have a key, bolted it with a chair tilted under the doorknob. My head was reeling. I was desperate. What should I do? I hadn't a cent. I would have to go on living here till next salary day. I walked up and down my room in a frenzy of disgust and fear, my heart beating so that my throat ached.

After awhile I tried to lie down and get a little sleep; and finally after much turning and twisting I dozed off.

At last morning came. I made some strong coffee to soothe my nerves. Then early, before Loraine or anybody else

would be up, I opened my door cautiously and slipped down the stairs. I was nearly down when I heard a man's footsteps coming up. I held to the banisters, and started to turn and run back. But something familiar about the man's shoulders stopped me a moment—and then I saw that it was Ted.

I sat down on the stairs and cried. He was the last person in the world that I wanted to have find me here. But, in my helplessness and fear, my relief at the sight of him over-balanced everything else.

He saw me and came up taking the steps three at a time, and in a moment had me in his arms. He murmured things I only half understood through my crying, but the sound of his voice was tremendously reassuring. In a little while I controlled my sobs and looked at him—the man I had run away from because he didn't love me.

TED looked years older. I couldn't quite make out what it was that made his eyes so sad and old looking. Suddenly his eyes darkened and he took me by the shoulders.

"Lottie," he said, bitter hurt in his voice, "how could you go off like that without sending me your address, or the slightest word! My God—when a man loves you, you haven't any right to hurt him like that!"

I was so astounded I couldn't believe it was true. And for a long minute I just stared at him. And then something broke in me, and I cried and laughed all at once—so Ted was frightened. Then I let him half carry me back to my apartment. There, I threw myself into Ted's arms and clung to him wildly.

"Oh, Ted, Ted," I cried, "don't ever let me go again! Don't ever let me go again!"

He held me reassuringly tight. And after awhile he took me to the big chair and sat down holding me, trying to soothe me. After awhile I told him all about everything—and why I'd been so sure he didn't care about me.

"Oh, my darling girl," said Ted tiredly, "how could you jump to such a conclusion? I must have been half out of my head if I made you think that."

"It was only—you see, the night before, when I got home from leaving you at your house, I had a telegram saying I'd lost everything in the market. I didn't have a cent. I thought I owed it to you to let you see first how things stood—so that you could decide if you wanted to give me up. I never dreamed you thought I didn't love you. And when you disappeared I thought you had decided you didn't care about me, really, and that you wanted to shake me. I went through hell, I tell you. I never knew till then how terribly hard giving you up could be. I've tried every clue to find you, traced you from place to place and now at last—"

MY LOW cry, "Ted!" must have carried all the feeling that was in my heart. For Ted put his mouth against mine so that the cry died in my throat; the assurance, the glory of his love came back to me—never to depart again.

I didn't own anything worth taking away with me, so we just left that awful house and went straight down to City Hall and got ourselves safely and firmly married.

Then we took the first train back for home.